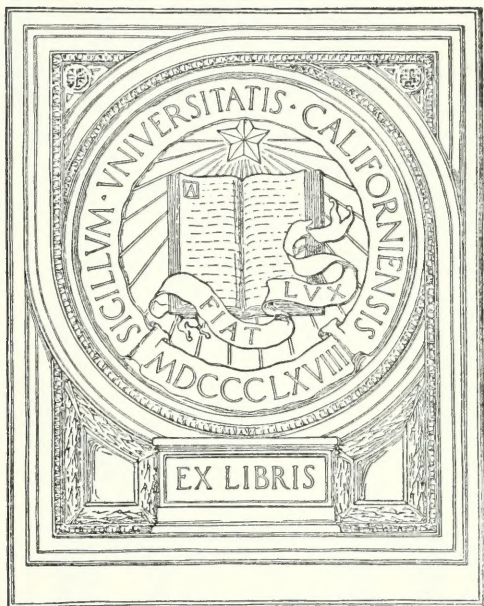


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON



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ANTIGONE, THE HEROINE OF THEBES.

(See page 38.)

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST FOREIGN AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

VOL. I.

GREEK AND ROMAN.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

LONDON: 10 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1888.

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ANNALS OF THE VIRGIL
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PREFACE.

WHILE the literature of the English language is, in variety of subject, clearness and beauty of style, and depth of thought, of the highest merit, it is very far from embracing all the valuable literature of the earth, nor can any one attain an extended literary cultivation who devotes himself to it alone. Within the locked casket of the foreign languages there lies hidden a rich treasure of human thought, some acquaintance with which is indispensable to all who desire to gain even a general knowledge of the names and productions of the great thinkers of the world. Yet few of us, in this rushing nineteenth century, with its incessant demands upon our attention, have time to learn to read even one foreign language with fluency, while rare are they who can read all the literary languages with clear appreciation. Fortunately, the best of the literature of these languages has been converted into excellent English prose and verse by the labor of numerous able translators, many of them themselves authors of high merit and not infrequently surpassing in literary skill the writers whose works they translate. The ideas of foreign authors, the souls of their books, are given us by these translators in as clear and comprehensible language as that in which they were originally written, often, indeed, much more so, and there is no great thought extant in the world that cannot be converted into intelligible English. As for the dress of thought, the style or peculiarity of literary

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GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MURNISON
MAR 27 43
42.

expression, this is in many instances equalled or improved in translations. Not infrequently obscurities of the original disappear in the English version, clearness replaces cloudiness, weak expressions are transformed into strong ones, a halting manner becomes a fluent one, and the translator converts the silver tissue of his subject into cloth-of-gold.

There is no satisfactory reason, then, why those who speak English only should not enjoy the masterpieces of literature of the whole world, in versions which preserve all the value of the ideas, and which equal or closely approach their originals in beauty of rhetoric and grace of expression. It has been our purpose, in the work which we hereby introduce to our readers, to glean from the broad harvest-field of English translations of foreign literature a series of half-hour readings, selected from the writings of those who have won an acknowledged position among the world's best authors, and of those of secondary merit to whose writings some originality of style, interest of subject, or peculiarity of treatment has given a permanent abiding-place in the world of books. These selections properly divide into four sections: namely, the literatures of Greece and Rome; those of the German and other Teutonic nations; that of France; and those of Spain and Italy. For the convenience of readers we have, therefore, arranged our work in four volumes, each embracing one of the above-named provinces, while a few selections from the literatures of minor importance, such as the Portuguese and the Russian, have been given in the fourth volume.

It may not be inadvisable, at this point, to consider the peculiar adaptation of the English language to the translation of the diversified products of foreign thought, and of the Anglo-Saxon mind to their appreciation. It has often been said that it is impossible for a German work to be

adequately rendered in French, or a French work in German, alike from the marked difference in character of the two languages and the essentially diverse modes of thought of the two peoples. This objection does not apply to the English people and language, in both of which a Teutonic groundwork is largely infiltrated with French or Celtic elements. The English-speaking peoples, therefore, stand mentally midway between those of the north and those of the south of Europe, having much of the depth of thought of the one and the facility of expression of the other, and have no difficulty in appreciating and reproducing alike the solidity of German thought and the fluent lightness and grace of that of France and the other Southern nations. Their language, likewise, being compounded of Teutonic, Celtic, and Latin elements, is remarkably well adapted to serve as a medium of translation of the literatures of the nations named. Thus in English versions of the authors of Europe there is probably a closer adherence to the characteristics of thought and expression of each nation than would be possible in the case of any other people or language. This, however, we offer merely as a suggestion, having no space to deal with it as an argument, but satisfied that it must appeal to the reason of those who are conversant with the history of the people and language of England and the United States.

In this connection a brief review of the subject of the present volume will not be out of place. It embraces the intellectual records of two peoples widely unlike in mode of life and thought,—the Greeks a people of highly-developed imagination, of strong speculative tendency, and of a literary genius almost without parallel upon the earth, the Romans the most practical people of the past, caring naught for speculation and much for facts, with restrained imagination, and nearly devoid of native genius

for literature. Yet the literary productions of these two peoples do not deviate in character so much as might be expected under these circumstances,—the fact being that the literature of Rome is little more than an echo of that of Greece. The language and literature of the Greeks were ardently studied by all the cultivated citizens of Rome, and their great works of thought translated, paraphrased, and imitated to such an extent that Rome cannot fairly lay claim to a native literature, and at the most did but somewhat sober and clip the wings of the glad spirit of the Grecian muse. The practical genius of Rome, indeed, most fully manifested itself in the work of its great legislators, and in the production of a code of laws which, while not properly belonging to literature, has had a vigorous influence upon the succeeding nations of Europe.

The literature of Greece, on the contrary, is the most original of any existing upon the earth. For, while it was the fountain-head not only of that of Rome, but also to a considerable extent of modern European literature, it was in itself an indigenous product of the Hellenic race. The early thinkers of Greece were undoubtedly somewhat influenced by those of the preceding nations of Asia, but they received at the best but a primary impulse from this source, while in their fertile soil the development of the imagination gained a height and width that have never been surpassed, and which fairly justify us in speaking of the literature of Greece as one of the “wonders of the world.” Its development we may rapidly trace. The earliest authentic example of Greek authorship which we possess is the “*Iliad*” of Homer, the choicest relic of primitive literature in existence. Perhaps contemporary with it was the widely different “*Works and Days*” of Hesiod, the two undoubtedly indicating an active preceding period of poetic production, no relic of which remains.

In the centuries that followed, lyric poetry succeeded epic, and yielded such famous writers as Anacreon, Sappho, Simonides, Pindar, and others, of whose works, however, we possess little more than fragments. The next development of Greek poetry was into the form of the drama, a direct outcome of the Hellenic literary genius, and marked by such names as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides in tragedy and Aristophanes in comedy. The origin of the dramatic art has been traced to the village choral songs at the festivals of Bacchus, and the chorus long continued a prominent feature in Greek plays, though of gradually diminishing importance.

During the same period philosophy and history made their appearance in Asiatic Ionia, whence they moved westward to Athens, while the art of oratory also grew into prominence in that city. The most notable prose writer of that period was Herodotus, who has been with much justice entitled "the Father of History." The terrible Persian war had now passed; Athens had become rich, populous, and beautiful beyond any other city of the ancient world; literary activity had developed to a degree never equalled except in the present century; and great writers appeared in extraordinary numbers. Philosophy yielded such noble thinkers as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; history was represented by Xenophon and Thucydides; oratory possessed several great artists, of whom we need name but Demosthenes; while the drama was cultivated by Menander and other celebrated writers, whose works, unfortunately, have perished.

With this flush of intellectual fervor passed away the greatness of Athenian literature, though several Greek writers of fine ability appeared during the succeeding centuries. Of these the island of Sicily gave rise to the pastoral poets Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, while of

writers of later date we need name only Polybius, the historian, Lucian, the comic satirist, and Longinus, the critic, with whom vanished the expiring flame of the Hellenic genius.

Of early national literature Rome has left no relics of any value, and the extant authorship of the Latin people begins with the dramas of Plautus and Terence, which were but paraphrases of Menander and other Greek comedians. What is known as the Golden Age of Roman literature extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Augustus, 14 A.D. This period is marked by the names of Lucretius, a poet of marked ability; Cicero, one of the most versatile and meritorious of the world's authors; Virgil, the great epic poet; Horace and Catullus, the famous lyricists; Ovid, the elegiac and didactic poet; and Livy, Cæsar, Sallust, and Nepos, the historians.

In the later period known as the Silver Age, the classic elegance of style died out, and was succeeded by a diffuse, rhetorical manner. Yet this period includes several authors of fine ability, such as Tacitus, the historian; the two Plinys; Lucan, the poet; Martial, the epigrammatist; Quintilian, the rhetorician; and Persius and Juvenal, the satirists. With its close meritorious Roman literature vanished, and the cloud of the "Dark Ages" of human thought settled slowly down upon the earth, not to be lifted until more than a thousand years had passed.

In conclusion we offer our thanks to the wide circle of authors, translators, and publishers to whom we are indebted for the substance of our work, and venture to hope that these half-hour readings may awaken in many the desire for a wider acquaintance with foreign authors, and thus bear their share in that broadening of American culture which is one of the most promising indications of recent years.

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HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST FOREIGN AUTHORS.

THE CAPTURE OF BABYLON BY CYRUS.

HERODOTUS.

[The oldest historical work which now exists as a whole, perhaps the earliest of special merit ever written, is that of Herodotus, a Greek historian, born at Halicarnassus, in Caria, about 484 B.C. For many years of his life he travelled extensively, in search of materials for his projected work, and to him we owe much of our knowledge of the history and customs of the ancient Persians, Egyptians, and other nations of that period. His work is in nine books, to which he has given the names of the nine Muses. Its main object is to describe the war between the Greeks and the Persians, but its careful and accurate description of the countries and peoples which the author had himself visited constitutes its most valuable feature. In style it is easy, graceful, and flowing, but it is awkward and discursive in arrangement, and its chief literary excellence lies in the lively vigor of its narrative. We select, from the translation by Isaac Taylor, a description of ancient Babylon, and of its capture by Cyrus, in 538 B.C.]

ASSYRIA contains many large cities; but of these Babylon, to which, after the destruction of Nineveh, the seat of government was removed, is by far the most renowned and the most strongly fortified. Babylon is situated in an extensive plain. Each side of the city, which forms a

square, measures one hundred and twenty stadia [about fourteen miles], making the entire circuit of the city four hundred and eighty stadia:—such is the magnitude of this city Babylon! and in magnificence also it surpassed every city of which we have any knowledge. It is surrounded by a trench, deep, wide, and full of water. Within this is a wall, the width of which is fifty royal cubits, and its height two hundred cubits.* The royal cubit exceeds the common measure by three fingers' breadth.

It is proper I should say in what manner the earth removed from the trench was disposed of, and how the wall was constructed. The earth, as fast as it was removed from the trench, was converted into bricks and baked in furnaces: when thus prepared, melted bitumen was used instead of mortar; and between every thirtieth course of bricks there was inserted a layer of reeds. The sides of the trench were first lined with brick-work, and then the wall raised in the manner described. On the upper edges of the wall, and opposite to one another, were constructed turrets; between these turrets a space was left wide enough for a chariot and four horses to pass and turn. In the walls were one hundred gates, all of brass, with posts and upper lintels of the same. Eight days' journey from Babylon is a city named Is, near which runs a small river of the same name, discharging itself into the Euphrates; this river brings down with its waters clots of bitumen in large quantities. From this source was derived the bitumen used in cementing the walls of Babylon.

Such are the fortifications of Babylon. The city is divided into two portions by the river Euphrates, which runs through the midst of it. This river rises in Armenia, and throughout its course is wide, deep, and swift; it

* Eighty-five feet wide and three hundred and thirty-five high.

empties itself into the Red Sea [the Persian Gulf]. Each of the city walls is produced to the river, where it makes an angle, and, with a coating of burnt bricks, lines the sides of the river. The city is filled with houses of three or four stories, forming streets in straight lines, and running parallel with each other: the cross streets opening upon the river through as many smaller brazen gates, placed in the breastwork of the river walls. Within the principal wall just mentioned is a second, not much inferior to the first in strength, though less in width.

In the centre of each portion of the city is an enclosed space,—the one occupied by the royal palace, a building of vast extent and great strength; in the other stands the temple of Jupiter Belus, with its brazen gates, remaining in my time: it is a square structure; each side measures two stadia. Within the enclosure is erected a solid tower, measuring a stadium both in width and depth; upon this tower is raised another, and then another, and another, making eight in all. The ascent is by a path which is formed on the outside of the towers; midway in the ascent is a resting-place, furnished with easy-chairs, in which those who ascend repose themselves. On the summit of the topmost tower stands a large temple; and in this temple is a great couch, handsomely fitted up; and near it stands a golden table: no statue whatever is erected in the temple, nor does any man ever pass the night there; but a woman only, chosen from the people by the god, as the Chaldeans, who are the priests of the temple, affirm. The same persons say—though I give no credit to the story—that the god himself comes to the temple and reposes on the bed, in like manner as at Thebes in Egypt, where also, in the temple of Jupiter, a woman passes the night. A similar custom is observed at Pataris, in Lycia, where there is at times an oracle, on which occasions the priestess is shut up by night in the temple.

Within the precincts of the temple at Babylon there is a smaller sacred edifice on the ground, containing an immense golden statue of Jupiter in a sitting posture: around the statue are large tables, which, with the steps and throne, are all of gold, and, as the Chaldeans affirm, contain eight hundred talents of gold. Without this edifice is a golden altar; there is also another altar of great size, on which are offered full-grown animals: upon the golden altar it is not lawful to offer any sacrifices except sucklings. Once in every year, when the festival of this god is celebrated, the Chaldeans burn upon the greater altar a thousand talents of frankincense. There was also, not long since, in this sacred enclosure a statue of solid gold, twelve cubits in height; at least so the Chaldeans affirm: I did not myself see it. This figure Darius Hystaspes would fain have taken, but dared not execute his wishes; but his son Xerxes not only took it, but put to death the priests who endeavored to prevent its removal. Such was the magnificence of this temple, which contained also many private offerings.

Of this Babylon there were several monarchs—as I shall mention in my history of the Assyrians—who adorned the city and its temples. Among these two women must be mentioned. The former, named Semiramis, reigned five generations before the latter. This queen raised an embankment worthy of admiration through the plain to confine the river, which heretofore often spread over the level like a lake. The latter of these two queens, named Nitocris, excelled the former in intelligence: she left monuments, some of which I must describe. Seeing the Medes already possessed of extensive empire, and restlessly extending their power, by taking city after city, among which was Nineveh, she resolved in good time to secure herself against them in the best manner possible. In the first place, therefore, as the river Euphrates ran in a straight course through

the city, she formed excavations at a distance above it, by which means its course became so tortuous that it three times passed a certain town of Assyria, called Ardericca; travellers from our sea [the Mediterranean], in descending the Euphrates towards Babylon, three times arrive at that town in the course of three days. She also raised both banks of the river to an amazing height and thickness. At some distance above Babylon, and near the river, she dug a reservoir in the marsh, of such depth as to drain it. The width of this excavation was such as to make its circuit four hundred and twenty stadia. The earth removed from it was taken to raise the banks of the river: this done, she brought stones, with which the sides of the lake were lined. Both these works—the diverting of the river and the reservoir—were formed with the intention of rendering the current less rapid by its many windings, which broke its force, and at the same time made the navigation more circuitous; so that those who descended towards Babylon by water might have to make a long circuit around the lake. These works were effective on that side which was exposed to the inroads of the Medes, and where the distance between her dominions and theirs was the least; for she wished to cut off all communication with them, and to keep them in ignorance of her movements.

Thus did this princess raise from the depths a fortification, within which she was included. The city being divided into two portions by the river in former times, whoever wished to pass from one to the other was obliged to take a boat, which manifestly was a great inconvenience. This defect she supplied. When she had dug the lake in the marsh, she availed herself of the occasion to construct another monument also, by which her fame will be perpetuated. She caused stones of great magnitude to be hewn, and when they were ready, the lake being empty, she

turned the waters of the Euphrates into it; which, as it filled, left the old channel dry. Then she lined both sides of the river and the descents from the gates with burnt bricks, in like manner as the city walls; and with the stones already mentioned she constructed, as near the middle of the city as possible, a bridge, binding the stones together with iron and lead. During the day, planks of wood were extended from pier to pier, so as to form a pathway: these were withdrawn at night, to prevent the people from passing over to plunder each other. This bridge was, as we have said, formed by withdrawing the water of the Euphrates into the artificial lake; when completed, the river was restored to its ancient channel; the propriety of this mode of proceeding then became apparent, by means of which the citizens obtained the accommodation of a bridge.

The same queen also executed the following machination. She constructed for herself a tomb, aloft upon a gate in one of the most frequented ways of the city; upon the sepulchre she engraved this inscription: "If any one of my successors, the kings of Babylon, shall lack money, let him open the sepulchre, and take what treasures he pleases. But let him beware of opening it from any other cause than necessity; for in such a case it shall not turn to his advantage." This sepulchre remained undisturbed till Darius ascended the throne. To this king it seemed a grievance both that this gate should remain useless, and that the wealth deposited in it, and which invited research, should not be appropriated. The gate was not used, because no one could pass through it without having a dead body over his head. He therefore opened the tomb, in which he found—of treasures indeed nothing, but the corpse, and an inscription to this effect: "If thou hadst not been insatiably eager for riches, and greedy of filthy lucre, thou wouldst not have opened the depository of the dead." So

much for this queen, and the reports that have been handed down concerning her.

It was against the son of this woman that Cyrus made war: he was named (like his father) Labynetus, and reigned over the Assyrians. When the Great King [the Persian monarch] goes out to battle, he is attended by ample provisions and cattle drawn from the home stock; and even water from the Choaspian spring at Susa, of which alone the king drinks, is carried about for his use; for he can taste no other stream. This Choaspian water, after having been boiled, is put into vases of silver, which are transported in four-wheeled wagons drawn by mules, following him wherever he goes.

Cyrus advancing towards Babylon arrived at the river Gyndes, which, rising in the Matienian hills and running through the country of the Dardanians (or Darnians), empties itself into the Tigris; and this river, passing by the city Opis, discharges its waters into the Red Sea. When Cyrus attempted to pass this river Gyndes, which could only be done by boats, one of the white horses called sacred, full of mettle, plunged into the stream and endeavored to reach the opposite bank; but, being submerged in the current, it was carried away. Cyrus, enraged at the river for this injury, threatened to reduce it so low that in future women should ford it with ease, not wetting their knees. Having uttered this threat, he delayed the progress of his army towards Babylon, and, dividing his forces into two bodies, measured out one hundred and eighty channels to be cut from both banks of the river, thus diverting the Gyndes on all sides. He enjoined upon his army the work of digging these trenches, and by their numbers they completed it; but the whole summer was spent there in the labor.

Cyrus having in this manner punished the river Gyndes,

by distributing its waters into three hundred and sixty trenches, as soon as the next spring appeared, advanced towards Babylon. The Babylonians, coming out in battle-array, waited his approach; when he drew nigh to the city they engaged him, but, being defeated, retired within the walls. Some time before, well knowing the restless intentions of Cyrus, and seeing him attack one nation after another, they had brought into the city an abundance of corn for many years. They therefore disregarded the siege. But Cyrus, beset with difficulties, saw a long time pass away without his making any progress towards the accomplishment of his object.

At length, either at the suggestion of some one else, or from a thought of his own, he resorted to the following means. He disposed the whole of his army, by placing one part above the city, where the river enters it, and another part below, where it makes its exit, commanding them as soon as they should perceive the river to be sufficiently shallow to enter by that way. This order being given, he himself went off with the inferior troops of the army. Arriving at the lake, he did what had been done before by the queen of Babylon in the marsh; for, by making a trench from the river to the empty reservoir, he diverted the water from the ancient channel, till it so far subsided as to become fordable.

As soon as this happened, the Persians who had been appointed for this purpose entered Babylon by the bed of the river, the water of which was little more than knee-deep. If the Babylonians had been before apprised of the intentions of Cyrus, or if they had learned at the moment what he was doing, they would not have suffered the Persians to enter the city,—nor would they have perished so shamefully; for if they had closed all the gates by the river's side, and ascended the walls which ran along it, they

might have taken them as in a net. But the Persians came upon them quite unexpectedly; and from the great extent of the city—as it has been affirmed by some of the inhabitants—those who dwelt in the outskirts of the city were made prisoners before the people in the centre of Babylon knew that the place was taken. But, as it happened, they were celebrating a festival, and were dancing and feasting when they learned what had happened. Thus was Babylon the first time taken.

THE SYRACUSAN GOSSIPS.

THEOCRITUS.

[The poet from whom we make the present selection, one of the most original of ancient writers, and as eminent in bucolic poetry as Homer was in epic, was a native of Syracuse, in Sicily, where he was born about 300 B.C. After distinguishing himself in his native country, he repaired to Alexandria, then the favored seat of literature, where his pastoral poems brought him abundant fame. We know little of his later history. His poems generally consist of rustic dialogues, in which shepherds contend for the supremacy in song, usually employing mythical stories, or the scenes of country life. His poetry is throughout marked by the force and vivacity of original genius. His descriptions of nature and his portraitures of men and women are equally striking in their individuality, and form the model of Virgil's poems of rural life. He does not confine himself to bucolic dialogue, but deals also with refined and elevated subjects, which he treats with a rich and delicate fancy. The extract from his "Idyls" (as he named his poems) here given is of marked dramatic excellence, and shows a power in this direction which might have given him an exalted station as a writer of comedy. It is from the Fifteenth Idyl, the translation being by Elton.]

[SUBJECT.—Two Syracusan women, dwelling in Alexandria, go to see the festival of Adonis, given by Arsinoë, the wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus.]

Characters.—GORGO, EUNOE, PRAXINOE, OLD WOMAN, and
STRANGERS.

Gor. Ho! Is Praxinoe within?

Eu. Dear Gorgo!

How late you are! She is within!

Prax. I wonder

That you are come at last. Quick, Eunoe, bring
A seat, and place a cushion.

Eu. 'Tis all right.

Gor. Breath of my body! I have scarce escaped
Alive to you, Praxinoe; through such crowds
Of people, and of chariots! everywhere
Clattering of shoes, and whisk of soldiers' cloaks,
And such a weary way; and you are lodged
At such a distance!

Prax. Why, that wiseacre
Has found me out a den, and not a house,
At the world's end, for fear we should be neighbors:
My constant plague; and all for spite and envy
He thwarts me thus!

Gor. Mother of Venus! Softly!
The little one is by; speak not so freely
Of your good husband: madam, do but look
How the brat eyes you!

Prax. That's a good, brave boy!
Pretty Zopyrion! I'm not speaking, love,
Of your good dad.

Gor. By Proserpine, the child
Has scent of it.—No, dad is good.

Prax. That person,
Some time ago (we'll speak of all as happening
Some time ago), he was to bring me rouge
And nitre from a shop; when home he came
With salt, forsooth! an overgrown, long booby!

Gor. And, troth, my own good man has these same
pranks;

A very sieve for money; yesterday

He buys me, at seven drachmas, five old fleeces

From backs of rotten sheep; as coarse as dog's hair;

Such rifferaff! refuse all, and good for nothing.

But come—come; take your clasped robe, and your
scarf,

And let's away to Ptolemy's rich palace

And see Adonis: there's a stately show,

I hear, preparing by the queen.

Prax. Yes, yes;

With grand ones all is grand. Now, as you've seen

And heard, do tell me all you've heard and seen,

For I see nothing.

Gor. Nay, nay, 'tis full time

That we should e'en be going; they who've leisure

Should make the most of holy days.

Prax. Some water:

Quick, fetch it, Eunoe: you've grown dainty, jade:

Here, place it, wench: "cats love to sleep on cushions:"

Come, stir yourself; the water; I must wash

Before I go: see how the dawdle brings it!

Well, pour away; soft, soft! you pour away,

Girl, with a vengeance! see, you giddy slut,

How you have wetted all my robe! there—hold!

Thank heaven, I'm washed, however. Where's the key

Of the great chest? go, Eunoe, bring it hither.

Gor. Praxinoe, I own, that robe with clasps

Becomes you mightily. What might it cost

When in the piece?

Prax. Oh, Gorgo, do not ask me!

More than two pounds of silver, and the making

Was near the death of me!

Gor. 'Tis made, however ;
And to your mind, at last.

Prax. Why, yes, indeed :
You have well said : it does, I think, become me.
Now, quick, my scarf and parasol ; stay, girl,
Set the folds tidy. Child, I cannot take you ;
Hobgoblin is abroad ; the horses bite :
Cry as you may, I will not have you crippled.
Let's go. Pray, Phrygia, mind the little one,
And try divert him. Stop—call in the dog :
Mind, shut the street door after us. Good gods !
There is a crowd ! *when* we shall pass, or *how*,
I'm quite at my wits' ends ! they're thick as ants.
Well, Ptolemy, thou tread'st thy father's steps.
His good deeds made a god of him ; and now
Folks may pass safely in a crowd, without
Those rogues' tricks, and sly gypsy practices,
Which cheats and sharpers used to practise on us :
All rogues alike, playing at fast and loose,
And hustling for one's money. Dearest Gorgo,
What will become of us ? See the king's troopers !
Look, look, that chestnut horse rears bolt upright !
What a wild, furious beast ! Run, Eunoe ! run
Out of his way ! he'll break his rider's neck :
I was in luck to leave the child at home.

Gor. Take heart, Praxinoe ; we have passed them now ;
They've galloped towards the country.

Prax. Thank my stars !
I can take breath again. A horse and snake
I never could abide, quite from a girl.
Come, make a push : what a throng presses out
Upon us.

Gor. From the hall, good mother ?

Old Woman. Ay, good daughter.

Gor. Can we get in easily?

Old Woman. The Greeks, sweet wench, got Troy by trying for 't;

All's got by trying.

Gor. There the old witch goes,
With her wise saws and soothsayings. These women
Seem to know everything. They'll tell us how
Jove kissed his wife. See, see, Praxinoe!
What crowds about the gate!

Prax. My stars! immense!
Here, Gorgo, give your hand in mine; and you,
Eunoe, hold Eutychus by hers; mind, girl,
And stick close to her, or you'll sure be lost:
Let's all push in at once; mind, Eunoe, stick
Close to us: lack-a-day! there goes my veil!
Look, Gorgo, torn in two! My dear good man,
Heaven bless you, do not tear my scarf as well.

First Man. 'Tis not my fault, dear madam; yet I'll take
What care I can.

Prax. How the crowd strive and press!
Just like a drove of pigs!

First Man. Take heart, dear madam!
We're in, and safe at last.

Prax. And so, good sir,
May you be safe and sound, the longest day
You have to live. A good, kind gentleman,
To take such care of us. Ah! Eunoe's squeezed!
Force your way, wench! now, push! that's bravely done.
Now we're all in. . . .

Gor. Look at this tapestry first; how finely woven!
How elegant! you'd think the gods had woven it!

Prax. Holy Minerva! how these weavers work!
See how like painters they have wrought the hangings
With pictures large as life! how natural

They stand out! and how natural they move
Upon the wall! they look alive, not woven.
Well, man, it must be owned, is a wise creature.
Ah! there he is! Adonis! wonderful!
All on a couch of silver! see, the down
Seems peeping on his chin! Oh, sweet Adonis!
They say he's loved in hell.

Second Man. Be quiet, hussies!
Stop that eternal clack! You prate, and prate,
Like two caged turtles, with that broad, splay brogue.

Gor. My goodness! who's this fellow? Prate or not,
What is it, sir, to you? You quite mistake
Your persons, I believe. None of your airs
To us. Belike you think you may talk big
To Syracusans, but we'd have you know
We are from Corinth, sir, of the same blood
As was Bellerophon; our dialect
Peloponnesian; let the Dorians speak
The Doric brogue; 'tis none of ours, believe me.

Prax. Sweet Proserpine! I'd send the fellow packing
That dared crow over me: unless, indeed,
My husband: you may threaten, sir, but I
Will not be cuffed, depend on 't.

Gor. Hush, Praxinoe;
The Grecian woman's daughter's going to sing
About Adonis,—she that sings so finely:
In plaintive airs, they say, she rivals Sperchis;
Her song will be most charming, that I know:
Now, watch her die-away soft look; she'll sing.

GREEK GIRL *sings.*

O Venus! swimming all in gold! O queen
That lovest the Golgian groves, Idalia's green,
And steep, o'erhanging Eryx' mountain-scene,

In the twelfth morn the hours, soft-footed, glide,
And bring from Acheron's perennial tide
Thy own Adonis: slow the hours may roam,
Yet come with blessings, when at last they come.
O daughter of Dione! thou hast given
To Berenice charms that bloom of heaven;
Poured dews ambrosial in her mortal breast,
And bade her live, among immortals blest.
Arsinoë now, her grateful daughter, fair
As Helen's self, repays thee for thy care.
O graced with many names! with many shrines!
Decked by her hands thy own Adonis shines.
For him each tree the season's fruitage sheds;
From silver baskets breathe the garden beds;
Vases of gold drop Syrian unguents round,
And cakes of snowy meal with flowers are crowned,
Smooth-kneaded in the board, with female toil,
Of luscious honey and of liquid oil.
Here birds and reptiles haunt; while anise weaves
Its green festoons, and bowers them in its leaves.
Small cupids, perched like nightingales on high,
Vault 'midst the boughs, and, poised, their pinions try.
O ebony! O gold! and ivory white!
O eagles, bearing in your upward flight
The youthful cup-bearer of Jove! behold,
Softer than sleep, the purple carpets rolled;
The weaver of Miletus this might say,
This tribute might the Samian shepherd pay.
For the soft pair behold the couches spread;
Here Venus, there Adonis, gilds the bed;
Adonis, with his rose-tipped arms, now seen
In bridegroom bloominess of fair eighteen;
His ruddy lips just ripening into bliss,
Impressing smooth the soft and beardless kiss.

Thus now let Venus with her bridegroom woo ;
But throngs of maidens, with the morning dew,
Shall to the frothy wave his image bear,
With trailing vestures and dishevelled hair ;
And thus begin the song, with bosoms bare :

“Thou passest, dear Adonis, to and fro
To th’ upper stream, from Acheron below :
No other demi-god has thus returned :
Atrides ; Ajax, that with madness burned ;
Hector, of Priam’s sons the proudest joy ;
Patroclus ; Pyrrhus, who subverted Troy ;
Deucalion’s race ; or Lapithæ of old ;
Or Pelops’ flower ; or those of stern Pelasgian mould.
Still smile, Adonis ! bless each future year !
Thou kind appearest now ; thus ever kind appear.”

Gor. You’ll own, Praxinoc, that a woman, too,
Is a wise creature. What a blessed lady !
What knowledge is within that little head !
And so sweet-voiced, too ! But ’tis time for home.
My good man has not dined : you know his temper ;
So cross and choleric ! I’d not have you meet him
Ere he has stayed his stomach. Dear Adonis,
Now fare thee well ! joy go with thy procession.

ON OLD AGE.

CICERO.

[On the banks of the gently-flowing Liris, near Arpinum, in Italy, was born, 106 B.C., Marcus Tullius Cicero, the celebrated orator and philosopher, and in many respects the finest intellect produced by Rome. Cicero studied philosophy under teachers of three different schools, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic, and while still

young acquired reputation as an orator in the defence of a citizen named Roscius against a favorite of the tyrant Sulla. His after-life was a very diversified one, its most important incidents being his oratorical triumph over the conspirator Catiline, and his assault on Antony, after the death of Cæsar, in a series of vigorous and eloquent speeches known as the Philippic orations. This attack proved fatal to the orator. He was proscribed by the second triumvirate, and assassinated by order of Antony, 43 B.C., his head and hands being cut off and exposed on the rostrum which he had so often graced with his eloquence.

The literary labors of Cicero were incessant, and his productions cover a wide field. Of these his orations are remarkable specimens of oratorical skill and beauty. They are florid in style, yet are unsurpassed in melody of language and brilliancy of expression. His letters are equally valuable as models of the epistolary art, being written in a simple and unaffected manner, and revealing the internal nature and social life of their author with the most engaging frankness. His rhetorical works are of equal beauty and value, but his philosophical treatises are of minor importance, being rather a collection of precepts than a system of philosophy. From his treatise "*De Senectute*" we extract the essential portions of his admirable remarks on old age, Cato the Elder being supposed to be the speaker. The translation is by Melmoth, and is an excellent reproduction of the original.]

WHEN I consider the several causes which are usually supposed to constitute the infelicity of old age, they may be reduced, I think, under four general articles. It is alleged that it incapacitates a man for acting in the affairs of the world; that it produces great infirmities of body; that it disqualifies him for the enjoyment of the sensual gratifications; and that it brings him within the immediate verge of death. Let us, therefore, if you please, examine the force and validity of each of these particular charges.

Old age, it seems, disqualifies us from taking an active part in the great scenes of business. But in what scenes? let me ask. If in those which require the strength and vivacity of youth, I readily admit the charge; but are there

no other?—none that are peculiarly appropriated to the evening of life, and which, being executed by the powers of the mind, are perfectly consistent with a less vigorous state of body? Did Quintus Maximus, then, pass the latter end of his long life in total inactivity? Tell me, Scipio, was your father, and my son's father-in-law, the excellent Paulus Lucius, were the Fabricii, the Curii, the Coruncanii, utterly bereaved of all useful energy, when they supported the interests of the republic by the wisdom of their counsels and the influence of their respectable authority? . . . Nothing can be more void of foundation than to assert that old age necessarily disqualifies a man for the great affairs of the world. As well might it be affirmed that the pilot is totally useless and unengaged in the business of the ship because, while the rest of the crew are more actively employed in their respective departments, he sits quietly at the helm and directs its motions. If in the great scenes of business an old man cannot perform a part which requires the force and energy of vigorous years, he can act, however, in a nobler and more important character. It is not by exertions of corporeal strength and activity that the momentous affairs of state are conducted; it is by cool deliberation, by prudent counsel, and by that authoritative influence which ever attends on public esteem,—qualifications which are so far from being impaired, that they are usually strengthened and improved by increase of years. . . .

If you look into the history of foreign nations, you will find frequent instances of flourishing communities which, after having been wellnigh ruined by the impetuous measures of young and inexperienced statesmen, have been restored to their former glory by the prudent administration of more discreet years. "Tell me," says one of the personages in that dramatic piece of Nævius called "The School," addressing himself to a citizen of a certain republic, "tell

me whence it happened that so considerable a state as yours has thus suddenly fallen into decay?" The person questioned assigned several reasons; but the principal was that a swarm of rash, unpractised young orators had unhappily broken forth, and taken the lead amongst them. Temerity, indeed, is the usual characteristic of youth, as prudence is of old age.

But it is further urged that old age impairs the memory. This effect, I confess, it may probably have on those memories which were originally infirm, or whose native vigor has not been preserved by a proper exercise; but is there any reason to suppose that Themistocles, who had so strong a memory that he knew the name of every citizen in the commonwealth, lost this retentive power as his years increased, and addressed Aristides, for instance, by the appellation of Lysimachus? . . . The aged, indeed, seem to be at no loss in remembering whatever is the principal object of their attention; and few there are at that period of life who cannot readily call to mind what recognizances they have entered into, or with whom they have had any pecuniary transactions. Innumerable instances of a strong memory in advanced years might be produced from among our celebrated lawyers, pontiffs, augurs, and philosophers; for the faculties of the mind will preserve their powers in old age, unless they are suffered to lose their energy and become languid for want of due cultivation. . . .

The next imputation thrown on old age is that it impairs the strength; and it must be acknowledged the charge is not altogether without foundation. But, for my own part, I no more regret the want of that vigor which I possessed in my youth, than I lamented in my youth that I was not endowed with the force of a bull or an elephant. It is sufficient if we exert with spirit, on every proper occasion, that degree of strength which still remains with us. Noth-

ing can be more truly contemptible than a circumstance which is related concerning the famous Milo of Croton. This man, when he had become old, observing a set of athletic combatants that were exercising themselves in the public circus, "Alas!" said he, bursting into a flood of tears and stretching forth his arm, "alas! these muscles are now totally relaxed and impotent." Frivolous old man! it was not so much the debility of thy body as the weakness of thy mind thou hadst reason to lament; as it was by the force of mere animal prowess, and not by those superior excellences which truly ennoble man, that thou hadst rendered thy name famous. . . .

As to those effects which are the necessary and natural evils attendant on long life, it imports us to counteract their progress by a constant and resolute opposition, and to combat the infirmities of old age as we would resist the approach of a disease. To this end we should be regularly attentive to the article of health, use moderate exercise, and neither eat nor drink more than is necessary for repairing our strength, without oppressing the organs of digestion. Nor is this all: the intellectual faculties must likewise be assisted by proper care, as well as those of the body; for the powers of the mind, like the flame in a lamp, will become languid and extinct by time if not duly and regularly recruited. Indeed, the mind and body equally thrive by a suitable exertion of their powers; with this difference, however, that bodily exercise ends in fatigue, whereas the mind is never wearied by its activity. . . . He who fills up every hour of his life in such kind of labors and pursuits as those I have mentioned will insensibly glide into old age without perceiving its arrival; and his powers, instead of being suddenly and prematurely extinguished, will gradually decline by the gentle and natural effect of accumulated years.

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Let us now examine the third article of complaint against old age, as bereaving us, it seems, of the sensual gratifications. Happy effect, indeed, if it deliver us from those snares which allure youth into some of the worst vices to which that age is addicted! Inestimable, surely, are the advantages of old age, if we consider it as delivering us from the tyranny of lust and ambition; from the angry and contentious passions; from every inordinate and irrational desire; in a word, as teaching us to retire within ourselves, and look for happiness in our own bosoms. If to these moral benefits, naturally resulting from length of days, be added that sweet food of the mind which is gathered in the fields of science, I know not any season of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age. . . .

It remains only to consider the fourth and last imputation on the period of life at which I am arrived. Old age, it seems, must necessarily be a state of much anxiety and inquietude, from the near approach of death. That the hour of dissolution cannot possibly be far distant from an old man is most undoubtedly certain; but unhappy indeed must he be if in so long a course of years he has yet to learn that there is nothing in that circumstance which can reasonably alarm his fears; on the contrary, it is an event either utterly to be disregarded, if it extinguish the soul's existence, or much to be wished, if it convey her to some region where she shall continue to exist forever. One of these two consequences must necessarily follow the disunion of the soul and body; there is no other possible alternative. What, then, have I to fear, if after death I shall either not be miserable, or shall certainly be happy? But, after all, is there any man, how young soever he may be, who can be so weak as to promise himself, with confidence, that he shall live even till night? In fact, young people

are more exposed to mortal accidents than even the aged ; they are also not only more liable to natural diseases, but, as they are generally attacked by them in a more violent manner, are obliged to obtain their cure, if they happen to recover, by a more painful course of medical operations. Hence it is that there are but few among mankind who arrive at old age. . . .

Every event agreeable to the course of nature ought to be looked on as a real good ; and surely none can be more natural than for an old man to die. It is true, youth likewise stands exposed to the same dissolution ; but it is a dissolution contrary to Nature's evident intentions, and in direct opposition to her strongest efforts. In the latter instance the privation of life may be resembled to a fire forcibly extinguished by a deluge of water ; in the former, to a fire spontaneously and gradually going out from a total consumption of its fuel. Or, to have recourse to another illustration : as fruit, before it is ripe, cannot without some degree of force be separated from the stalk, but drops of itself when perfectly mature, so the disunion of the soul and body is effected in the young by dint of violence, but is wrought in the old by a mere fulness and completion of years. This ripeness of death I perceive in myself with much satisfaction ; and I look forward to my dissolution as to a secure haven, where I shall at length find a happy repose from the fatigues of a long voyage. . . .

The distaste with which, in passing through the several stages of our present being, we leave behind us the respective enjoyments peculiar to each, must necessarily, I should think, in the close of its latest period, render life itself no longer desirable. Infancy and youth, manhood and old age, have each of them their peculiar and appropriate pursuits ; but does youth regret the toys of infancy, or manhood lament that it has no longer a taste for the

amusements of youth? The season of manhood has also its suitable objects, that are exchanged for others in old age; and these too, like all the preceding, become languid and insipid in their turn. Now, when this state of absolute satiety is at length arrived; when we have enjoyed the satisfactions peculiar to old age, till we have no longer any relish remaining for them; it is then that death may justly be considered as a mature and suitable event.

The nearer death advances towards me, the more clearly I seem to discern its real nature. The soul, during her confinement within this prison of the body, is doomed by fate to undergo a severe penance: for her native seat is in heaven; and it is with reluctance that she is forced down from those celestial mansions into these lower regions, where all is foreign and repugnant to her divine nature. But the gods, I am persuaded, have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, that there might be a race of intelligent creatures, not only to have dominion over this our earth, but to contemplate the host of heaven, and imitate in their moral conduct the beautiful order and uniformity so conspicuous in those splendid orbs. This opinion I am induced to embrace, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but in just deference also to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers. . . . When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endued, its amazing celerity, its wonderful power in recollecting past events and sagacity in discerning future, together with its numberless discoveries in the several arts and sciences, I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows

(as it is absurd to suppose the soul would desert itself) that its activity must continue forever. . . .

Tell me, my friends, whence it is that these men who have made the greatest advances in true wisdom and genuine philosophy are observed to meet death with the most perfect equanimity, while the ignorant and unimproved part of our species generally see its approach with the utmost discomposure and reluctance? Is it not because the more enlightened the mind is, and the farther it extends its view, the more clearly it discerns in the hour of its dissolution (what narrow and vulgar souls are too short-sighted to discover) that it is taking its flight into some happier region? For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this my earnest wish confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected: I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back in my journey, even on the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer on me a new grant of life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer: having wellnigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal. For what has life to recommend it? or rather, indeed, to what evils does it not expose us? But admit that its satisfactions are many; yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast. For I

mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation: on the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed on me, as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which Nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

THE CONDEMNATION OF ANTIGONE.

SOPHOCLES.

[Of the three great Greek tragic poets whose works we possess, Sophocles, the second in date, was born in 495 B.C., at Colonus, a small village near Athens. He was so notable while young for grace and beauty that at the age of sixteen he was chosen to lead the choral dance of youths round the altar which had been raised in honor of the victory of Salamis. Ten years later he appeared as a tragic poet, in competition with Æschylus for the tragic crown. For more than sixty years he continued to exhibit plays, always winning either the first or the second prize.

The tragedies of Sophocles, of which seven remain to us, are considered by all critics to be the perfection of the Greek drama. His plots are skilfully woven, his stories artistically developed, and his characters, though idealized, carefully delineated, while his poetic power, his sweetness, purity, and pathos, won for him the title of "the Attic Bee." From the most admired of his extant plays, the "Antigone," we select Bulwer's translation of the condemnation-scene. The heroine in this play is the noblest ideal of womankind that poet has ever drawn, and her martyrdom is one of the most affecting of all tragic scenes.

Of the two brothers of Antigone, one had died while aiding Creon of Thebes in defence of that city; the other, Polynices, had taken part in the assault on his native city, and was left dead before the walls.

Creon threatens death to any who shall bury the corpse. Antigone, aided by her sister Ismene, defies the mandate, is taken while burying the corpse, and is brought before Creon, whose son, Hæmon, is her betrothed lover.]

CREON, ANTIGONE, CHORUS.

Creon. Answer, then—

Bending thy head to earth, dost thou confess,
Or canst deny the charge?

Antigone. I do confess it
Freely; I scorn to disavow the act.

Cr. Reply with answer brief to one plain question,
Without evasion. Didst thou know the law
That none should do this deed?

Ant. I knew it well:
How could I fail to know? It was most plain.

Cr. Didst thou then dare transgress our royal mandate?

Ant. Ne'er did eternal Jove such laws ordain,
Or Justice, throned amid th' infernal powers,
Who on mankind these holier rites imposed;
Nor can I deem thine edict armed with power
To contravene the firm, unwritten laws
Of the just gods, thyself a weak, frail mortal!
These are no laws of yesterday,—they live
For evermore, and none can trace their birth.
I would not dare, by mortal threat appalled,
To violate their sanction, and incur
The vengeance of the gods. I knew before
That I must die, though thou hadst ne'er proclaimed it,
And if I perish ere th' allotted term
I deem that death a blessing. Who that lives,
Like me, encompassed by unnumbered ills,
But would account it blessedness to die?
If then I meet the doom thy laws assign,

It nothing grieves me. Had I left my brother,
From my own mother sprung, on the bare earth
To lie unburied, that indeed might grieve me ;
But for this deed I mourn not. If to thee
Mine actions seem unwise, 'tis thine own soul
That errs from wisdom, when it deems me senseless.

Ch. This maiden shows her father's stubborn soul,
And scorns to bend beneath misfortune's power.

Cr. Yet thou mightst know that loftiest spirits oft
Are bound to deepest shame ; and thou mightst mark
The hardest metal soft and ductile made
By the resistless energy of flame ;
Oft, too, the fiery courser have I seen
By a small bit constrained. High arrogant thoughts
Beseem not one whose duty is submission.
In this presumption she was lessoned first
When our imperial laws she dared to spurn,
And to that insolent wrong fresh insult adds,
In that she glories, vaunting of the deed.
Henceforth no more deem mine a manly soul—
Concede that name to hers—if from this crime
She shall escape unpunished. Though she spring
From our own sister, she shall not evade
A shameful death.

Ant. And welcome ! Whence could I
Obtain a holier praise than by committing
My brother to the tomb ? These, too, I know
Would all approve the action, but that fear
Curbs their free thoughts to base and servile silence ;
But 'tis the noble privilege of tyrants
To say and do whate'er their lordly will,
Their only law, may prompt.

Cr. Of all the Thebans
Dost thou alone see this.

Ant. They, too, behold it,

But fear constrains them to an abject silence.

Cr. Does it not shame thee to dissent from these?

Ant. I cannot think it shame to love my brother.

Cr. Was not he too, who died for Thebes, thy brother?

Ant. He was; and of the self-same parents born.

Cr. Why then dishonor him to grace the guilty?

Ant. The dead entombed will not attest thy words.

Cr. Yes; if thou honor with an equal doom

That impious wretch.

Ant. He did not fall a slave.

He was my brother.

Cr. Yet he wronged his country;

The other fought undaunted in her cause.

Ant. Still death at least demands an equal law.

Cr. Ne'er should the base be honored like the noble.

Ant. Who knows, if this be holy in the shades?

Cr. Death cannot change a foe into a friend.

Ant. My nature tends to mutual love, not hatred.

Cr. Then to the grave, and love them, if thou must.

But while I live no woman shall bear sway.

[After a song by the Chorus, Hæmon, the son of Creon, enters, and pleads with his father for the pardon of his betrothed. His arguments proving useless, he breaks out into anger, and a scene of violent recrimination ensues.]

Cr. And must we stoop, in this our cooler age,
Thus to be lessoned by a beardless boy?

Hæ. Not stoop to learn injustice. I am young,
But thou shouldst weigh my actions, not my years.

Cr. Thou deem'st it justice, then, to favor rebels?

Hæ. Ne'er would I ask thy favor for the guilty.

Cr. Is not this maiden stained with manifest guilt?

Hæ. The general voice of Thebes repels the charge.

Cr. Shall then the city dictate laws to me?

Hæ. Do not thy words betray a very youth?

Cr. Should I, or should another, sway the state?

Hæ. That is no state which crouches to one despot!

Cr. Is not a monarch master of his state?

Hæ. How nobly wouldst thou lord it o'er a desert!

Cr. Behold, I pray you, how this doughty warrior
Strives in a woman's cause.

Hæ. Art thou a woman?

I strive for none, save thee.

Cr. O thou most vile!

Wouldst thou withstand thy father?

Hæ. When I see

My father swerve from justice.

Cr. Do I err,

Revering my own laws?

Hæ. Dost thou revere them

When thou wouldst trample on the laws of heaven?

Cr. O thou degenerate wretch! thou woman's slave!

Hæ. Ne'er shalt thou find me the vile slave of base-
ness.

Cr. Thou ne'er shalt wed her living.

Hæ. If she die,

Her death shall crush another.

Cr. Daring villain,

Dost thou proceed to threats?

Hæ. And does he threat

Who but refutes vain counsels?

Cr. At thy cost

Shalt thou reprove me, void thyself of sense.

Hæ. Now, but thou art my father, I would say
That thou art most unwise.

Cr. Hence, woman's slave!

And prate no more to me.

Hæ. Wouldst thou then speak
Whate'er thou list, and not endure reply?

Cr. Ay, is it true? Then, by Olympian Jove,
I swear thou shalt not beard me thus unpunished!
Ho! bring that hated thing, that she may die,
E'en in the presence of her doting bridegroom.

Hæ. Believe it not. Before mine eyes at least
She shall not die, nor thou such dream indulge;
I quit thy sight forever. They who list
May stand the tame spectators of thy madness.

[*Exit Hæmon.*

Ch. The youth has passed, my lord, in desperate wrath:
A soul like his may rush from rankling grief
To deeds of frenzy.

Cr. Let him do, and dare
Beyond the power of man, he shall not save her.

Ch. What death dost thou design her?

Cr. To a spot
By mortal foot untrodden, will I lead her,
And deep immure her in a rocky cave,
Leaving enough of sustenance to provide
A due atonement, that the state may shun
Pollution from her death. There let her call
On gloomy Hades, the sole power she owns,
To shield her from her doom; or learn, though late,
At least this lesson: 'tis a bootless task
To render homage to the powers of hell.

[Antigone is brought in and sentenced, and is finally confined in a rock-cavern, where she is destined to perish of starvation. But quick and dreadful retribution comes to the stern tyrant. Hæmon breaks into the living tomb, finds his betrothed already dead, and dies with her. Creon, threatened with a revolt of his people for his tyranny, relents, and goes to the cavern to release Antigone. There he learns from a messenger what has occurred.]

Mess. In the farthest corner of the vault
We saw her hanging by the neck, with cord
Of linen threads entwined, and him we found
Clasping her form in passionate embrace.

[On being told of the death of her son, the mother, Creon's wife, kills herself. A messenger brings this distracting tidings to Creon, who is mourning over the dead body of his son.]

Mess. Sorrows are deepening round thee, O my lord:
One source of bitterest grief thy hands sustain;
One waits within which thou must soon behold.

Cr. What yet remains to dreg the cup of sorrow?

Mess. The queen, the mother of this lifeless youth,
Hath died, unhappy, by a recent wound.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Cr. Oh! thou inexpiable home of death,
Why dost thou crush me thus?
O herald of o'erwhelming woes,
What horrors dost thou bring?—
Why, why press down a wretch already lost?
What hast thou said? What new despair,
Redoubling woes on woes?—
And to a murdered son
Dost thou then add my wife's destruction too?—

Mess. Thou mayst behold her, now no more, within.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Cr. Alas! I gaze upon a second woe.
What doom, ah! what awaits the victim still?
In these sad hands a lifeless son I bear,
There mark another recent corpse. Woe! woe!
Sad mother! wretched son!

Mess. Before the hallowed altars, in wild wrath

She fell, and closed her eyes in Death's dull night,
Deploring first, indeed, th' illustrious bed
Of Megareus,—long since to death consigned,—
Then this her hapless son; last on thy head
She imprecated curses, and proclaimed thee
The murderer of thy child.

STROPHE III.

Cr. Woe! woe is me!
I quake with horror. Will no friendly hand
In mercy plunge deep, deep the two-edged sword?
I am a very wretch,
Condemned to struggle with o'ermastering woes!
Mess. Ere yet she perished, with her parting breath,
She charged on thee the fatal doom of both.
Cr. And by what means did death relieve her sorrows?
Mess. Deep in her side she buried the keen sword,
Soon as her son's lamented doom she heard.

STROPHE IV.

Cr. Wretch that I am! the guilt is all my own,
None shared the deadly deed!
I am alone the blood-stained homicide;
'Tis all too clear. Oh, lead me hence!
Attendants, bear me hence! away,—away,—
For I am nothing now!
Ch. Well dost thou judge, if in despair like thine
Aught can be well, for heaviest evils press
With lighter burden when from sight removed.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Cr. Come, then, oh, come,
Shine forth, thou last and lightest of my woes,
Bringing the final and most welcome hour

Of suffering! Come, oh, come,
That I may view the light of heaven no more.

Ch. These cares respect the future: first befits
To weigh with prudent thought the present crisis.
Let those direct on whom such charge devolves.

Cr. What most my soul desires, I did but make
My first and warmest prayer.

Ch. Pray now for nothing.
There is no refuge for devoted man,
When fate consigns him to a doom of woe.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Cr. Lead hence this lifeless shade, far, far away,
Who, though unwilling all,
Slew thee, my son! thee too, O wife beloved!
Ah! wretch! I know not where to look,
Or whither fly. All are against me now,—
Fate is itself my foe.

Ch. There is no guide to happiness on earth,
Save wisdom; nor behooves it us to fail
In reverence to the gods! High-sounding vaunts
Inflict due vengeance on the haughty head,
And teach late wisdom to its dark old age.

ALEXANDER IN INDIA.

ARRIAN.

[Flavius Arrianus, a native of Nicomedia, in Bithynia, born about 100 A.D., a writer of great merit both in history and in philosophy, was an ardent disciple of Epictetus, the celebrated Stoic philosopher. He wrote several works upon the teachings of Epictetus, which were well received in Athens. But his most important production was his

"History of the Campaigns of Alexander the Great," written in imitation of Xenophon's "*Anabasis*." This work still exists in a nearly complete form. It is written in a simple and vivid manner, is particularly clear in its accounts of military movements, and is undoubtedly the best and most accurate of the numerous ancient histories of Alexander.

We select, from Rooke's translation, the description of the defeat of Porus, the only Indian monarch who vigorously opposed the advance of Alexander into India, and the bravest opponent he met in his whole military career.]

WHEN Alexander arrived at the river Indus, he found the bridge [which he had ordered to be built] fully perfected by Hephæstion, and two large vessels built with thirty oars, besides many more small ones. He also received the presents of Taxiles, the Indian, being two hundred talents of silver, three thousand oxen, above ten thousand sheep, and thirty elephants; seven hundred Indian horse were sent to his assistance by that prince, who also made him a surrender of his capital, the largest and most populous of all the cities between the rivers Indus and Hydaspes. Alexander there sacrificed to the gods after the custom of his country, and, having exhibited gymnastic and equestrian sports on the banks of that river, the entrails promised him a safe passage over. The Indus is the largest of all the rivers of Europe or Asia, except the Ganges, which is also in India.

Alexander passed over this river with his army about break of day, and entered India; and marching forward arrived at Taxila, a large and wealthy city, and the most populous between the Indus and Hydaspes. Taxiles, prince of the place, and the Indian inhabitants thereof, received him in a friendly manner, and he, in return, added as much of the adjacent country to their territories as they requested.

[From that point he advanced to the Hydaspes, beyond which lay Porus, the Indian king, with a large army, fully prepared to dispute his progress. The vessels which had been used on the Indus were taken to pieces and conveyed to the Hydaspes, where they were put together again and launched on that river.]

Porus lay encamped on the opposite side, with his whole army, surrounded by his elephants, who, whithersoever he perceived Alexander's navy move, immediately prepared to defend the passage, and detached parties to all the places where he knew the river was fordable, and appointed captains over each, to obstruct the Macedonians, if they should attempt to cross the river. Alexander, perceiving this, resolved to divide his army, in the same manner, into several small parties, to distract Porus in his resolutions, and render his efforts fruitless; which being accordingly performed, and the several parties despatched several ways, some were ordered to lay the country waste in a hostile manner, others to seek out a place where the river might be easily passed over. He also commanded vast stores of corn to be brought into his camp, from all the country on this side of the Hydaspes, that Porus might imagine he would remain in his present encampment till the waters of the river fell away in the winter season, for then he might force his way over with his army, in spite of all opposition. His ships being therefore drawn this way and that, and the coverings of his tents stuffed with light buoyant matter, as usual, and the whole bank thoroughly lined with horse and foot, he suffered Porus to take no rest, and rendered him thereby wholly incapable of discerning where the storm would fall, or how best to prepare for the safety of himself and his army. About that time of the year (for it was then near the summer solstice) all the rivers of India are full of water, and consequently muddy and rapid; for heavy and frequent rains then fall

throughout all the country, and, besides, the snow upon Mount Caucasus [the Hindoo-Koosh] melting with heat, the streams are thereby exceedingly augmented; but the snow again congealing in winter, and the rains ceasing, the rivers become clearer and shallower, insomuch that all of them are fordable in some place or other, except the Indus and Ganges, and perhaps one more; however, the Hydaspes may certainly be passed over by fords.

[Alexander caused the report to be circulated that he would wait till the fall of the river before attempting to cross. For several nights, however, he made apparent efforts to cross, at different points, with great noise, until Porus, coming to regard them as feints, ceased to pay attention to them. The place selected for the actual crossing was where a wooded island occupied part of the width of the river, while some rocks also offered concealment. Here the passage was begun on a dark and rainy night, and the island reached without giving alarm to the guards which Porus had posted on the opposite bank. As soon as an endeavor was made to cross the remaining channel the alarm was given, and the Indian guards hastened with the news to the army. An opposing force was sent, but it is doubtful if it reached the point in time to oppose the landing of the vanguard. The son of Porus headed the attacking column, which was assailed by Alexander at the head of a body of horse, and put to flight.]

Four hundred of the Indian horse were there slain, and among them Porus's son; and most of their chariots, with their horses, were taken, they being heavy and troublesome in flight, and even in the battle (by reason of the slippery soil of the place) altogether unserviceable.

As soon as the horse who had escaped from this conflict arrived at their main body, and gave Porus notice that Alexander was already passed over the river with the greatest part of his army, and that his son was slain in battle, he was so moved that he knew not what course to take; especially because the forces which were posted over

against his grand camp, and commanded by Craterus, were also endeavoring to pass the river. However, at last he resolved to march against Alexander, and attack the Macedonians, as the strongest body, and at the same time to leave a part of the army, and some elephants, behind in the camp, to frighten Craterus's horse as they approached the bank of the river.

He therefore, with his whole body of horse, which were about four thousand, and three hundred chariots, with two hundred elephants, and near thirty thousand foot, marched forward; and when he came to a plain where the soil was not incommodious by reason of the slippery clay, but firm and sandy and every way fit for wheeling his chariots around upon, he resolved there to draw up his army, which he did in the following manner. First, he placed the elephants in the front, at the distance of one hundred feet from each other, to cover the whole body of foot, and at the same time to strike a terror into Alexander's horse; for he imagined that none, either horse or foot, would be so hardy as to endeavor to penetrate through the spaces between the elephants: the horsemen, he thought, could not, because their horses would be terrified at the sight; and the foot would not dare, because the armed soldiers would be ready to gall them on each hand, and the elephants to trample them under their feet. The foot possessed the next rank; they were not indeed placed in the same order with the elephants, but so small a way behind that they seemed to fill up the interstices. At the extremity of each wing he placed elephants bearing huge wooden towers, wherein were armed men; the foot were defended on each hand by the horse, and the horse by the chariots, which were placed before them. . . .

The Indians first led on their horse to resist the attacks of Alexander, when immediately Cænus, with his forces,

fell upon them in flank; this caused them to divide their forces into two parts, and resolve to lead the best and most numerous of them against Alexander, and face about with the other to meet Cænus; and this served to break the ranks, as well as the courage, of the Indians. Alexander, taking the opportunity of their dividing their forces, immediately rushed forward upon that party designed against him, which were scarce able to sustain the first shock of his horse, for they fled to the elephants, as to a friendly wall, for refuge, whose governors stirred up the beasts to trample down the horse; but the Macedonian phalanx galled not only the beasts themselves, but their riders also, with their arrows. This was a manner of fighting altogether new and unheard of among the Macedonians; for which way soever the elephants turned, the ranks of foot, however firm, were forced to give way.

The Indian horse, now perceiving their foot in the heat of action, rallied again, and attacked Alexander's horse a second time, but were again forced back with loss (because they were far inferior to them, not only in number, but in military discipline), and retreated among the elephants. And now all Alexander's horse being joined together in one body (not by any command of his, but by chance, and a casual event in the battle), wherever they fell upon the Indians they made dreadful havoc among them. And the beasts, being now pent up in a narrow space and violently enraged, did no less mischief to their own men than the enemy; and as they tossed and moved about, multitudes were trampled to death; besides, the horse being confined among the elephants, a huge slaughter ensued, for many of the governors of the beasts being slain by archers, the elephants themselves, partly enraged by their wounds and partly for want of riders, no longer kept any certain station in the battle, but, running forward as if madness had

seized them, they pushed down, slew, and trampled under foot friends and foes without distinction.

Only the Macedonians, having the advantage of a more free and open space, gave way and made room for the furious beasts to rush through their ranks, but slew them whenever they attempted to return; but the beasts at last, quite wearied out with wounds and toils, were no longer able to push with their usual force, but only made a hideous noise, and, moving their forefeet heavily, passed out of the battle. Alexander, having surrounded all the enemy's horse with his, made a signal for the foot to close their shields fast together and hasten that way in a firm body, and by this means the Indian horse, being every way overpowered, were almost all slain. Nor was the fate of their foot much better; for the Macedonians, pressing them vehemently on all sides, made a great destruction among them, and at last all of them (except those whom Alexander's horse had hemmed in), perceiving their case desperate, turned their backs and fled.

In the mean while, Craterus, and the captains who were with him on the other side of the river, no sooner perceived the victory to incline to the Macedonians than they passed over, and made a dismal slaughter of the Indians in the pursuit; and, being fresh soldiers, they succeeded those who had been wearied out in the heat of the battle. Of the Indian foot, little less than twenty thousand fell that day; of their horse, about three thousand. All their chariots were hacked to pieces; two of Porus's sons were slain, as was Spitaces, governor of that province, all the managers of their elephants, and their charioteers; and almost all the captains of horse, as well as of foot, belonging to Porus. The elephants also which were not killed were every one taken. Of Alexander's foot, which consisted at first of six thousand, and gave the first onset, about eighty were lost;

of his equestrian archers, ten; of the auxiliary horse, twenty; and of all the rest of the troops of horse, about two hundred.

Porus, who behaved himself with the utmost prudence, and acted the part not only of an experienced general, but of a stout soldier, all that day, seeing the slaughter made among his horse, and some of his elephants lying dead, others without managers, running about mad with their wounds, and the greatest part of his foot cut off, behaved not like King Darius, who left the field among the very first of his troops, but as long as he could see any party of his Indians keep their ground he fought bravely; and receiving a wound on the right shoulder, which place alone was bare during the action (for his coat of mail, being excellent both for strength and workmanship, as it afterwards appeared, easily secured the rest of his body), he turned his elephant out of the battle and fled.

Alexander, having observed his gallant and generous behavior in that day's action, desired above all things to have his life saved, and accordingly sent Taxiles, the Indian prince, to him, who, when he overtook him and came as near as was safe, for fear of his elephant, requested him to stop his beast (for that all his endeavors to escape were vain) and receive Alexander's commands. Porus, seeing it was Taxiles, his old enemy, ran against him with his spear, and had perhaps slain him, if he had not immediately turned away his horse and escaped out of his sight. However, all this was not sufficient to incense Alexander against him; but he sent others, and after them more, among whom was Meroe, an Indian, because he understood that there had been an old friendship between him and Porus. Porus, overcome with Meroe's exhortations and almost dead with thirst, caused his elephant to kneel down, and then alighted from him; and as soon as he had re-

freshed himself with a little water, he accompanied Meroë to Alexander.

Alexander, being informed of the approach of Porus, advanced a little forward before his army, and, accompanied by some of his friends, went to meet him. Stopping his horse, he was seized with admiration at Porus's tallness (for he was about five cubits high), as well as at his beauty and the just proportions of his body; and he was no less amazed to find he seemed still far from entertaining any humble or servile ideas in his mind, though he was conquered. He considered, besides, that he was a generous man who had contended with another of equal generosity, and that he was a king who had striven to preserve his dominions from the invasion of another king. Then Alexander, first directing his discourse to him, commanded him to ask what he should do for him? To which Porus made answer, "that he would use him royally." Alexander, smiling, replied, "That I would do for my own sake; but say, what shall I do for thine?" Porus told him all his wishes were summed up in his first petition. Alexander, overjoyed at this answer of his, not only restored him straight to liberty and the full possession of his former dominions, but also gave him another empire beyond his own, and treated him in so generous and so royal a manner that he ever after had him his fast friend.

A CLUSTER OF ODES.

HORACE.

[The most renowned lyric poet of antiquity, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, familiarly known as Horace, was the son of a freedman of Venusia, in Apulia, where he was born 65 B.C. After some vicissitudes in early

life, he became favorably known, through his literary efforts, to Virgil and Varius, then the leading poets of Rome, who introduced him to Mæcenas, the powerful patron of literature, with whom he afterwards enjoyed uninterrupted intimacy. His life was spent between the city of Rome and a small estate he possessed near Tivoli, where he died in his fifty-seventh year.

The first known poems of Horace were his Satires; which were followed by the Epodes, a series of poems in imitation of the Greek satirist Archilochus. His Odes were next published, though many of them had probably been written in early life. He also wrote two books of poetical Epistles, and some other works.

As a man, Horace was of refined tastes and genial manner, adroit in compliment, but no flatterer. He was vain of his poetical reputation, but in character was candid and sincere. As a poet he stands, in his special vein, without an equal. His Satires are a creation peculiarly his own. They have none of the bitterness of Lucilius, the indignation of Juvenal, or the love of purity of Perseus, but are written from the position of a man of the world, treating vices as follies, and sketching a good-humored picture of the viciousness of Roman social life. The Epistles are a graver edition of the Satires, with the addition of a fine vein of personal emotion and reflection, and a tinge of melancholy, which make them, on the whole, the most valuable of the works of Horace.

But it is to the Odes that we must look for his finest display of poetical genius. It is only in these inimitable lyrics that we gain, in beauty of sentiment, grace of language, and melody of versification, a full conception of the powers of their writer. They cover every field of the lyric, from the grandest subjects of history and mythology to the simplest themes of every-day life. They breathe now all the gayety, now all the sadness, of the ancient mind, with a charm that is irresistible. He frequently imitates, and even adopts, the very ideas and phrases of the Greek lyrists, but he makes them so completely his own that they seem rather improved on than plagiarized. His Odes, indeed, possess a delicacy of insight, a fineness of touch, and a power of minute finish which very few writers have exhibited, and which have rendered them models of construction, valuable to poets of every school. The literature pertaining to Horace in modern Europe is enormous, no ancient writer having been more studied and commented on, or more frequently translated. We give, from various translators, some examples of these world-famous Odes.]

TO LYDIA.

Swains in numbers
Break your slumbers,
Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
Ay, though at your casement nightly,
Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
By the dozen once ye held them.

Ever turning,
Night and morning,
Swung your door upon its hinges;
Now, from dawn till evening's closing,
Lone and desolate reposing,
Not a sole its rest infringes.

Serenaders,
Sweet invaders,
Scanter grow, and daily scanter,
Singing, Lydia, art thou sleeping?
Lonely watch thy love is keeping!
Wake, oh, wake, thou dear enchanter!

Lorn and faded,
You, as they did,
Woo, and in your turn are slighted;
Worn and torn by passion's fret,
You, the pitiless coquette,
Waste by fires yourself have lighted.

Late relenting,
Left lamenting,
Withered leaves strew wintry brooks!
Ivy garlands greenly darkling,
Myrtles brown with dew-drops sparkling,
Best beseem youth's glowing looks! MARTIN.

TO PYRRHA.

What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odors,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
 On faith and changéd gods complain, and seas,
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they,
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

MILTON.

[Milton's version has rendered this fine ode famous in English literature. Yet there are other translations in which its sense is more clearly rendered. One of these we append.]

TO PYRRHA.

(Second Version.)

What youth, O Pyrrha! blooming fair,
 With rose-twined wreath and perfumed hair,
 Wooes thee beneath yon grotto's shade,
 Urgent in prayer and amorous glance?
 For whom dost thou thy tresses braid,
 Simple in thine elegance?
 Alas! full soon shall he deplore
 Thy broken faith, thine altered mien:
 Like one astonished at the roar
 Of breakers on a leeward shore,
 Whom gentle airs and skies serene

Had tempted on the treacherous deep,
So he thy perfidy shall weep
Who now enjoys thee fair and kind,
But dreams not of the shifting wind.

Thrice wretched they, deluded and betrayed,
Who trust thy glittering smile and siren tongue !
I have escaped the shipwreck, and have hung
In Neptune's fane my dripping vest displayed
With votive tablet on his altar laid ;
Thanking the sea-god for his timely aid.

LORD RAVENSWOOD.

[In a different vein of thought is the following admired ode.]

TO DELLIUS.

In adverse hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirit rise too high
Though Fortune kindly change the scene :
Remember, Dellius, you were born to die.

Whether your life in sorrows pass,
And sadly joyless glide away ;
Whether, reclining on the grass,
You bless with choicer wine the festal day,

Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the sun's intemperate beam,
In hospitable shade their branches twine,
And winds with toil, though swift, the tremulous stream.

Here pour your wines, your odors shed,
Bring forth the rose's short-lived flower,
While fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchased woods, your house of state,
Your villa, washed by Tiber's wave,
You must, my Delliuss, yield to fate,
And to your heir these high-piled treasures leave.

Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
While wealth unbounded round you flows,
Or poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
No pity for his victim Pluto knows.

We all must tread the paths of fate,
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat, ah ! never to return. FRANCIS.

[In the same philosophic vein is couched the favorite ode next given ; rendered melodiously, though not quite literally, by an English poet in full sympathy with its sentiment.]

TO LICINIUS.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach ;
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's power :
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower

Comes heaviest to the ground ;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain ;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast ?
The dark appearance will not last ;
Expect a brighter sky.
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen ;
But O ! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in !

COWPER.

[In the same vein of philosophy and contentment is the following graceful ode.]

TO MÆCENAS.

For thee, within my mansion, wait
A virgin cask of mellow wine,
Rose-buds and essence of the date
To scent thy hair, O Prince of Tuscan line !

Leave thy satiety of state,
Thy tower, that touches on the clouds ;
Nor muse on prosperous Rome, elate,
Her smoke, her pomp, the clamor of her crowds.

The rich have found these changes sweet ;
And pure and homely meals, that know
No tapestried walls, nor purple seat,
Have smoothed to gayety the wrinkled brow.

The present, calm and wise, dispose ;
The rest is carried spite of thee ;
Even as a river level flows
In peaceful channel to the Tuscan sea :

But, chafed by floods, it saps the rocks,
And, headlong, from the crumbling shore
Rolls shattered trees, and huts, and flocks ;
The neighboring woods and mountains swell the roar.

He's master of himself, who cries,
Rejoicing, " I have lived to-day !"
Let Jove o'ercloud to-morrow's skies,
Or clear expand them in the sunny ray ;

But not Omnipotence has power
To make the backward blessing void ;
New form the past and fleeted hour,
Or bid the joys that *were*, be unenjoyed.

Fortune, whom busy mischiefs please,
Still wilful bent on taunting wiles,
Transfers her gifts from those to these,
To me, and to another, throws her smiles.

I praise her stay; but if she shake
Her wings, I bid her favors fly;
Wrapt in my virtues, refuge take,
And hug my honest, dowerless poverty.

ELTON.

[From the Satires we select the following pleasant praise of rural life, which the poet, if his verse is warrant for the belief, esteemed far above the turmoil and dissipation of the city, or the allurements of wealth and power.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

I often wished I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal, running by my door,
Besides a little ancient grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.

The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this;
I have enough in my possessing:
'Tis well: I ask no other blessing,
O Hermes, than, remote from strife,
To have and hold them for my life.

If I was never known to raise
My fortune by dishonest ways,
Nor, like the spendthrift of the times,
Shall ever sink it by my crimes;
If thus I neither pray nor ponder,—
Oh, might I have that angle yonder,
Which disproportions now my field,
What satisfaction it would yield!
Oh that some lucky chance but threw
A pot of silver to my view,

As lately to the man who bought
The very land on which he wrought!—
If I am pleased with my condition,
Oh, hear and grant this last petition :
Indulgent, let my cattle batten ;
Let all things, but my fancy, fatten ;
And thou continue still to guard,
As thou art wont, thy suppliant bard !
Whilst losing in Rome's busy maze
The calm and sunshine of my days,
How oft with fervor I repeat,
“ When shall I see my sweet retreat ?
Oh, when with books of sages deep,
Sequestered ease, and gentle sleep,
In soft oblivion, blissful balm,
The busy cares of life becalm ?
Oh, when shall I enrich my veins,
Spite of Pythagoras, with beans,
Or live luxurious in my cottage
On bacon-ham and savory pottage ?
O joyous nights ! delicious feasts !
At which the gods might be my guests ! ”
There every guest may drink and fill
As much, or little, as he will,
Exempted from the bedlam rules
Of roaring prodigals and fools,
Whether in merry mood or whim
He fills his bumper to the brim,
Or, better pleased to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a moderate glass.

FRANCIS.

[We close this series of selections with a short extract from the Epistles, which is overflowing with the worldly wisdom of the genial poet.]

ON THE REGULATION OF THE MIND.

We are but worthless ciphers ; things just born
 To waste the fruits of earth ; luxurious suitors
 Of a Penelope ; vile prodigals ;
 Trim courtiers of Alcinous, who show,
 In their plump ease, the superfluity
 Of daintiness ; who deem it true delight
 To slumber till the noon, and soothe away,
 To sounds of tinkling harps, the thoughts of care.

* * * * *

The deed begun
 Is half accomplished ; dare, then, to be wise ;
 Begin ; the man who still postpones the hour
 Of living well is like the clown, who waits
 Till the whole river shall have flowed away :
 The rolling river glides before his eyes,
 And so shall glide, forever and forever.
 Spurn guilty pleasures ; pleasure is but pain
 If bought with penitence. The covetous man
 Is ever craving. Set a certain bound
 To each unruly wish. The envious wretch
 Grows lean by gazing on another's fatness.
 No tyrant of Sicilia could invent
 A torment worse than envy. He that knows not
 To moderate sudden wrath shall wish undone
 That which his will and his resentment urge,
 And, with impatient violence, draw on
 His own sure punishment, and yet his hate
 Be unrevenged. All anger of the mind
 Is a short madness. Govern, then, the mind,
 Which must obey or gain the mastery !
 Bind it with curbs, and fetter it with chains.
 'Tis thus the master of the manege forms

The docile colt, while yet his mouth is soft,
To turn the way the rider guides the rein ;
And the staunch hound, since practised first to bay
The deer-skin in the court, with well-trained nose
Hunts in the woods. Then now, ingenuous boy !
Now lay the words of wisdom to thy breast
While yet thy breast is pure ; now seek thy elders
Who can instruct thee : the new cask will long
Retain the flavor which it first imbibed.

ELTON.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

PLATO.

[Plato, who divides with Aristotle the highest fame ever attained by philosophers, had the good fortune to be born in the golden age of the Grecian intellect, and in Athens, the centre of Grecian thought. He had the equally good fortune to be the disciple of Socrates, he who first taught the Athenians that there is a philosophy of the soul as well as of the body, and who maintained that the study of mental science is of far more importance to man than that of physical science. Plato was born 429 B.C. He was of good family, had every advantage of education, and improved himself greatly by travel. In his fortieth year he returned to Athens, and opened his celebrated school known as the Academy. Here the remainder of his life, with the exception of two visits to Sicily, was tranquilly passed in the midst of a large circle of distinguished followers, and in the unfoldment of those philosophic doctrines which have shed such lustre on his name. He died at the age of eighty-two.

The principles of his philosophy are well known, as his works have, fortunately, been preserved. In these the imagination of the poet is happily blended with the reasoning of the philosopher, producing the fine myths which form the peroration of some of his dialogues, and the dramatic form into which his speculations are thrown. Socrates is usually introduced as the chief speaker in these dialogues, employs his

shrewd method of questioning to unfold the problem involved, and commonly ends with an exposition of the subject in which Plato's own views are probably embodied.

We select from the dialogue entitled "*Phædo*" its pathetic account of the final conversation and the philosophic death of Socrates. The scene of the dialogue is the prison of Socrates, where several of his disciples are assembled. The conversation has been on the immortality of the soul, in whose favor Socrates has argued. We give, in Cary's translation, the continuation of the remarks of Socrates, and the final scene.]

"BUT it is right, my friends, that we should consider this, that if the soul is immortal it requires our care not only for the present time, which we call life, but for all time; and the danger would now appear to be dreadful if one should neglect it. For if death were a deliverance from everything it would be a great gain for the wicked, when they die, to be delivered at the same time from the body, and from their vices together with the soul. But now, since it appears to be immortal, it can have no other refuge from evils, nor safety, except by becoming as good and wise as possible. For the soul goes to Hades, possessing nothing else but its discipline and education, which are said to be of the greatest advantage or detriment to the dead on the very beginning of his journey thither. For thus it is said; that each person's demon who was assigned to him while living, when he dies conducts him to some place where they that are assembled together must receive sentence, and then proceed to Hades with that guide, who has been ordered to conduct them from hence thither. But these having received their deserts, and having remained the appointed time, another guide brings them back hither again, after many and long revolutions of time.

"The journey, then, is not such as the *Telephus* of Æschylus describes it. For he says that a simple path leads to Hades; but it appears to me to be neither simple

nor one; for there would be no need of guides, nor could any one ever miss the way, if there were but one. But now it appears to have many divisions and windings; and this I conjecture from our religious and funeral rites. The well-ordered and wise soul, then, both follows, and is not ignorant of, its present condition; but that which through passion clings to the body, as I said before, having longingly fluttered about it for a long time, and about its visible place [the tomb], after vehement resistance and great suffering, is forcibly and with great difficulty led away by its appointed demon. And when it arrives at the place where the others are, impure and having done any such thing as the committal of unrighteous murders or other similar actions, which are kindred to these, and are the deeds of kindred souls, every one shuns it and turns away from it, and will neither be its fellow-traveller nor guide, but it wanders about, oppressed with every kind of helplessness, until certain periods have elapsed; and when these are completed, it is carried of necessity to an abode suitable to it; but the soul which has passed through life with purity and moderation, having obtained the gods for its fellow-travellers and guides, settles each in the place suited to it. . . .

“But for the sake of these things which we have described, we should use every endeavor, Simmias, so as to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life; for the reward is noble and the hope great. To affirm positively, indeed, that these things are exactly as I have described them, does not become a man of sense; that, however, either this or something of the kind takes place with respect to our souls and their habitations—since our soul is certainly immortal—this appears to me most fitting to be believed, and worthy the hazard for one who trusts in its reality; for the hazard is noble, and it is right to allure ourselves

with such things, as with enchantments; for which reason I have prolonged my story to such a length. On account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul who during this life has discarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge, and who, having adorned his soul not with a foreign but its own proper ornament,—temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth,—thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. You then,” he continued, “Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with bathing my dead body.”

When he had thus spoken, Crito said, “So be it, Socrates; but what commands have you to give to these or to me, either respecting your children, or any other matter, in attending to which we can most oblige you?”

“What I always say, Crito,” he replied, “nothing new; that is, by taking care of yourselves you will oblige both me and mine and yourselves, whatever you do, though you should not now promise it; but if you neglect yourselves, and will not live as it were in the footsteps of what has been now and formerly said, even though you should promise much at present, and that earnestly, you will do no good at all.”

“We will endeavor, then, so to do,” said Crito; “but how shall we bury you?”

“Just as you please,” he said, “if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you.” And at the same time

smiling gently and looking round on us, he said, "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, and who methodizes each part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I some time since argued at length,—that when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed,—this I seem to have urged to him in vain, though I meant at the same time to console both you and myself. Be you, then, my sureties to Crito," he said, "in an obligation contrary to that which he made to the judges; for he undertook that I should remain; but do you be sureties that when I die I shall not remain, but shall depart, that Crito may more easily bear it, and, when he sees my body either burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured," he said, "most excellent Crito, that to speak improperly is not only culpable as to the thing itself, but likewise occasions some injury to our souls. You must have a good courage, then, and say that you bury my body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as you think is most agreeable to our laws."

When he had said this he rose, and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said, and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our life as orphans. When he had bathed, and his children were brought to him—for he had two little sons and one grown up—and the women belonging to his family were

come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us. And it was now near sunset; for he spent a considerable time within. But when he came from bathing he sat down, and did not speak much afterwards.

Then the officer of the Eleven came in, and, standing near him, said, "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, by order of the archons, I bid them drink the poison. But you, on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place; and therefore I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then,—for you know what I came to announce to you,—farewell, and endeavor to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away, and withdrew.

And Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou, too, farewell; we will do as you direct." At the same time turning to us, he said, "How courteous this man is! during the whole time I have been here he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now, how generously he weeps for me! But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, the sun is still on the mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely. . . . Do not hasten, then, for there is yet time."

Upon this Socrates replied, "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing; and I too with good reason shall not do so, for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life, and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go, then," he said, "obey, and do not resist."

Crito, having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood near. And the boy, having gone out and stayed some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?" "Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it to walk about until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he, having received it very cheerfully, neither trembling, nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one? Is it lawful or not?" "We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink." "I understand you," he said; "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods that my departure hence thither may be happy; which therefore I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly.

Thus far most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping; but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself; for I did not

weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then, bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friend? I indeed for this reason, chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, lay down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs, and then, having pressed his foot hard, asked him if he felt it. He said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he showed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said that when the poison reached his heart he should then depart. But now the parts around the lower belly were almost cold; when, uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it." "It shall be done," said Crito; "but consider whether you have anything else to say." To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes. This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend,—a man, as we may say, the best of all his time that we have known, and, moreover, the most wise and just.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

BION.

[Sicily had the honor of producing three of the most charming poets of Greece,—Theocritus, the inventor of the bucolic idyl, Bion, a writer of less scope, but very graceful and artistic, and Moschus, whose elegy upon Bion is one of the loveliest flowers of the Grecian muse. Bion's lament for Adonis happily has been preserved complete. We append this passion-laden poem, in Edwin Arnold's graceful rendering.]

Woe is me for Adonis! gone dead is the comely Adonis!
Dead is the godlike Adonis! the young Loves wail for
him, ai! ai!

Sleep no more, wrapped in thy mantles of Tyrian, lady of
Cyprus!

Rise, don thy raiment of azure, pale mourner, and beat on
thy bosom!

Tell out thy sorrow to all—he is dead, thy darling Adonis.

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis!—the young Loves wail for him,
ai! ai!

Hurt on the hill lies Adonis the beautiful; torn with the
boar's tusk,

Torn on the ivory thigh with the ivory tusk, his low
gasping

Anguishes Cypris's soul: the dark blood trickles in rivers
Down from his snowy side—his eyes are dreamily dim-
ming

Under their lids; and the rose leaves his lip, and the kisses
upon it

Fade, and wax fainter, and faintest, and die, before Cypris
can snatch them;

Dear to the goddess his kiss, though it be not the kiss of
the living;

Dear—but Adonis wists none of the mouth that kissed him
a-dying.

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis!—Ai! ai! say the Loves for
Adonis.

Cruel! ah, cruel the wound on the thigh of the hunter
Adonis,

Yet in her innermost heart a deeper wears Queen Cyth-
eræa.

Round the fair dead boy his hounds pace, dismally howling;
Round him the hill-spirits weep; but chiefest of all
Aphrodite,

Letting her bright hair loose, goes wild through the depths
of the forest

Passionate, panting, unkempt, with feet unsandalled whose
beauty

Thorn-bushes tear as she passes, and drip with the blood
of the goddess.

Bitterly, bitterly wailing, down all the long hollows she
hurries,

Calling him Husband and Love—her Boy—her Syrian
hunter.

Meantime dead in his gore lieth he—from groin unto
shoulder

Bloody; from breast to thigh; the fair young flank of
Adonis,

Heretofore white as the snow, dull now, and dabbled with
purple.

Ai! ai! woe for Adonis! the Loves say, "Woe for Adonis!"
That which hath killed her sweet lover hath killed a grace
which was godlike!

Perfect the grace seemed of Cypris so long as Adonis was
living;

Gone is her beauty now—ai! ai! gone dead with Adonis:
All the hills echo it—all the oaks whisper it, “Ah for
Adonis!”

Even the river-waves ripple the sorrows of sad Aphrodite,
Even the springs on the hills drop tears for the hunter
Adonis;

Yes, and the rose-leaves are redder for grief,—for the grief
Cytheræa

Tells in the hollow dells, and utters to townland and wood-
land.

Ai! ai! Lady of Cyprus, “Lo! dead is my darling Adonis!”
Echo answers thee back, “Oh! dead is thy darling Adonis.”
Who, good sooth, but would say, Ai! ai! for her passionate
story?

When that she saw and knew the wound of Adonis,—the
death-wound,—

Saw the blood come red from the gash, and the white thigh
a-waning,

Wide outraught she her arms, and cried, “Ah! stay, my
Adonis!

Stay for me, ill-starred love!—stay! stay! till I take thee
the last time,

Hold thee and fold thee, and lips meet lips, and mingle
together.

Rouse thee—a little, Adonis! Kiss back for the last time,
beloved!

Kiss me—kiss me—only so long as the life of a kiss is!

So I may suck from thy soul to my mouth, to my inner-
most heart-beat,

All the breath of thy life, and take the last of its love-spell
Unto the uttermost drop—one kiss! I will tenderly keep it

As I did thee, my Adonis, sith thou dost leave me,
Adonis!

For thou dost go and for long—thou goest to the region of
shadows,

Unto a hateful and pitiless Power, and I, the unhappy,
Live! and, alack! am a goddess, and cannot die and go
after;

Take thou my spouse, dark Queen, have here my husband,
as thou art

Stronger by far than I, and to thee goeth all that is goodly.
Utterly hapless my fate, and utterly hopeless my grief is,
Weeping my love who is dead, and hating the Fate that
hath slain him.

Fled is my joy, like a dream; thou art dead, thrice lovely
and longed-for!

Queen Cytheræa is widowed—the Loves in my bowers are
idle—

Gone my charmed girdle with thee; why, rash one, went'st
thou a-hunting?

Mad wert thou, being so fair, to match thee with beasts of
the forest."

So grieved the Lady of Cyprus—the young Loves wept
for her sorrow,

Saying, "Ai! ai! Cytheræa! gone dead is her darling
Adonis."

Drop by drop as the hunter bleeds, the tears of the goddess
Fall and blend with the blood, and both on the ground
become flowers;

Rose-blossoms grow from the blood, and wind-lilies out of
the tear-drops.

Ai! ai! comely Adonis—gone dead is the godlike Adonis;
Wander no longer bewailing in glade and in thicket, sad
lady!

Fair is his bed of leaves, and fragrant the couch where the
dead lies,
Dead, but as lovely as life,—yea, dead, but as lovely as
sleep is;
Lap him in mantles of silken,—such robes as he once took
delight in
When by thy side he passed in caresses the season of star-
beams,
Lulled on a couch of gold—though dead, the raiments
become him;
Heap on him garlands and blossoms and buds, entomb them
together;
When that Adonis died, the flowers died too, and were
withered!
Rain on him perfumes and odors, shed myrrh and spices
upon him;
Let all delightful things die and go with him, for dead is
the dearest.
So lies he lovely, in death-shroud of purple, the fair young
Adonis;
Round about his couch the Loves go piteously wailing,
Tearing their hair for Adonis; and one has charge of his
arrows,
One of his polished bow, and one of his well-feathered quiver;
One unclasps his sandals, and one in a water-pot golden
Brings bright water to lave his limbs, and one at the bier-
head
Fans with her pinions the forehead and eyes of the sleep-
ing Adonis.

Ah! but for Cypris herself the young Loves sorrow the
sorest;
Quenched are the marriage-lamps in the halls of the god
Hymenæus,

Scattered his marriage-crowns; no more he sings, "Hymen,
O Hymen!"

"Hymen!" no more is the song he goes singing, but ever-
more ai! ai!

"Ah for Adonis!" he cries, and "Ah!" say the Graces,
"Adonis!"

More than the marriage-god, even, they weep for the
Syrian huntsman,

One to the other still saying, "Dead—dead is the lovely
Adonis!"

All the nine Muses bewail—but he hears no more music
and singing,

Nay, not if that he would: Fate holds him fast and for-
ever.

Cease, Cytheræa, thy sobs; a little while rest from thine
anguish,

Soon must thy tears flow again, and again comes the season
of sorrow.

ELEVATION OF THOUGHT.

LONGINUS.

[Dionysius Cassius Longinus, the latest, though by no means the least, of the classic Greek authors, is supposed to have been born at Emesa, in Syria, or possibly at Athens, about 213 A.D. He was thoroughly learned in Greek literature, and gained great reputation as a teacher of rhetoric at Athens, becoming famous also as a Platonic philosopher. At a later period of life he visited Asia, and became the instructor in Greek literature of Zenobia, who afterwards was queen of Palmyra. Longinus remained with her as prime minister, and, inspired by his love of liberty, induced her to rebel against Rome. As a result the city was captured, and Longinus, accused by the queen her-

self of being her adviser in the revolt, was beheaded by order of the emperor Aurelian, 273 A.D.

The learning of Longinus was extraordinarily great, while his taste and critical acuteness were of the highest order, he being probably the best literary critic of all antiquity. In these respects he was far in advance of all his contemporaries, in whose hands Greek literature had sunk to a very low ebb. In style he was clear, lofty, and rational, while in oratorical power he was surpassed only by the great masters of Greek oratory. Of his many works but a portion of one exists, a treatise "On the Sublime." There is scarcely any other work in existence containing so many excellent remarks on oratory, poetry, and good taste in general, or equalling it in sound judgment, liveliness of style, felicity of illustration, and general good sense. We select, from Smith's translation of this work, one of its most striking passages.]

THOUGH elevation of thought be rather a natural than an acquired qualification, yet we ought to spare no pains to educate our souls to grandeur and impregnate them with generous and enlarged ideas. "But how," it will be asked, "can this be done?" Why, I have hinted in another place that the Sublime is an image reflected from the inward greatness of the soul. Hence it comes to pass that a naked thought without words challenges admiration and strikes by its grandeur. Such is the silence of Ajax in the *Odyssey*, which is undoubtedly noble, and far above expression.

To arrive at excellence like this, we must needs suppose that which is the cause of it; I mean, that an orator of the true genius must have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking. For it is impossible for those who have grovelling and servile ideas, or are engaged in the sordid pursuits of life, to produce anything worthy of admiration and the perusal of all posterity. Grand and sublime expressions must flow from them, and them alone, whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness. And hence it is that the greatest thoughts are always uttered by the

greatest souls. When Parmenio cried, "I would accept these proposals, if I were Alexander," Alexander made this noble reply, "And so would I, if I were Parmenio." His answer showed the greatness of his mind.

So the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's ideas, when he says,—

"While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth."

This description may with more justice be applied to Homer's genius than to the extent of discord.

But what disparity, what a fall is there in Hesiod's description of melancholy, if the poem of the Shield may be ascribed to him!

"A filthy moisture from her nostrils flowed."

He has not represented his image terrible, but loathsome and nauseous.

On the other hand, with what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities!

"Far as a shepherd from some point on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
Through such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound."

He measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world. And who is there that, considering the superlative magnificence of this thought, would not with good reason cry out, that "if the steeds of the Deity were to take a second leap, the world itself would want room for it!"

How grand also and pompous are those descriptions of the combats of the gods!

"Heaven in loud thunders bids the trumpet sound,
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground."

Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
Th' infernal monarch reared his horrid head,
Leaped from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day
And pour in light on Pluto's dread abodes,
Abhorred by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods."

What a prospect is here, my friend! The earth laid open to its centre; Tartarus itself disclosed to view; the whole world in commotion, and tottering on its basis! and, what is more, heaven and hell, things mortal and immortal, all combating together, and sharing the danger of this important battle! But yet these bold illustrations, if not allegorically understood, are downright blasphemy, and extravagantly shocking. For Homer, in my opinion, when he gives us a detail of the wounds, the seditions, the punishments, imprisonments, tears of the deities, with those evils of every kind under which they languish, has to the utmost of his power exalted his heroes, who fought at Troy, into gods, and degraded his gods into men. Nay, he makes their condition worse than human; for when man is overwhelmed in misfortunes, death affords a comfortable port, and rescues him from misery. But he represents the infelicity of the gods as everlasting as their nature.

And how far does he excel those descriptions of the combats of the gods, when he sets a deity in his true light, and paints him in all his majesty, grandeur, and perfection; as in that description of Neptune, which has been already applauded by several writers:

"Fierce as he passed the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep

Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play ;
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exalts and owns the monarch of the main :
The parting waves before his coursers fly ;
The wond'ring waters leave the axles dry."

So likewise the Jewish legislator, no ordinary person, having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his Law : " And God said—*What?*—Let there be light, and there was light. Let the earth be, and the earth was."

I hope my friend will not think me tedious, if I add another quotation from the poet, in regard to his mortals, that you may see how he accustoms us to mount along with him to heroic grandeur. A thick and impenetrable cloud of darkness had on a sudden enveloped the Grecian army, and suspended the battle. Ajax, perplexed what course to take, prays thus :

" Accept a warrior's prayer, eternal Jove ;
This cloud of darkness from the Greeks remove ;
Give us but light, and let us see our foes,
We'll bravely fall, though Jove himself oppose."

The sentiments of Ajax are here pathetically expressed : it is Ajax himself. He begs not for life ; a request like that would be beneath a hero. But because in that darkness he could display his valor in no illustrious exploit, and his great heart was unable to brook a sluggish inactivity in the field of action, he only prays for light, not doubting to crown his fall with some notable performance, though Jove himself should oppose his efforts. Here Homer, like a brisk and favorable gale, renews and swells the fury of the battle ; he is as warm and impetuous as his heroes are, or (as he says of Hector)

“ With what a furious rage his steps advance,
As when the god of battles shakes his lance,
Or baleful flames on some thick forest cast,
Swift marching, lay the wooded mountain waste :
Around his mouth a foamy moisture stands.”—POPE.

[To the above may be added the following short but highly eloquent extract.]

With regard, therefore, to those sublime writers, whose flight, however exalted, never fails of its use and advantage, we must add another consideration. Those, their inferior beauties, show their authors to be men, but the sublime makes near approaches to the height of God. What is correct and virtuous comes off barely without censure, but the grand and the elevated command admiration. What can I add further? One exalted and sublime sentiment in these noble authors makes ample amends for all their defects. And, what is most remarkable, were the errors of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and the rest of the most celebrated authors to be culled carefully out and thrown together, they would not bear the least proportion to those infinite, those inimitable excellences which are so conspicuous in these heroes of antiquity.

And for this reason has every age and every generation, unmoved by partiality and unbiassed by envy, awarded the laurels to those great masters, which flourish still green and unfading on their brows, and will flourish

“ As long as streams in silver mazes rove,
Or Spring with annual green renews the grove.”

THE POT OF GOLD.

PLAUTUS.

[T. Maccius Plautus, the greatest comic poet of Rome, was born at Sarsina, a village of Umbria, about 254 B.C. After being employed in some capacity at the theatres, he offered three plays of his own composition, which met with sufficient success to determine his future course of life. Of the twenty-one plays which at the beginning of the Roman empire were believed to be his, we fortunately possess twenty, though with very defective and corrupt text. These plays are adaptations of the later Greek comedies, particularly of those of Menander, though the characters are Roman and the plots doubtless considerably changed. They are marked by broad humor and unrefined taste, by a skilful construction of plot, and by rapid and incessant action. Unexpected situations are constantly developed, and the scenes teem with life, bustle, and surprise, while their sprightly and sparkling raillery must have kept their audiences in a fever of enjoyment. Few modern dramas equal the plays of Plautus in rapidity and vivacity, though modern dramatists have frequently made use of his plots. He was exceedingly popular with the Romans, and his works held possession of the stage till a late period in the empire. The selection we give is from Thornton's translation of the "*Aulularia*," or *The Miser*, a very amusing play, in which a miser discovers a pot of gold, which he hides with the greatest care, but is in constant apprehension lest it shall be discovered. It is found by a slave, named Strobilus, who gives it to his young master, the lover of the miser's daughter.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS.

'Tis a good servant's duty to behave
As I do—to obey his master's orders
Without delay or grumbling; for whoever
Seeks to demean him to his master's liking
Ought to be quick in what concerns his master,

And slow to serve himself: his very dreams,
When sleeping, should remind him what he is.
If any serve a master that's in love
(As I do, for example), and he find
His passion has subdued him, 'tis his duty
To keep him back, restrain him for his good,
Not push him forward, where his inclinations
Hurry him on. As boys that learn to swim
Rest on a kind of raft composed of rushes,
That they may labor less, and move their hands,
And swim more easily; so should a servant
Buoy up his master, that is plunged in love,
From sinking like a plummet.—Such a one
Will read his master's pleasure in his looks,
And what he orders haste to execute
As quick as lightning. Whatsoever servant
Acts in this wise will never feel the lash,
Nor make his fetters bright by constant wear.
My master is enamoured with the daughter
Of this poor fellow Euclio, and has learned
She's to be married to our Megadorus.
He therefore sent me hither as a spy,
To inform him of what passes.—I may seat me
Close by this altar here without suspicion,
Whence I can learn what's doing on all sides.
[Sits down by an altar.]

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO from the temple of Faith.

Good Faith, discover not to any one
That here my gold is placed: I have no fear
That any one will find it, it is lodged
So privily.—On my troth, if any one
Should find this pot crammed full of gold, he'd have

A charming booty on't; but I beseech you
Prevent it, Faith!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

STROBILUS, *from his lurking-place.*

What did I hear him say?—Immortal gods!
That he had hid a pot, brimful of gold,
Here in this temple?—I beseech you, Faith,
Be not to him more faithful than to me.
This is the father, if I don't mistake,
Of her my master is enamoured with.
I'll in, and rummage the whole temple o'er
To find this treasure, now that he's employed.
If I do find it, Faith, I'll offer you
A gallon full of wine, and faithful measure
I'll offer; but I'll drink it all myself.

[*Goes to the temple of Faith.*

SCENE IV.

EUCLIO, *returning.*

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven
On my left hand; and once he scraped the ground,
And then he croaked: it made my heart to jump
And flutter in my breast. Why don't I run?

[*Enters the temple of Faith.*

SCENE V.

EUCLIO, *dragging out STROBILUS.*

Out, earthworm, out, who but a moment past
Crept under ground, wert nowhere to be seen;
But now thou dost appear, 'tis over with thee.
Rascal, I'll be thy death.

Strob. What a plague ails you? What business have
you, you old wretch, with me? Why do you lug me so?
What makes you beat me?

Euc. D'ye ask? you whipping-stock! you villanous thief!
—not one alone, but all the thieves together!

Strob. What have I stolen of yours?

Euc. Restore it to me.

Strob. Restore it? What?

Euc. D'ye ask?

Strob. I've taken nothing.

Euc. Come, give me what you've got.

Strob. What are you at?

Euc. What am I at?—You shall not carry it off.

Strob. What is it you would have?

Euc. Come, lay it down.

Strob. Why, we have laid no wager, that I know of.

Euc. Come, come, no joking; lay it down, I say.

Strob. What must I lay down? tell me, name it me; I
have not touched nor taken anything.

Euc. Show me your hands.

Strob. Here they are.

Euc. Show them me.

Strob. Why, here they are.

Euc. I see. Show me your third hand.

Strob. (*aside*). Sure the old fellow's crazy; he's bewitched.
Prithee, now don't you use me very ill?

Euc. Very ill, truly, not to have you hanged—which I
will do, if now you don't confess.

Strob. Don't confess what?

Euc. What did you take from hence?

Strob. May I be cursed if I took anything belonging to
you, or desired it. I——

Euc. Come, come, pull off your cloak.

Strob. (*pulling it off*). Just as you please.

Euc. You may have hid it underneath your clothes.

Strob. Search where you will.

Euc. (*aside*). The rogue! how civil is he that I may not

suspect!—I know his tricks. Once more, show me your right hand.

Strob. Here it is.

Euc. Well, now show me your left.

Strob. Here they are both.

Euc. Come—I will search no further—give it me.

Strob. What must I give you?

Euc. Pshaw! don't trifle with me. You certainly have got it.

Strob. Got? Got what?

Euc. So—you would have me name it;—but I will not. Restore whatever you have got of mine.

Strob. You're mad, sure.—You have searched me at your pleasure, and you have found nothing of yours upon me.

Euc. Stay, stay—who was that other with you yonder? (*Aside*) I'm ruined! he's at work within; and if I let him go, this other will escape. I've searched him, it is true, and he has nothing. (*To Strob.*) Go where you will, and may the gods confound you!

Strob. I'm much obliged to you for your kind wishes.

Euc. I'll in, and if I light on your accomplice I'll strangle him.—Out of my sight—begone.

Strob. I go.

Euc. And never let me see you more.

[*EUCLIO goes into the temple.*]

SCENE VI.

STROBILUS, alone.

I'd rather die the worst of deaths, than now
Not lay an ambush for this old man's money.
He will not dare to hide it here, I fancy;
But he will bring it out with him, and change
Its situation.—Hush, the door is opening,

And out he comes, the old hunks, with his treasure.
I'll draw a little nearer to the gate here.

[*Skulks on one side.*]

SCENE VII.

EUCLIO returns with his pot of money.

Now, let me see—where can I find a place,
A lonely one, where I may hide this treasure?
(*Meditating.*) There is a grove, without the city walls,
That's sacred to Sylvanus, unfrequented,
Thick-set with willows: on that spot I'll fix.
Sylvanus will I sooner trust than Faith. [Exit.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS with the pot of money.

The griffins, dwelling on the golden mountains,
Are not so rich as I.—Of other kings
I speak not, beggarly, poor, abject fellows—
I am King Philip's self.—Fine day for me!
Parting from hence, I got there long before him,
Climbed up a tree, and waited to observe
Where the old fellow would conceal his treasure.
When he was gone, down slid I from the tree,
And dug his pot up full of gold:—I then
Saw him come back to the same place again;
But me he saw not, for I turned a little
Out of his way. Ah! here he is himself.
I'll go, and lay this pot up safe at home. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO.

I'm dead! killed! murdered!—Whither shall I run?
Whither not run?—Stop thief! stop thief!—Who? what?

I know not—I see nothing—I walk blind—
I cannot tell for certain where I'm going,
Or where I am, or who I am.

(*To the spectators.*) Good people,
I pray you, I implore you, I beseech you,
Lend me your help, show me the man who took it.
See! in the garb of innocent white they skulk
And sit as they were honest.

(*To one of the spectators.*) What say you?
I will believe you!—You're an honest fellow—
I read it in your countenance.—How's this?
What do you laugh at?—Oh, I know you all;
I know that there are many thieves among you.
Hey!—none of you have got it?—I am slain!
Tell me, who has it, then?—You do not know!
Ah me! ah, woe is me! I'm lost! I'm ruined!
Wholly undone! in a most vile condition!
Such grief, such groaning, has this day brought on me,
Hunger and poverty!—I am a wretch,
The vilest wretch on earth!—Oh, what have I
To do with life, deprived of such a treasure,—
A treasure that I kept so carefully
And robbed myself of comfort?—Others now
Rejoice through my mishap, and make them merry
At my expense. Oh! oh! I cannot bear it.

[*Runs about, crying, stamping, etc.*

[The conclusion of this play is lost. We know, however, that Euclio had promised his daughter in marriage to an old man named Megadorus, whose recommendation was that he asked for no dowry. It is probable that the young lover, on receiving the pot of gold, managed to gain his sweetheart in exchange for it.]

THE PLAGUE AT ATHENS.

THUCYDIDES.

[The author from whom we now select, admittedly the greatest of ancient historians, was born in 471 B.C., of a noble Athenian family, and was instructed in all the learning of the Greeks. He was possessed of great wealth, part of his property consisting of gold-mines in Thrace. He took an active part in the destructive Peloponnesian war, whose historian he afterwards became, but was exiled for failure in a naval expedition, his exile continuing for more than twenty years.

To his unjustly-decreed exile we probably owe his great work, the history of the protracted war between the Athenians and the Spartans, which, after many years of fighting, ended in the capture and temporary vassalage of Athens. In the whole range of ancient literature there is no production that stands higher in modern estimation than this admirable work. The philosophy of history is born with it, the author inquiring into the motives of men, and the hidden springs of action, with a critical discernment equal to that of our best modern historians. The style of Thucydides is remarkable for its condensation, giving in a few vivid expressions the facts which it must have taken weeks to collect and discriminate between. His narrative displays great clearness and unrivalled descriptive power, while his political and moral observations show the keenest insight into the secret causes of human action. In all the history of the human race there is no period more distinctly defined than the first twenty-one years of the Peloponnesian war, as given in this great work of Thucydides.

It will be well, however, to let the author speak for himself in regard to his historical method, which differed essentially from that of the preceding Ionian historians, whom he characterizes as fabulous and unworthy of credence. He says,—

“Men do not discriminate, and are ready to receive ancient traditions about their own as well as about other countries. Yet any one who upon the grounds which I shall give arrives at some such conclusion as my own about those ancient times would not be far wrong. He must not be misled by the exaggerated fancies of the poets, or by the tales of chroniclers who seek to please the ear rather than to speak the

truth. Their accounts cannot be tested by him; and most of the facts in the lapse of ages have passed into the region of romance. At such a distance of time he must make up his mind to be satisfied with conclusions resting upon the clearest evidence that can be had. . . .

“Of the events of the war I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other. And very likely the strictly historical character of my narrative may be disappointing to the ear. But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened, and of the like events which may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten.”

We select from this work, as the subject of the present Half-Hour, the vivid description of the plague that broke out at Athens when crowded with the fugitive inhabitants of Attica, and besieged, in the midst of its distress, by a powerful Spartan army. The translation is that of Jowett.]

As soon as summer returned [B.C. 430, the second year of the war], the Peloponnesian army, comprising as before two-thirds of the force of each confederate State, under the command of the Lacedæmonian king Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamus, invaded Attica, where they established themselves and ravaged the country. They had not been there many days when the plague broke out at Athens for the first time. A similar disorder is said to have previously smitten many places, particularly Lemnos, but there is no record of such a pestilence occurring elsewhere, or of so great a destruction of human life. For a while physicians, in ignorance of the nature of the disease, sought to apply remedies; but it was in vain, and they themselves were

among the first victims, because they oftenest came into contact with it. No human art was of any avail, and as to supplications in temples, inquiries of oracles, and the like, they were utterly useless, and at last men were overpowered by the calamity and gave them all up.

The disease is said to have begun south of Egypt in Æthiopia; thence it descended into Egypt and Libya, and, after spreading over the greater part of the Persian empire, suddenly fell upon Athens. It first attacked the inhabitants of the Piræus, and it was supposed that the Peloponnesians had poisoned the cisterns, no conduits having as yet been made there. It afterwards reached the upper city, and then the mortality became far greater. As to its probable origin, or the causes which might or could have produced such a disturbance of nature, every man, whether a physician or not, will give his own opinion. But I shall describe its actual course, and the symptoms by which any one who knows them beforehand may recognize the disorder should it ever reappear. For I was myself attacked, and witnessed the sufferings of others.

The season was admitted to have been remarkably free from ordinary sickness; and if anybody was already ill of any other disease, it was absorbed in this. Many who were in perfect health, all in a moment, and without any apparent reason, were seized with violent heats in the head and with redness and inflammation of the eyes. Internally the throat and tongue were quickly suffused with blood, and the breath became unnatural and fetid. There followed sneezing and hoarseness; in a short time the disorder, accompanied by a violent cough, reached the chest; then, fastening lower down, it would move the stomach and bring on all the vomits of bile to which physicians have ever given names; and they were very distressing. An ineffectual retching producing violent convulsions at-

tacked most of the sufferers; some as soon as the previous symptoms had abated, others not until long afterwards. The body externally was not so very hot to the touch, nor yet pale; it was of a livid color inclining to red, and breaking out in pustules and ulcers. But the internal fever was intense; the sufferers could not bear to have on them even the finest linen garment; they insisted on being naked, and there was nothing they longed for more eagerly than to throw themselves into cold water. And many of those who had no one to look after them actually plunged into the cisterns, for they were tormented by unceasing thirst, which was not in the least assuaged whether they drank little or much. They could not sleep; a restlessness which was intolerable never left them. While the disease was at its height the body, instead of wasting away, held out amid these sufferings in a marvellous manner, and either they died on the seventh or ninth day, not of weakness, for their strength was not exhausted, but of internal fever, which was the end of most; or, if they survived, then the disease descended into the bowels and there produced violent ulcerations; severe diarrhœa at the same time set in, and at a later stage caused exhaustion, which finally with few exceptions carried them off.

For the disorder, which had originally settled in the head, passed gradually through the whole body, and, if a person got through the worst, would often seize the extremities and leave its mark, attacking the fingers and the toes; and some escaped with the loss of these, some with the loss of their eyes. Some again had no sooner recovered than they were seized with a forgetfulness of all things, and knew neither themselves nor their friends.

The malady took a form not to be described, and the fury with which it fastened upon each sufferer was too much for human nature to endure. There was one circum-

stance in particular which distinguished it from ordinary diseases. The birds and animals which feed on human flesh, although so many bodies were lying unburied, either never came near them, or died if they touched them. This was proved by a remarkable disappearance of the birds of prey, who were not to be seen either about the bodies or anywhere else; while in the case of the dogs the fact was even more obvious, because they live with man.

Such was the general nature of the disease: I omit many strange peculiarities which characterized individual cases. None of the ordinary sicknesses attacked any one while it lasted, or, if they did, they ended in the plague. Some of the sufferers died from want of care, others equally who were receiving the greatest attention. No single remedy could be deemed a specific; for that which did good to one did harm to another. No constitution was of itself strong enough to resist or weak enough to escape the attacks; the disease carried off all alike, and defied every mode of treatment. Most appalling was the despondency which seized upon any one who felt himself sickening; for he instantly abandoned his mind to despair, and, instead of holding out, absolutely threw away his chance of life. Appalling, too, was the rapidity with which men caught the infection; dying like sheep if they attended on one another; and this was the principal cause of mortality. When they were afraid to visit one another, the sufferers died in their solitude, so that many houses were empty because there had been no one left to take care of the sick; or if they ventured they perished, especially those who aspired to heroism. For they went to see their friends without thought of themselves, and were ashamed to leave them, even at a time when the very relations of the dying were at last growing weary and ceased to make lamentations, overwhelmed by the vastness of the calamity.

But, whatever instances there may have been of such devotion, more often the sick and the dying were tended by the pitying care of those who had recovered, because they knew the course of the disease and were themselves free from apprehension. For no one was ever attacked a second time, or not with a fatal result. All men congratulated them, and they themselves, in the excess of their joy at the moment, had an innocent fancy that they could not die of any other sickness.

The crowding of the people out of the country into the city aggravated the misery; and the newly-arrived suffered most. For, having no houses of their own, and inhabiting in the heat of summer stifling huts, the mortality among them was dreadful, and they perished in wild disorder. The dead lay as they had died, one upon another, while others hardly alive wallowed in the streets and crawled about every fountain craving for water. The temples in which they lodged were full of the corpses of those who had died in them; for the violence of the calamity was such that men, not knowing where to turn, grew reckless of all law, human and divine. The customs which had hitherto been observed at funerals were universally violated, and they buried their dead each one as best he could. Many, having no proper appliances, because the deaths in their household had been so frequent, made no scruple of using the burial-place of others. When one man had raised a funeral pile, others would come, and, throwing on their dead first, set fire to it; or when some other corpse was already burning, before they could be stopped would throw their own dead upon it and depart.

There were other and worse forms of lawlessness which the plague introduced at Athens. Men who had hitherto concealed their indulgence in pleasure now grew bolder. For, seeing the sudden change,—how the rich died in a

moment, and those who had nothing immediately inherited their property,—they reflected that life and riches were alike transitory, and they resolved to enjoy themselves while they could, and to think only of pleasure. Who would be willing to sacrifice himself to the law of honor when he knew not whether he would ever live to be held in honor? The pleasure of the moment, and any sort of thing which conduced to it, took the place both of honor and of expediency. No fear of God or law of man deterred a criminal. Those who saw all perishing alike, thought that the worship or neglect of the gods made no difference. For offences against human law no punishment was to be feared; no one would live long enough to be called to account. Already a far heavier sentence had been passed and was hanging over a man's head; before that fell, why should he not take a little pleasure?

Such was the grievous calamity which now afflicted the Athenians: within the walls the people were dying, and without, their country was being ravaged. In their troubles they naturally called to mind a verse which the elder men among them declared to have been current long ago:

“A Dorian war will come, and a plague with it.”

There is a dispute about the precise expression; some saying that *limos*, a famine, and not *loimos*, a plague, was the original word. Nevertheless, as might have been expected, for men's memories reflected their sufferings, the argument in favor of *loimos* prevailed at the time. But if ever in future years another Dorian war arises, which happens to be accompanied by a famine, they will probably repeat the verse in the other form.

The answer of the oracle to the Lacedæmonians, when the god was asked “whether they should go to war or not,” and he replied “that if they fought with all their might they would conquer, and that he himself would take

their part," was not forgotten by those who had heard of it, and they quite imagined that they were witnessing the fulfilment of his words. The disease certainly did set in immediately after the invasion of the Peloponnesians, and did not spread into Peloponnesus in any degree worth speaking of, while Athens felt its ravages most severely, and next to Athens the places which were most populous. Such was the history of the plague.

LYRIC FRAGMENTS.

VARIOUS.

[Of the early lyric poetry of Greece, though considerable in quantity and often very fine in quality, but little remains to us. The triumphal odes of Pindar and a poem or two by Sappho are nearly all that we possess complete. Anacreon is represented only by the songs of his imitators, with the exception of some fragments, and a few poems doubtfully his, while of several other celebrated poets only sparse remnants of verse have come down to us. It is our purpose, in the present Half-Hour selection, to present a series of these, as the finest existing relics of some of the best lyric authors of Greece. The period after Homer and Hesiod seems to have been long barren of meritorious poets, or at least little trace or tradition of any such has survived, and we must come down two centuries, to the era of Tyrteus and Archilochus, for any poets of reputation. The period of these poets is somewhat uncertain, but seems to have been the half-century after 700 B.C. Archilochus was of high repute with the ancients. They classed him with Homer, dedicated the statues of both on the same day, and even placed both their heads on the one bust. His fame was principally based on his satirical iambic verses. But these are all lost, and we possess only a few fragments of a philosophic character. Some of these are here appended.]

EQUANIMITY.

Spirit! thou spirit, like a troubled sea,
Ruffled with deep and hard calamity,

Sustain the shock : a daring heart oppose :
Stand firm, amidst the charging spears of foes :
If conquering, vaunt not in vainglorious show ;
If conquered, stoop not, prostrated in woe :
Moderate, in joy, rejoice ; in sorrow, mourn :
Muse on man's lot ; be thine discreetly borne.

ELTON.

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE.

Leave the gods to order all things :
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, grov'ling
In the gloomy shades below,
Often turn again, and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
'Reft of sense, and wanting bread.

THE MIND OF MAN.

The mind of man is such as Jove
Ordains by his immortal will :
He moulds it, in the courts above,
His heavenly purpose to fulfil. MERIVALE.

TWO MILITARY PORTRAITS.

Boast me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measured stride,
Glorying in his well-trimmed beard and
Wavy ringlets' clustered pride.
Mine be he that's short of stature,
Firm of foot, with curv'd knee,
Heart of oak in limb and feature,
And a courage bold and free. MERIVALE.

[Tyrtaeus, a contemporary of Archilochus, was celebrated for his political elegies and marching songs. We fortunately possess several of these complete. It is said that the Spartans, unsuccessful in a war with the Messenians, were told by the Delphic oracle that their ill luck would continue until they headed their troops with an Athenian general. They applied to Athens accordingly, and were sent, in derision, it is said, the lame school-master and poet Tyrtaeus. His stirring war-songs, however, roused their spent spirits, while his elegies stilled their home dissensions, and they completely subdued their enemies. Whatever this tradition be worth, the martial lyrics of the poet were highly esteemed in Greece. We append a portion of one of his odes, from a translation published in *Fraser's Magazine*.]

THE DUTY OF THE YOUTHFUL PATRIOT.

Glorious it is to emulate the brave,
And for a country and a country's right
To strive, to fall, and gain a bloody grave,
Amid the foremost heroes in the fight. . . .

Now fight we for our children for this land ;
Our lives unheeding, let us bravely die.
Courage, ye youths ! together firmly stand ;
Think not of fear, nor ever turn to fly.

In fight with men, of life regardless be :
Now all your breasts inflame with noble rage ;
Let none e'er basely turn his back to flee,
And those desert whose knees are stiff with age.

Oh, shame it were that, fall'n among the van,
Dust soiled the snowy beard, the hoary head,
And naked carcass of an aged man,
Nearer the foe than lay the younger dead !

O ye who youth's gay flower as yet can boast !
Alive, so beauteous in soft woman's sight,
Dying, admired by men among the host,
Brave falling 'mid the foremost in the fight,

Or, having joined together in a band,
To join the foremost in the battle keen,
With feet apart let each one firmly stand,
And with lip hard compressed his teeth between.

[Of the other poets of the same period the most famous was Stesichorus, whose merits are extravagantly extolled by the ancients. A few brief fragments remain of his poems, of which we quote the following.]

A PROCESSION.

Before the regal chariot, as it passed,
Were bright Cydonian apples scattered round,
And myrtle-leaves, in showers of fragrance cast,
And many a wreath was there with roses bound,
And many a coronal, wherein were set,
Like gems, rich rows of purple violet. MERIVALE.

THE END OF MAN.

Vain it is for those to weep
Who repose in death's last sleep.
With man's life ends all the story
Of his wisdom, wit, and glory. LANGHORNE.

[Half a century later, about 610 B.C., flourished a poet of higher note in the lyric ranks, Alcæus, a native of Mitylene on the island of Lesbos. This was the birthplace of Sappho, of whom he was a contemporary and a reputed lover. He became one of the most famous of the lyric writers of Greece, his odes, of which ten books are ascribed to him, being chiefly invectives against tyrants, and patriotic lamentations. We quote one or two of the few fragments that yet exist.]

POVERTY.

The worst of ills, and hardest to endure,
Past hope, past cure,
Is Penury, who, with her sister-mate
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
And makes it desolate.

This truth the Sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old,—
“Wealth makes the man.” On him that’s poor
Proud worth looks down, and honor shuts the door.

MÉRIVALE.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Why wait we for the torches’ lights?
Now let us drink, while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the God of wine,

The son of Jove and Semele,
Who gave the jocund grape to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet—one and two:
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase the last pursue.

MÉRIVALE.

[The wise Solon, the celebrated lawgiver of Athens, was not above the allurements of poetry, as the following selection from his poetic relics will show.]

HAPPINESS.

The man who boasts of golden stores
Of grain, that loads his groaning floors,
Of fields with freshening herbage green,
Where bounding steeds and herds are seen,
I call not happier than the swain
Whose limbs are sound, whose food is plain,
Whose joys a blooming wife endears,
Whose hours a smiling offspring cheers.

LANGHORNE.

[Of the several other poets who achieved high reputation in this early period, the most extended relics we possess are those ascribed to Theognis, born at Megara in 549 B.C. His style is not attractive, but the following selection is full of a pleasant "Home, Sweet Home" flavor.]

THE WANDERER'S RETURN HOME.

Wide have I wandered, far beyond the sea,
Even to the distant shores of Sicily;
To broad Eubœa's plentiful domain,
With the rich vineyards in its planted plain;
And to the sunny wave and winding edge
Of fair Eurotas with its reedy sedge—
Where Sparta stands in simple majesty:
Among her manly rulers there was I—
Greeted and welcomed there and everywhere
With courteous entertainment, kind and fair;
Yet still my weary spirit would repine,
Longing again to view this land of mine.
Henceforward no design, no interest,
Shall ever move me, but the first and best,—
With Learning's happy gift to celebrate
Adorn, and dignify my native state.
The song and dance, music and verse agreeing,
Will occupy my life and fill my being;
Pursuits of elegance and learned skill
(With good repute, and kindness, and good will
Among the wisest sort) will pass my time
Without an enemy, without a crime,
Harmless and just with every rank of men,
Both the free native and the denizen. FRERE.

[The poet from whom we have next to select, Simonides, was a contemporary of Anacreon and Pindar, and was of high estimation among the lyric poets of Greece. He was born in the island of Ceos about 556 B.C., and lived to the age of eighty-nine. His verses are marked by great sweetness, fine expression, and elaborate finish, but display more

tenderness than energy. The following poem is based on the tradition that Danaë, with her infant son (who afterwards became the famous hero Perseus), was confined by order of her father in a chest and set adrift upon the sea, from which she was rescued by a fisherman. The fine translation we give is by William Peter.]

LAMENTATION OF DANAË.

Whilst, around her lone ark sweeping,
 Wailed the winds and waters wild,
Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,
 Danaë clasped her sleeping child ;
And "Alas!" cried she, "my dearest,
 What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine !
But nor wrongs nor woes *thou* fearest,
 In that sinless rest of thine.
Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
 And, within here, all is gloom,
But, fast wrapped in arms that love thee,
 Little reck'st thou of our doom.
Not the rude spray, round thee flying,
 Has e'er damped thy clustering hair,
On thy purple mantlet lying,
 O mine Innocent, my Fair !
Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,
 Thou wouldst lend thy little ear,
And this heart of mine might borrow,
 Haply, yet a moment's cheer.
But no : slumber on, babe, slumber ;
 Slumber, ocean waves ; and you,
My dark troubles, without number,—
 Oh that ye would slumber too !
Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice,
 Grant, Jove, that, in future years,
This boy may defeat their malice
 And avenge his mother's tears.

VIRTUE.

Virtue delights her home to keep—
Say the wise of the olden time—
High on a rugged, rocky steep,
Which man may hardly climb;
And there a pure, bright, shining band,
Her ministers, around her stand.

No mortal man may ever look
That form august to see
Until with patient toil he brook
The sweat of mental agony;
Which all must do, who reach that goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul. HAY.

ON ANACREON.

Bland mother of the grape! all-gladdening vine!
Teeming inebriate joy! whose tendrils blown
Crisp-woven in winding trail, now green entwine
This pillared top, this mount, Anacreon's tomb.
As lover of the feast, th' untempered bowl,
While the full draught was reeling in his soul,
He smote upon the harp, whose melodies
Were turned to girlish loves, till midnight fled;
Now, fallen to earth, embower him as he lies,
Thy purpling clusters blushing o'er his head:
Still be fresh dew upon thy branches hung,
Like that which breathed from his enchanting tongue. HAY.

[Of the Epitaphs of Simonides the most famous is that upon the Spartan dead who fell at Thermopylæ. Of the many translations of this celebrated two-line epitaph, we give that of Arnold.]

Go, stranger, tell the Spartans here we lie,
Faithful to death, because they bade us die.

[Our closing extracts are from two writers who would hardly be expected to indulge in poetry, the celebrated philosophers Plato and Aristotle. Plato, however, whose turn of mind was essentially imaginative, had become a skilled poet before he took up the study of philosophy, and has left us several fragments of great merit. We append some examples.]

ON A RURAL IMAGE OF PAN.

Sleep, ye rude winds ; be every murmur dead
On yonder oak-crowned promontory's head !
Be still, ye bleating flocks,—your shepherd calls :
Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls !
Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain,
And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain.
Lured by his notes, the Nymphs their bowers forsake,
From every fountain, running stream, and lake,
From every hill, and ancient grove around,
And to symphonious measures strike the ground.

MERIVALE.

ON A SLEEPING CUPID.

I pierced the grove, and in its deepest gloom
Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom ;
Nor bow nor quiver at his back were strung,
But harmless on the neighboring branches hung.
On rosebuds pillowed lay the little child,
In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping smiled,
While all around the bees delighted sip
The breathing fragrance of his balmy lip.

BLAND.

A LOVER'S WISH.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky ?
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere !
Then every star should be an eye,
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

T. MOORE.

EPITAPH ON ARISTOPHANES.

The Muses, seeking for a shrine
Whose glories ne'er shall cease,
Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes.

MERIVALE.

[Aristotle, though colder and more prosaic of genius than Plato, had his share of poetic ability, as is evidenced in the following fine Hymn, written in honor of his patron, Hermias, tyrant of Atarneus.]

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

O sought with toil and mortal strife
By those of human birth,
Virtue, thou noblest end of life,
Thou goodliest gain on earth!
Thee, maid, to win, our youth would bear,
Unwearied, fiery pains, and dare
Death for thy beauty's worth;
So bright thy proffered honors shine,
Like clusters of a fruit divine.

Sweeter than slumber's boasted joys,
And more desired than gold,
Dearer than nature's dearest ties,—
For thee those heroes old,
Herculean son of highest Jove,
And the twin birth of Leda, strove
By perils manifold:
Great Peleus' son, with like desire,
And Ajax, sought the Stygian fire.

The bard shall crown with lasting lay,
And age immortal make
Atarneus's sovereign, 'reft of day
For thy dear beauty's sake:

Him, therefore, the recording Nine
 In songs extol to heights divine,
 And every chord awake,
 Promoting still, with reverence due,
 The meed of friendship tried and true.

MERIVALE.

THE SECOND OLYNTHIAC ORATION.

DEMOSTHENES.

[The greatest of the Greek orators, the greatest of the world's orators, if we may accept the verdict of the ablest authorities upon the subject, was Demosthenes, a native of Athens, in which city he was born either in 381 or 384 B.C. At an early age he undertook the study of oratory, an art for which he was ill fitted by nature. His frame was feeble, his voice weak, his manner shy and awkward, and his gesture ungraceful. Nevertheless effort and industry enabled him to overcome most of these defects. To strengthen his lungs he would declaim while ascending steep hills, or raise his voice in rivalry with the stormy ocean. A natural defect in delivery he is said to have overcome by practising declamation with pebbles in his mouth. The art of gesture he learned by exercise before a mirror, and gained fluency of speech by constant study and memorizing. Yet he was never ready at extemporaneous oratory, but always required to prepare his orations.]

Demosthenes entered public life at a critical period, that in which Philip of Macedon was intriguing against the liberty of Greece. In a series of brilliant orations, extending over many years, he warned his countrymen against the policy of this crafty monarch, yet failed to waken them to a full sense of the situation; and the fatal battle of Chæronea, in 338 B.C., put an end to Grecian liberty. Demosthenes, pursued by Macedonian enemies, finally died in 322 B.C., by poison, believed to have been administered by his own hand.

His orations are models of the art. Bold and simple in style, clear in narrative, elegant and pure in diction, they combine with this an unequalled earnestness, power, rapidity, and passion, that carried

away all hearers on their flood of eloquence. In language they are direct and unornamented, and in their reasoning business-like, while they have characteristics to please every grade of hearers, their force and vigor convincing some, their grace and harmony captivating others, and their emotional earnestness controlling a still greater number. Of these orations sixty-one are in existence, some of them doubtfully his. We select a portion of one of the ablest, the second of those designed to arouse the Athenians to the defence of the Thracian city of Olynthus against the schemes of Philip.]

I AM by no means affected in the same manner, Athenians, when I review the state of our affairs, and when I attend to those speakers who have now declared their sentiments. They insist that we should punish Philip; but our affairs, situated as they now appear, warn us to guard against the dangers with which we ourselves are threatened. Thus far, therefore, I must differ from those speakers, that I apprehend they have not proposed the proper object of your attention. There was a time, indeed, I know it well, when the state could have possessed her own dominions in security, and sent out her armies to inflict chastisement on Philip. I myself have seen that time when we enjoyed such power. But now I am persuaded we should confine ourselves to the protection of our allies. When this is once effected, then we may consider the punishment his outrages have merited. But, till the first great point be well secured, it is weakness to debate about our more remote concernments.

And now, Athenians, if ever we stood in need of mature deliberation and counsel, the present juncture calls loudly for them. To point out the course to be pursued on this emergency I do not think the greatest difficulty: but I am in doubt in what manner to propose my sentiments; for all that I have observed, and all that I have heard, convinces me that most of your misfortunes have proceeded

from a want of inclination to pursue the necessary measures, not from ignorance of them. Let me entreat you that, if I now speak with an unusual boldness, you may bear it, considering only whether I speak truth, and with a sincere intention to advance your future interests; for you now see that by some orators, who study but to gain your favor, our affairs have been reduced to the extremity of distress.

I think it necessary, in the first place, to recall some late transactions to your thoughts. You may remember, Athenians, that about three or four years since you received advice that Philip was in Thrace, and had laid siege to the fortress of Heræa. It was then the month of November. Great commotions and debates arose: it was resolved to send out forty galleys; that all citizens under the age of five-and-forty should themselves embark; and that sixty talents should be raised. Thus it was agreed. That year passed away; then came in the months July, August, September. In this last month, with great difficulty, when the mysteries had been first celebrated, you sent out Charidemus, with just ten vessels unmanned, and five talents of silver. For when reports came of the sickness and death of Philip (both of these were affirmed) you laid aside your intended armament, imagining that at such a juncture there was no need of succors. And yet this was the very critical moment; for had they been despatched with the same alacrity with which they were granted, Philip would not then have escaped to become that formidable enemy he now appears.

But what was then done cannot be amended. Now we have the opportunity of another war: that war, I mean, which has induced me to bring these transactions into view, that you may not once more fall into the same errors. How, then, shall we improve this opportunity? This is the only question. For if you are not resolved to

assist with all the force you can command, you are really serving under Philip; you are fighting on his side. . . .

As to the necessity of sending succors [to the Olynthians], this, it may be said, we are agreed in; this is our resolution. But how shall we be enabled?—that is the point to be explained. Be not surprised, Athenians, if my sentiments on this occasion seem repugnant to the general sense of this assembly. Appoint magistrates for the inspection of your laws: not in order to enact any new law,—you already have a sufficient number,—but to repeal those whose ill effects you now experience. I mean the laws relating to the theatrical funds* (thus openly I declare it), and some about the soldiery. By the first the soldier's pay goes, as theatrical expenses, to the useless and inactive; the others screen those from justice who decline the service of the field, and thus damp the ardor of those who wish to serve us. When you have repealed these, and rendered it consistent with safety to advise you, justly then seek for some person to propose that decree which you are all sensible the common good requires. But until this be done, expect not that any man will urge your true interest, when for urging your true interest you repay him with destruction. . . .

And be not ignorant of this, Athenians, that a decree is of no significance unless attended with resolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themselves sufficient to engage you to perform your duty—could they even execute the things which they enact, so many would not have been made to so little or rather to no good purpose; nor would the insolence of Philip have had so long a date: for if decrees can punish, he has long since felt all

* It had been decreed a capital offence to propose to apply this money to a military purpose.

their fury. But they have no such power; for though proposing and resolving be first in order, yet in force and efficacy action is superior. Let this, then, be your principal concern; the others you cannot want, for you have men among you capable of advising, and you are of all people most acute in apprehending. Now let your interest direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting. What season, indeed, what opportunity, do you wait for more favorable than the present? or when will you exert your vigor if not now, my countrymen? Has not this man seized all those places that were ours? Should he become master of this country too, must we not sink into the lowest state of infamy? Are not they whom we have promised to assist, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacked themselves? Is he not our enemy? is he not in possession of our dominions? is he not a barbarian?* is he not every base thing words can express? If we are insensible to all this, if we almost aid his designs—heavens! can we then ask to whom the consequences are owing? Yes, I know full well we never will impute them to ourselves. Just as, in the dangers of the field, not one of those who fly will accuse himself; he will rather blame the general or his fellow-soldiers; yet every single man that fled was accessory to the defeat. He who blames others might have maintained his own post; and had every man maintained his, success must have ensued. Thus, then, in the present case is there a man whose counsel seems liable to objection? let the next rise, and not inveigh against him, but declare his own opinion. Does another offer some more salutary counsel? pursue it, in the name of heaven! “But then it is not pleasing.” This is not the fault of the speaker, unless in that he has neglected to

* This word in Greece was equivalent to “a foreigner.”

express his affection in prayers and wishes. To pray is easy, Athenians; and in one petition may be collected as many instances of good fortune as we please. To determine justly, when affairs are to be considered, is not so easy. But what is most useful should ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, where both cannot be obtained. . . .

I am not so unhappily perverse as to study to be hated, where no good purpose can be answered by it; but it is my opinion that every honest speaker should prefer the interest of the state to the favor of his hearers. This (I am assured, and perhaps you need not be informed) was the principle that actuated the public conduct of those of our ancestors who spoke in this assembly,—men whom the present set of orators are ever ready to applaud, but whose example they by no means imitate: such were Aristides, Nicias, the former Demosthenes, and Pericles. But since, we have had speakers who, before their public appearance, ask you, What do you desire? what shall I propose? how can I oblige you? The interest of our country has been sacrificed to momentary pleasure and popular favor. Thus have we been distressed; thus have these men risen to greatness, and you sunk into disgrace.

And here let me entreat your attention to a summary account of the conduct of your ancestors, and of your own. I shall mention but a few things, and those well known: for if you would pursue the way to happiness, you need not look abroad for leaders; our own countrymen point it out. These our ancestors, therefore, whom the orators never courted, never treated with that indulgence with which you are flattered, held the sovereignty of Greece, with general consent, five-and-forty years; deposited above ten thousand talents in our public treasury; kept the king of this country in that subjection which a barbarian owes to Greeks; erected monuments of many and illustrious

actions, which they themselves achieved by land and sea ; in a word, are the only persons who have transmitted to posterity such glory as is superior to envy. Thus great do they appear in the affairs of Greece. Let us now view them within the city, both in their public and private conduct. And, first, the edifices which their administrations have given us, their decorations of our temples, and the offerings deposited by them, are so numerous and so magnificent that all the efforts of posterity cannot exceed them. Then, in private life, so exemplary was their moderation, their adherence to the ancient manners so scrupulously exact, that if any of you ever discovered the house of Aristides, or Miltiades, or any of the illustrious men of those times, he must know that it was not distinguished by the least extraordinary splendor ; for they did not so conduct the public business as to aggrandize themselves ; their sole great object was to exalt the state. And thus, by their faithful attachment to Greece, by their piety to the gods, and by that equality which they maintained among themselves, they were raised—and no wonder—to the summit of prosperity.

Such was the state of Athens at that time, when the men I have mentioned were in power. But what is your condition under those indulgent ministers who now direct us ? Is it the same, or nearly the same ? Other things I shall pass over, though I might expatiate on them. Let it only be observed that we are now, as you all see, left without competitors ; the Lacedæmonians lost ; the Thebans engaged at home ; and not one of all the other states of consequence sufficient to dispute the sovereignty with us. Yet, at a time when we might have enjoyed our own dominions in security, and been the umpires in all disputes abroad, our territories have been wrested from us ; we have expended above one thousand five hundred talents to

no purpose; the allies which we gained in war have been lost in time of peace; and to this degree of power have we raised an enemy against ourselves. For let the man stand forth and show where Philip has derived his greatness, if not from us!

“Well, if these affairs have but an unfavorable aspect, yet those within the city are much more flourishing than ever.” Where are the proofs of this? The walls that have been whitened? the ways we have repaired? the supplies of water? and such trifles? Turn your eyes to the men of whose administrations these are the fruits; some of whom from the lowest state of poverty have arisen suddenly to affluence; some from meanness to renown; others have made their own private houses much more magnificent than the public edifices. Just as the state has fallen, their private fortunes have been raised.

And what cause can we assign for this? How is it that our affairs were once so flourishing and are now in such disorder? Because formerly the people dared to take up arms themselves; were themselves masters of those in employment, disposers themselves of all emoluments; so that every citizen thought himself happy to derive honors and authority, and all advantages whatever, from the people. But now, on the contrary, favors are all dispensed, affairs all transacted, by the ministers; while you, quite enervated, robbed of your riches, your allies, stand in the mean rank of servants and assistants; happy if these men grant you the theatrical appointments and send you scraps of the public meal. And, what is of all most sordid, you hold yourself obliged to them for that which is your own; while they confine you within these walls, lead you on gently to their purposes, and soothe and tame you to obedience. Nor is it possible that they who are engaged in low and grovelling pursuits can entertain great and gener-

ous sentiments. No! Such as their employments are, so must their dispositions prove. And now, I call heaven to witness that it will not surprise me if I suffer more by mentioning this your condition, than they who have involved you in it! Freedom of speech you do not allow on all occasions; and that you have now admitted it excites my wonder.

But if you will at length be prevailed on to change your conduct; if you will take the field and act worthy of Athenians; if these redundant sums which you receive at home be applied to the advancement of your affairs abroad; perhaps, my countrymen, perhaps some instance of consummate good fortune may attend you, and you may become so happy as to despise those pittance, which are like the morsels a physician allows his patient; for these do not restore his vigor, but just keep him from dying. So, your distributions cannot serve any valuable purpose, but are just sufficient to divert your attention from all other things, and thus increase the indolence of every one among you.

But I shall be asked, What then? is it your opinion that these sums should pay our army? And, besides this, that the state should be regulated in such a manner that every one may have his share of public business, and approve himself a useful citizen, on what occasion soever his aid may be required? Is it in his power to live in peace? He will live here with greater dignity, while these supplies prevent him from being tempted by indulgence to anything dishonorable. Is he called forth by an emergency like the present? Let him discharge that sacred duty which he owes to his country, by applying those sums to his support in the field. Is there a man among you past the age of service? Let him, by inspecting and conducting the public business, regularly merit his share of the

distributions which he now receives without any duty enjoined or any return made to the community. And thus, with scarcely any alteration, either of abolishing or innovating, all irregularities are removed, and the state completely settled, by appointing one general regulation, which shall entitle our citizens to receive, and at the same time oblige them to take arms, to administer justice, to act in all cases as their time of life and our affairs require. But it never has nor could it have been moved by me that the rewards of the diligent and active should be bestowed on the useless citizen; or that you should sit here, supine, languid, and irresolute, listening to the exploits of some general's foreign troops,—for thus it is at present. Not that I would reflect on him that serves you, in any instance. But you yourselves, Athenians, should perform those services for which you heap honors on others, and not recede from that illustrious rank of virtue, the price of all the glorious toils of your ancestors, and by them bequeathed to you.

Thus have I laid before you the chief points in which I think you interested. It is your part to embrace that opinion which the welfare of the state in general, and that of every single member, recommends to your acceptance.

LELAND.

THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

HOMER.

[As to the personality and history of Homer we know nothing. His era is usually supposed to be about 850 or 900 B.C., but no exactitude can be given it. The legends concerning him, and the story of his life attributed to Herodotus, are believed to have no value whatever, and the idea that he was blind has nothing to support it. All we

know of him is that he was one of the sublimest of the world's singers, and that his name is attached to an epic poem which for spontaneity, beauty of diction, and grandeur of conception has no superior, if any equal, upon the earth.

The subject of the "*Iliad*" is happily chosen. The traditional ten years' siege of Troy was the most stirring of the legendary tales of the ancient Greeks, while among its actors were many of the most interesting of the Hellenic heroes. The abundant material at his service Homer has handled with striking ability. The finest episodes of the long-drawn-out war are condensed by him into a brief period, that of the anger of Achilles. But this limited era of action is full of life and movement, and the story is told with such torrent-like rush of incident, beauty of language, correctness of simile, dramatic truth of characterization, and height of poetic fervor, as to raise the poem to the loftiest place among the imaginative productions of mankind. The other work ascribed to Homer, the "*Odyssey*," is a more quiet and less exalted and artistic production.

Numerous translators have tried their hands at rendering Homer into English, from the quaint yet worthy effort of old Chapman down to the scholarly production of our own Bryant. In the best of them much of the flavor of the original Greek escapes, while the worst of them very poorly reproduce the Homeric diction. The best known to readers generally is that of Pope, a work of much merit in itself, but very unlike Homer's verse. Few efforts have been made to translate the "*Iliad*" into the hexametric metre of the original. Chapman's version is in this metre, and a later one is that of Mr. Dart. The translation of the latter, though not highly successful, is of value as reproducing something of the majestic roll of the original verse, and we extract from it the story of the death of Patroclus, who, clad in the armor of Ulysses, had gone to the field to drive back the victorious Trojans. The Greek warrior has just flung, with heroic hand, a huge stone at the advancing lines of the enemy.]

THE sharp stone struck on the temples
Hector's charioteer: he was bastard offspring of Priam,
Son of the famous king. For, while he was holding the
 bright reins,
Full on the top of his head came the huge stone, smashing
 the eyebrows,

Crushing the solid skull; and the eyeballs, forced from the
sockets,

Fell in the dust at his feet; while himself, as plunges a
diver,

Plunged to the earth from the car, and the fierce soul fled
from the carcass.

Loud, as he marked the act, thus scoffingly shouted Patroclus:

“Gods! what a nimble man! How easy that shoot from
the chariot!

Did he but happen to live by the ocean, where fish are
abounding,

Many a mouth, through him, might be satisfied, diving for
oysters;

Even in times of storm from his boat-side taking his
headers:

Easy enough for one who on land thus dives from his war-
steeds.

Who would have thought such tumblers had e’er been
found ’mid the Trojans?”

Thus did Patroclus speak—then rushed on the corpse to
despoil it,

Like the tremendous rush of a lion first clearing the fold-
yards,

Then, with a wound on his breast, by his courage brought
to destruction:

Thus on Cebriones dead did Patroclus rush to despoil him,
While on the opposite side leaped Hector to earth from his
war-steeds.

As on a mountain-peak two lions, roaring defiance
Over a slaughtered stag, all raving and savage with hunger,
Wage unrelenting war for the coveted prize of the carcass,

So for Cebriones slain did these two lords of the battle,
Hector, mighty in war, and Patroclus, son of Menœtius,
Aim at each other's breasts with the points of their murderous weapons.

Hector held by the head to his brother's corpse, and retained it ;

While on the dead man's foot did Patroclus seize ; and around them

Deepened the roar of fight of the Trojan troops and the Argives.

As with opposing blasts, when the fury of Eurys and Notus

Falls upon some dense wood, in a glen deep down on a hill-side,

Beech or tough-grained ash, or the long-leaved boughs of the cornel,

And, as the blast drives over, the tall trees mingle their branches,

Rasping and grating together, or breaking, perchance, with a great crash,

So, with an equal din, did the armies of Troy and Achaia

Seek each other's breasts, and fear was forgotten among them.

Over Cebriones' corpse was the clash and the crashing of lances,

Whizzing of arrow-shafts, that bounded in wrath from the bow-strings,

Clanging of ponderous stones, that bruised and battered the bucklers

Of those fighting around him. He, mighty, and mightily stretched out,

Heedless of reins and steeds, slept sound 'mid the storm of the battle.

All such time as the sun stands high on his path 'mid the
heavens

Falls on each army the storm of the darts, and slain are
the people.

But, when the sun stands low, and releases the laboring
oxen,

Then, despite of fate, had Achaia the best in the struggle.
Dragging Cebriones off from the spears, in the face of the
uproar

Made by Troy's foiled host, they strip from his shoulders
the armor.

Then on his foes once more, in his wild wrath, hurtles
Patroclus:

Three times, dreadful as Ares, with terrible shouts, he
assails them,

Charging them home. Three times, nine warriors perish
before him;

But when, great as a god, he a fourth time charges the
phalanx,

This, of thy narrow life, is the finishing effort, Pa-
troclus!

For, through the midst of the fray, to assail thee, Phœbus
Apollo

Moves—an unequal opponent. Patroclus never discerns
him,

Since in a pile of cloud is the deity veiled and enshrouded.
Standing in rear of the chief, on his back, 'mid his shoul-
ders, the great god

Strikes with ponderous hand. Swim dizzy the eyes of the
hero,

Flies from his temples the helm, at the buffet of Phœbus
Apollo;

Far, with a crash, to the earth, far away, 'mid the hoofs of
the war-steeds

Rolls that crested helm; those bright plumes waving above it
Draggle in blood and dust. They have never been wont
to be soiled so,

Never before have dust and that proud helm been acquainted,

Used, as it is, to protect in the fight the high face of a hero,
Even Achilles' self. Now Zeus upon Hector bestows it,
Gives it to him for a while, as he stands on the brink of
destruction:

All, in Patroclus' hand, does the huge spear shiver to
splinters,

Stalwart, brass-headed beam as it is; and, afar from his
shoulders,

Shield of ample orb to the earth comes down, with the
shield-belt;

And from his gallant breast is the corselet loosed by Apollo.
Mind and senses bewildered, his limbs unnerved by the
buffet,

Stupid, aghast he remained. As he stood he was struck
by a Dardan

Right 'mid his shoulder-blades, with a spear from behind
by Euphorbus,

Panthous' gallant son, who headed the youths of his own
age,

Both in the use of the spear, and in driving of steeds, and
the foot-race;

Twenty the chiefs at least he had tumbled to earth from
their war-steeds,

When with his car and horses he first took lessons in
battle.

This man thus with his spear first wounded the back of
Patroclus—

Nor with a fatal wound; and at once from the flesh of the
hero

Tearing the spear, he retreated again to his friends, nor
adventured

There to abide such a foe, though unarmed, in the perilous
death-gripe.

He, by the blow of the god and the spear-stroke stunned
and enfeebled,

Shunned approaching fate, and retreated again to his com-
rades.

Hector remarked from afar how Patroclus, sorely disabled,
Wounded by hostile steel, and his great soul cowed, was
retreating

Back to the Argive host ; so, cleaving the ranks, overtook
him,

Plunging the levelled spear through his groin, right out on
the far side.

Thundering he fell to the earth. Loud, deep, was the wail
of Achaia.

Just as a stubborn boar is o'ermastered in fight by a lion,
When on a mountain-peak they have wrangled in terrible
combat

Round some half-dried spring, which both have been eager
to drink of,

Until the lion's might has mastered his snorting opponent :

Thus, having overthrown many foes, the son of Menæti-
us Yielded at length his own strong soul to the weapon of
Hector,

Who to his fallen foe thus vauntingly spoke and addressed
him :

“Where is the boastful hope thou'st ventured to utter,
Patroclus,

Speaking of Troy's wall stormed, and her proud dames
carried as captives

Off in Achaia's barks, far away to the land of thy fathers?

Fool! those dames and wall had protectors ready to guard
 them;
Hector and his swift steeds—steeds eager for war—and
 their master,
First among Troy's fierce sons in the use of the spear; a
 defender
Fitter to ward off fate. But thou shalt be prey to the
 vultures.
Wretch! all brave as he is, not a jot has availed thee
 Achilleus;
He but urged thee to death, for he charged thee, methinks,
 when departing,
Thus: 'To the hollow ships do not come again, knightly
 Patroclus!
Seek not again this face ere thou tear from the bosom of
 Hector
Corselet and blood-stained vest, and bear them as trophies
 before thee.'
Such were, perchance, his words; and thou, poor fool!
 wert the victim."

Then, with his failing breath, thus answered knightly
 Patroclus:
"It is thy season to boast, and thou boastest enough. But
 thy conquest
Comes from Zeus himself, and from Phœbus—they have
 subdued me
Easily, as gods could; themselves disarming my shoulders.
If twice ten such as thou had encountered me fairly in
 battle,
All had sunk in fight, and had bowed to the brunt of my
 lance-point.
Fate overthrew me the first: it is Leto's son who has
 slain me;

Then came of men Euphorbus, and thou standest third in
the death-work.

But take heed to my words, and ponder them well as I
speak them :

Know that thyself, proud man, art doomed not long to
survive me.

Death and relentless fate are standing already beside thee,
Doomed, ere long, to be slain by the hands of the noble
Achilleus."

Thus, as he spake, came death with its dark shade gloomily
o'er him,

Flitted the naked soul from the beautiful body to Hades,
Wailing its hapless fate, and the vigor and youth it abandoned.

[To this stirring war-scene, with the barbarous boasting of its heroes, we may add what is usually accepted as the most beautiful passage of the "Iliad," that in which Hector bids adieu to his wife and child before proceeding to the field of battle. The version is from what is ordinarily known as "Pope's Homer's Iliad." Our selection opens with the appeal of Andromache to her warrior husband.]

Too daring prince! Ah! whither dost thou run?

Oh! so forgetful of thy wife and son!

And thinkest thou not how wretched we shall be,

A widow I, a helpless orphan he?

For sure such courage length of life denies;

And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;

Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.

Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,

All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenor run,

And end with sorrows as they first began.



THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

No parent now remains my grief to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapped our walls in fire ;
Laid Thebé waste, and slew my royal sire ! . . .
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell. . . .
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands. . . .
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care !
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy.
Thou from this tower defend th' important post.
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host.
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain ;
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ ;
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief replied : That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame !
My early youth was bred to martial pains.
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains.
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glory and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates,
(How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Nor all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread.
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine. . . .
May I lie cold, before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapped in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground:
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:

O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise, the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,

Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While, pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:

Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate consigns me to the silent tomb.
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to the tasks at home;
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

[There is one beautiful word-picture with which this series of selections from Homer may close. The picturesque night-watch of the Trojans is so charmingly rendered by Tennyson that the translation perhaps surpasses the original in grace of language.]

As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak,

And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart ;
So, many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain ; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;
And, champing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

MAN IN ANCIENT NATURAL HISTORY.

PLINY THE ELDER.

[C. Plinius Secundus, usually called Pliny the Elder, to distinguish him from his talented nephew, was born 23 A.D., either at Como or at Verona. He was highly educated, and entered the army at twenty-three years of age. This gave him the opportunity for a careful observation of the frontier of the German region, and the information gained was used in a history of the German wars, which he completed in twenty books. He afterwards practised at the bar, and finally engaged in authorship in his native town. He died in the year 79, at Stabiae, near Naples, being suffocated by poisonous vapors during the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, which he had landed to observe.]

Pliny was a man of extraordinary erudition, and a voluminous writer. Of his numerous works we possess only his "Natural History," which, however, is of the utmost value, advising us, as it does, of the state of all the sciences, and also of human inventions and the fine arts, in the period of the Roman Empire. Scientifically its standing is low. It is not a work of original research, but chiefly a compilation, extracted, as he says, from about two thousand volumes of preceding authors. Its arrangement is confused, and little discrimination is shown in separating the true from the false, the probable from the marvellous. Indeed, he appears to have repeated every story he found in literature, however incredible, with a credulity that seems extraor-

dinary in this age of scientific research. We give a selection in which this credulous spirit is strongly shown. In style Pliny is florid, yet full of vigor and expressiveness. His meaning is often obscure, but this is less the result of weakness of style than of lack of knowledge, or of a failure to understand his authorities properly. When we reflect that the work is full of statements equally unfounded and incredible with those given below, we cannot have much respect for the precision of ancient scientific observations, or regret the loss of the two thousand volumes used by our author. The imagination seems to have been the ruling intellectual faculty in the ancient world. The translation here used is that of Rostock and Riley.]

OUR first attention is justly due to Man, for whose sake all other things appear to have been produced by Nature; though, on the other hand, with so great and so severe penalties for the enjoyment of her bounteous gifts, that it is far from easy to determine whether she has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless step-mother.

In the first place, she obliges him alone, of all animated beings, to clothe himself with the spoils of the others; while to all the rest she has given various kinds of coverings, such as shells, crusts, spines, hides, furs, bristles, hair, down, feathers, scales, and fleeces. The very trunks of the trees, even, she has protected against the effects of heat and cold by a bark, which is in some cases twofold. Man alone, at the very moment of his birth cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries, to lamentations, and, a thing that is the case with no other animal whatever, to tears: this, too, from the very moment that he enters upon existence. But as for laughter, why, by Hercules! to laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity. Introduced thus to the light, man has fetters and swathings instantly put upon all his limbs, a thing that falls to the lot of none of the brutes even that are born among us. Born to such

singular good fortune, there lies the animal which is destined to command all the others, fast bound hand and foot, and weeping aloud! such being the penalty which he has to pay on beginning life, and that for the sole fault of having been born. Alas for the folly of those who can think, after such a beginning as this, that they have been born for the display of vanity!

The earliest presage of future strength, the earliest bounty of time, confers upon him naught but the resemblance to a quadruped. How soon does man gain the power of walking? How soon does he gain the faculty of speech? How soon is his mouth fitted for mastication? How long are the pulsations of the crown of his head to proclaim him the weakest of all animated beings? And then the diseases to which he is subject, the numerous remedies which he is obliged to devise against his maladies, and those thwarted every now and then by new forms and features of disease. While other animals have an instinctive knowledge of their natural powers,—some, of their swiftness of pace, some, of their rapidity of flight, and some, again, of their power of swimming,—man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught; he can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat, and, in short, he can do nothing, at the prompting of nature only, but weep. For this it is that many have been of opinion that it were better not to have been born, or, if born, to have been annihilated at the earliest possible moment.

To man alone, of all animated beings, has it been given to grieve; to him alone to be guilty of luxury and excess, and that in modes innumerable, and in every part of his body. Man is the only being that is a prey to ambition, to avarice, to an immoderate desire of life, to superstition; he is the only one that troubles himself about his burial,

and even what is to become of him after death. By none is life held on a tenure more frail; none are more influenced by unbridled desires for all things; none are sensible of fears more bewildering; none are actuated by rage more frantic and violent. Other animals, in fine, live at peace with those of their own kind; we only see them unite to make a stand against those of a different species. The fierceness of the lion is not expended in fighting with its own kind; the sting of the serpent is not aimed at the serpent, and monsters of the sea even, and the fishes, vent their rage only on those of a different species. But with man, by Hercules! most of *his* misfortunes are occasioned by man.

[After some further preliminary observations, Pliny proceeds to make certain marvellous statements, in the truth of which he seems to have believed implicitly.]

We have already stated that there are certain tribes of the Scythians, and, indeed, many other nations, which feed upon human flesh. This fact itself might perhaps appear incredible, did we not recollect that in the very centre of the earth, in Italy and Sicily, nations formerly existed with these monstrous propensities, the Cyclopes, and the Læstrygones, for example, and that very recently on the other side of the Alps it was the custom to offer human sacrifices, after the manner of those nations; and the difference is but small between sacrificing human beings and eating them.

In the vicinity also of those who dwell in the northern regions, and not far from the spot from which the north wind arises and the place which is called its cave and is known by the name of Geskleithron, the Arimaspi are said to exist, whom I have previously mentioned, a nation remarkable for having but one eye, and that placed in the

middle of the forehead. This race is said to carry on a perpetual warfare with the Griffins, a kind of monster with wings, as they are commonly represented, for the gold which they dig out of the mines, and which these wild beasts retain and keep watch over with a singular degree of cupidity, while the Arimaspi are equally desirous to get possession of it. Many authors have stated to this effect, among the most illustrious of whom are Herodotus and Aristæas of Proconnesus.

Beyond the other Scythian anthropophagi, there is a country called Abarimon, situate in a certain great valley of Mount Imaus, the inhabitants of which are a savage race, whose feet are turned backwards, relatively to their legs: they possess wonderful velocity, and wander about indiscriminately with the wild beasts. We learn from Beeton, whose duty it was to take the measurement of the routes of Alexander the Great, that this people cannot breathe in any climate except their own, for which reason it is impossible to take them before any of the neighboring kings; nor could any of them be brought before Alexander himself. . . .

Crates of Pergamus relates that there formerly existed in the vicinity of Parium, in the Hellespont, a race of men whom he calls Ophiogenes, and that by their touch they were able to cure those who had been stung by serpents, extracting the poison by the mere imposition of the hand. Varro tells us that there are still a few individuals in that district whose saliva effectually cures the stings of serpents. The same, too, was the case with the tribe of the Psylli, in Africa, according to the account of Agatharchides. In the bodies of these people there was by nature a certain kind of poison which was fatal to serpents, and the odor of which overpowered them with torpor: with them it was a custom to expose children immediately after

their birth to the fiercest serpents, and in this manner to make proof of the fidelity of their wives, the serpents not being repelled by such children as were the offspring of adultery. . . . But the fact is that all men possess in their bodies a poison which acts upon serpents, and the human saliva, it is said, makes them take to flight, as though they had been touched with boiling water. The same substance, it is said, destroys them the moment it enters their throat, and more particularly so if it should happen to be the saliva of a man who is fasting. . . .

Some individuals, again, are born with certain parts of the body endowed with properties of a marvellous nature. Such was the case with King Pyrrhus, the great toe of whose right foot cured diseases of the spleen merely by touching the patient. We are also informed that this toe could not be reduced to ashes together with the other portions of his body; upon which it was placed in a coffer and preserved in a temple.

India, and the region of Æthiopia more especially, abounds in wonders. In India the largest of animals are produced; their dogs, for example, are much bigger than those of any other country. The trees, too, are said to be of such vast height that it is impossible to send an arrow over them. This is the result of the singular fertility of the soil, the equable temperature of the atmosphere, and the abundance of water; which, if we are to believe what is said, are such that a single fig-tree [the banyan-tree] is capable of affording shelter to a whole troop of horse. The reeds here are also of such enormous length that each portion of them, between the joints, forms a tube, of which a boat is made that is capable of holding three men. It is a well-known fact that many of the people here are more than five cubits in height. These people never expectorate, are subject to no pains, either in

the head, the teeth, or the eyes, and rarely in any other parts of the body; so well is the heat of the sun calculated to strengthen the constitution. Their philosophers, who are called *Gymnosophists*, remain in one posture, with their eyes immovably fixed upon the sun, from its rising to its setting, and during the whole of the day they are accustomed to stand in the burning sands on one foot, first one and then the other. According to the account of *Megasthenes*, dwelling upon a mountain called *Nulo*, there is a race of men who have their feet turned backwards, with eight toes on each foot.

On many of the mountains, again, there is a tribe of men who have the heads of dogs, and clothe themselves with the skins of wild beasts. Instead of speaking, they bark; and, furnished with claws, they live by hunting and catching birds. According to the story as given by *Ctesias*, the number of these people is more than a hundred and twenty thousand; and the same author tells us that there is a certain race in *India* . . . the hair of whose children becomes white the instant they are born. He speaks also of another race of men, who are known as *Monocoli*, who have only one leg, but are able to leap with surprising agility. The same people are also called *Sciapodæ*, because they are in the habit of lying on their backs during the time of the extreme heat and protect themselves from the sun by the shade of their feet. These people, he says, dwell not far from the *Troglodytæ*; to the west of whom, again, there is a tribe who are without necks and have eyes in their shoulders.

Among the mountainous districts of the eastern parts of *India*, in what is called the country of the *Catharcludi*, we find the *Satyr*, an animal of extraordinary swiftness. These go sometimes on four feet, and sometimes walk erect; they have also the features of a human being. On account

of their swiftness, these creatures are never to be caught, except when they are either aged or sickly. Tauron gives the name of *Choromandæ* to a nation which dwell in the woods and have no proper voice. These people screech in a fearful manner; their bodies are covered with hair, their eyes are of a sea-green color, and their teeth like those of the dog. Eudoxus tells us that in the southern parts of India the men have feet a cubit in length, while those of the women are so remarkably small that they are called *Struthopodes*.

Megasthenes places among the Nomades of India a people who are called *Scyritæ*. These have merely holes in their faces instead of nostrils, and flexible feet, like the body of the serpent. At the very extremity of India, on the eastern side, near the source of the river Ganges, there is the nation of the *Astomi*, a people who have no mouths; their bodies are rough and hairy, and they cover themselves with a down plucked from the leaves of trees. These people subsist only by breathing and by the odors which they inhale through the nostrils. They support themselves upon neither meat nor drink; when they go upon a long journey they only carry with them various odoriferous roots and flowers, and wild apples, that they may not be without something to smell at. But an odor which is a little more powerful than usual easily destroys them.

Beyond these people, and at the very extremity of the mountains, the *Trispithami* and the *Pygmies* are said to exist,—two races which are but three spans in height, that is to say, twenty-seven inches only. They enjoy a salubrious atmosphere and a perpetual spring, being sheltered by the mountains from the northern blasts. It is these people that Homer has mentioned as being waged war upon by cranes. It is said that they are in the habit of going down every spring to the sea-shore, in a large body,

seated on the backs of rams and goats, and armed with arrows, and there destroy the eggs and the young of those birds; that this expedition occupies them for the space of three months, and that otherwise it would be impossible for them to withstand the increasing multitude of the cranes. Their cabins, it is said, are built of mud mixed with feathers and egg-shells. Aristotle, indeed, says that they dwell in caves; but in all other respects he gives the same details as other writers. . . . In other places, again, there are men born with long, hairy tails; while there are others that have ears so large as to cover the whole body. . . . In the deserts of Africa men are frequently seen to all appearance and then vanish in an instant.

Nature, in her ingenuity, has created all these marvels in the human race, with others of a similar nature, as so many amusements to herself, though they appear miraculous to us. But who is there that can enumerate all the things that she brings to pass each day, I may almost say each hour? As a striking evidence of her power, let it be sufficient for me to have cited whole nations in the list of her prodigies.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

ÆSCHYLUS.

[Æschylus, the earliest of the great tragic poets of Greece, was born at Eleusis, near Athens, 525 B.C. He early in life displayed powers of genius, and, his attention being turned to the drama, he so far surpassed all previous efforts in this field as to make his first work a notable epoch in the dramatic art. Before him the drama consisted of the monologue of a single actor, and of dialogues between the actor and the chorus. Æschylus added a second actor, and in other ways improved the form of dramatic spectacles. Of his numerous plays only

seven have survived. In these the characters are heroic giants and deities rather than men, destiny in its sternest aspect controls their lives, and the ordinary concerns and feelings of mankind have little place. It was not till a later period that the attention of dramatic writers was turned to actual men, and their pages became instinct with the story of ordinary human life.

Of the extant plays of Æschylus the most remarkable is the drama of "*Prometheus Bound*," which for sustained sublimity is unsurpassed in the literature of the world. Two vast demons, Strength and Force, accompanied by Vulcan, appear in a remote, unpeopled desert. There Vulcan chains Prometheus to a lofty rock near the sea, as "a reward for his disposition to be tender to mankind." While being bound Prometheus utters no sound, but on the departure of his enemies he breaks out in the grand monologue we give below. As he soliloquizes, the Daughters of Ocean rise to console him. The passages given are from Mrs. Browning's fine translation.]

Prometheus (alone). O holy Æther, and swift-wingéd

Winds,

And River-wells, and laughter innumeros
Of yon sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you!—
Behold me, a god, what I endure from gods!

Behold, with throe on throe,

How, wasted by this woe,

I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!

Behold how fast around me

The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan! And where is found me

A limit to these sorrows?

And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be,—nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul,—and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware

Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate! Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky!

Ah, ah me! what a sound,
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between—
Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her bound,
To have sight of my pangs—or some guerdon obtain—
Lo! a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!

The god Zeus hateth sore,
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor,
Because I loved mortals too much evermore!
Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The soft stroke of their wings—
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

CHORUS OF SEA-NYMPHS. STROPHE I.

Fear nothing! our troop
Floats lovingly up
With a quick-oaring stroke
Of wings steered to the rock;

Having softened the soul of our father below!
For the gales of swift-bearing have sent me a sound,
And the clank of the iron, the malleted blow,
 Smote down the profound
 Of my caverns of old,
And struck the red light in a blush from my brow,—
Till I sprang up unsandalled, in haste to behold,
And rushed forth on my chariot of wings manifold.

Prometheus. Alas me! alas me!
Ye offspring of Tethys who bore at her breast
Many children, and eke of Oceanus, he
Coiling still around earth with perpetual unrest;
 Behold me and see
 How transfixed with the fang
 Of a fetter I hang
On the high-jutting rocks of this fissure, and keep
An uncoveted watch o'er the world and the deep.

CHORUS.—ANTISTROPHE I.

I behold thee, Prometheus—yet now, yet now,
A terrible cloud, whose rain is tears,
Sweeps over mine eyes that witness how
 Thy body appears
Hung awaste on the rocks by infrangible chains!
For new is the hand, new the rudder that steers
The ship of Olympus through surge and wind—
And of old things passed, no track is behind.

Prometheus. Under earth, under Hades,
Where the home of the shade is,
All into the deep, deep Tartarus,
 I would he had hurled me adown!

I would he had plunged me, fastened thus
In the knotted chain, with the savage clang,
All into the dark, where there should be none,
Neither god nor another, to laugh and see!

But now the winds sing through and shake
The hurtling chains wherein I hang,
And I, in my naked sorrows, make
Much mirth for my enemy.

CHORUS.—STROPHE II.

Nay! who of the gods hath a heart so stern
As to use thy woe for a mock and mirth?
Who would not turn more mild to learn
Thy sorrows? who of the heaven and earth,
Save Zeus? But he
Right wrathfully
Bears on his sceptral soul unbent,
And rules thereby the heavenly seed;
Nor will he pause, till he content
His thirsty heart in a finished deed;
Or till Another shall appear,
To win by fraud, to seize by fear,
The hard-to-be-captured government.

Prometheus. Yet even of *me* he shall have need,
That monarch of the blessed seed;
Of me, of me, who now am cursed
By his fetters dire!
To wring my secret out withal,
And learn by whom his sceptre shall
Be filched from him—as was, at first,
His heavenly fire!

But he never shall enchant me
With his honey-lipped persuasion,
Never, never shall he daunt me
With the oath and threat of passion
Into speaking as they want me,
Till he loose this savage chain,
And accept the expiation
Of my sorrow, in his pain.

CHORUS.—ANTISTROPHE II.

Thou art, sooth, a brave god,
And, for all thou hast borne
From the stroke of the rod,
Naught relaxest from scorn!
But thou speakest unto me
Too free and unworn,
And a terror strikes through me,
And festers my soul,—
And I fear in the roll
Of the storm for thy fate
In the ship far from shore,
Since the son of Saturnus is hard in his hate,
And unmoved in his heart evermore.

Prometheus. I know that Zeus is stern!
I know he metes his justice by his will!
And yet his soul shall learn
More softness when once broken by this ill,—
And, curbing his unconquerable vaunt,
He shall rush on in fear to meet with me
Who rush to meet with him in agony,
To issues of harmonious covenant.

[At the request of the chorus, Prometheus describes his services to mankind. While doing so, Oceanus appears and exhorts him to submit

to Jupiter. Afterwards Io, another victim of the avenging deities, enters in the form of a heifer tormented by a perpetual gadfly, and takes part in the dialogue.

Finally Mercury arrives, charged by Jupiter to learn from Prometheus the nature of the danger that awaits him. The Titan haughtily refuses to reveal the secret. Mercury departs, and Jupiter's threat is fulfilled: amid storm and earthquake both rock and prisoner are hurled by the lightning of the king of the gods into the dark abyss. That is the whole,—a chained deity and his defiance of his foes. Yet in this captive Titan we have a conception unequalled in literature, if we except the Satan of Milton's great epic. The extant play is probably but the second of a trilogy, the first of which may have shown the crime of Prometheus, while the last may have had for its subject Prometheus Freed, his restoration to his godlike station. We append, from the same version, the concluding portion of the play. Hermes has argued and threatened in vain, and now makes his final effort.]

Hermes. I have, indeed, methinks, said much in vain,
For still thy heart beneath my showers of prayers
Lies dry and hard,—nay, leaps like a young horse
Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein,—
Still fiercest in the feeblest thing of all,
Which sophism is; since absolute will disjoined
From perfect mind is worse than weak. Behold,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where a hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm!—and when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun while Zeus's winged hound,
The strong carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee, self-called to a daily feast,

And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver. Do not look
For any end, moreover, to this curse
Or ere some god appear, to accept thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell
And gloomy abysses around Tartarus!—
Then ponder this!—this threat is not a growth
Of vain invention: it is spoken and meant!
King Zeus's mouth is impotent to lie,
Consummating the utterance by the act.
So, look to it, thou!—take heed, and nevermore
Forget good counsel, to indulge self-will!

Chorus. Our Hermes suits his reasons to the times;
At least I think so, since he bids thee drop
Self-will for prudent counsel. Yield to him!
When the wise err, their wisdom makes their shame.

Prometheus. Unto me, the foreknower, this mandate of
power
He cries, to reveal it!
What's strange in my fate, if I suffer from hate
At the hour that I feel it?
Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and whitening,
Flash, coiling me round,
While the æther goes surging 'neath thunder and scourging
Of wild winds unbound!
Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
The earth rooted below,
And the brine of the ocean, in rapid emotion,
Be driven in the face
Of the stars up in heaven, as they walk to and fro!

Let him hurl me anon into Tartarus—on—

To the blackest degree,

With Necessity's vortices strangling me down ;

But he cannot join death to a fate meant for *me* !

Hermes. Why, the words that he speaks and the thoughts
that he thinks

Are maniacal!—add,

If the Fate who hath bound him should loose not the
links,

He were utterly mad.

Then depart ye who groan with him,

Leaving to moan with him—

Go in haste ! lest the roar of the thunder anearring
Should blast you to idiocy, living and hearing.

Chorus. Change thy speech for another, thy thought for
a new,

If to move me and teach me indeed be thy care !

For thy words swerve so far from the loyal and true,

That the thunder of Zeus seems more easy to bear.

How ! couldst teach me to venture such vileness ? behold !

I *choose*, with this victim, this anguish foretold !

I recoil from the traitor in hate and disdain,—

And I know that the curse of the treason is worse

Than the pang of the chain.

Hermes. Then remember, O nymphs, what I tell you
before,

Nor, when pierced by the arrows that Até will throw you,
Cast blame on your fate, and declare evermore

That Zeus thrust you on anguish he did not foreshow
you.

Nay, verily, nay! for ye perish anon
 For your deed—by your choice. By no blindness of
 doubt,
 No abruptness of doom, but by madness alone,
 In the great net of Até, whence none cometh out,
 Ye are wound and undone!

Prometheus. Ay! in act now, in word now no more!
 Earth is rocking in space.
 And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar,
 And the eddying lightnings flash fire in my face,
 And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and
 round,
 And the blasts of the winds universal leap free
 And blow each upon each with a passion of sound,
 And æther goes mingling in storm with the sea!
 Such a curse on my head, in a manifest dread,
 From the hand of your Zeus has been hurtled along.
 O my mother's fair glory! O Æther, enringing
 All eyes with the sweet common light of thy bringing!
 Dost see how I suffer this wrong?

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

XENOPHON.

[Xenophon was born at Athens about 445 B.C., or, according to later critics, about 429 B.C. He is said to have taken part in the battle of Delium, where Socrates, a fellow-soldier, saved his life by carrying him on his shoulders from the field of battle. This story is questioned; but it is certain that Xenophon became an ardent follower of Socrates, of whose daily life and conversation he has left us a valuable record in his "Memorabilia." At a later period he joined the army of Greek mercenaries which Cyrus the Younger had engaged to aid him in an

expedition against his brother the King of Persia. This enterprise ended in the death of Cyrus in the battle of Cunaxa, the treacherous slaughter of the Greek generals, and the retreat of their followers under the leadership of Xenophon, who from the position of a volunteer was raised to that of commander. In this famous "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," through the heart of a hostile realm, and part of it in severe winter weather, he showed the finest qualities of leadership, and finally reached Asia Minor with the greater part of his army, despite the incessant attacks of the Persian forces. He had been previously banished from Athens, and the latter part of his life was passed in seclusion, and occupied in authorship, agriculture, and hunting, of which latter he was very fond. He died at Corinth about 359 B.C. His works include the "Anabasis," or the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, the "Cyropaedia," an ideal life of Cyrus the Elder, the "Memorabilia" of Socrates, and treatises on various other subjects.

His mode of thought was practical, not speculative, and he was in no sense a great historian. Yet his style, while not vigorous, is simple, clear, and fluent, and his gossiping attention to minor particulars makes his works very entertaining. He introduces speeches into the mouths of his characters after the manner of Thucydides, and in this respect is often very animated. The "Anabasis," after describing the battle of Cunaxa, the death of Cyrus, and the efforts of the Persian monarch to induce the Greeks to surrender, thousands of miles from home as they were, and in the vicinity of a vastly more numerous army, describes their determination to retreat, and the treacherous slaughter of their generals in a conference to which they were invited. Xenophon was now made leader, and the retreat continued, while the Persian satrap Tissaphernes pursued them with a considerable force. The translation is that of Spelman.]

DURING their march Tissaphernes appeared with his own horse, and the forces of Orontas, who had married the king's daughter, together with those barbarians [all foreigners were "barbarians" to the Greeks] who had served under Cyrus in his expedition; to these was added the army which the king's brother had brought to his assistance, and the troops the king had given him. All these together made a vast army. When he approached he

placed some of his forces against our rear, and others against each of our flanks, but durst not attack us, being unwilling to hazard a battle; however, he ordered his men to use their slings and bows. But when the Rhodians, who were disposed in platoons, began to make use of their slings, and the Cretan bowmen, in imitation of the Scythians, discharged their arrows, none of them missing the enemy,—which they could not easily have done though they had endeavored it,—both Tissaphernes himself quickly got out of their reach, and the other divisions retired. The remaining part of the day the Greeks continued their march, and the others followed without harassing them any more by skirmishes; for the slings of the Rhodians not only carried farther than those of the Persians, but even than most of the archers could throw their arrows. The Persian bows are long, so that their arrows, when gathered up, were of service to the Cretans, who continued to make use of them, and accustomed themselves to take a great elevation, in order to shoot them to a greater distance. Besides, there were found a considerable quantity of bow-strings in the villages, and some lead, both of which were employed for the slings.'

[In their further march the Greeks observed that their ordinary formation in a square was not the proper disposition of an army when pursued by an enemy. They were therefore rearranged, in a manner to adapt them to follow the roads, yet to close up rapidly when attacked.]

While they were upon their march the fifth day, they saw a palace and many villages lying round it. The road which led to this place lay over high hills, that reached down from the mountain, under which there stood a village. The Greeks were rejoiced to see those hills, and with great reason, the enemy's force consisting in horse. But after

they had left the plain, and ascended the first hill, while they were descending from thence in order to climb the next, the barbarians appeared, and from the eminence showered down upon them, under the scourge, darts, stones, and arrows. They wounded many, and had the advantage over the Greek light-armed men, forcing them to retire within the body of the heavy-armed: so that the slingers and archers were that day entirely useless, being mixed with those who had charge of the baggage. And when the Greeks, being thus pressed, endeavored to pursue the enemy, as they were heavy-armed men they moved slowly to the top of the mountain, while the enemy quickly retreated; and when the Greeks retired to their main body the same thing happened to them again. They found the same difficulty in passing the second hill: so that they determined not to order out the heavy-armed men from the third hill; but instead of that they brought up the targeteers to the top of the mountain from the right of the square. When these were got above the enemy they no longer molested our men in their descent, fearing to be cut off from their own body, and that we should attack them on both sides. In this manner we marched the rest of the day, some in the road upon the hills, and others abreast of them upon the mountain, till they came to the villages; when they appointed eight surgeons, for there were many wounded.

Here they stayed three days, both on account of the wounded, and because they found plenty of provisions there, as wheat, meal, wine, and a great quantity of barley for horses; all of which was laid up for the satrap of the country. The fourth day they descended into the plain; where, when Tissaphernes had overtaken them with the army under his command, he taught them how necessary it was to encamp in the first village they came to, and to

march no longer fighting: for some being wounded, some employed in carrying those who were so, and others in carrying the arms of the latter, great numbers were not in a condition to fight. But when they were encamped, and the barbarians, coming up to the village, offered to skirmish, the Greeks had greatly the advantage of them; for they found a great difference between sallying from their camp to repulse the enemy, and being obliged to march fighting, whenever they were attacked.

When the evening approached it was time for the barbarians to retire; because they never encamped at a less distance from the Greeks than sixty stadia, for fear these should fall upon them in the night,—a Persian army being then subject to great inconveniences; for their horses are tied and generally shackled, to prevent them from running away; and, if an alarm happens, a Persian has the housing to fix, his horse to bridle, and his corselet to put on, before he can mount. All these things cannot be done in the night without great difficulty, particularly if there is an alarm. For this reason they always encamped at a distance from the Greeks. . . .

When the Greeks plainly saw they were retired they also decamped, and, marching away, advanced about sixty stadia. The two armies were now at so great a distance from one another that the enemy did not appear either the next day or the day after. But on the fourth the barbarians, having got before the Greeks in the night, possessed themselves of an eminence that commanded the road through which the Greeks were to pass. It was the brow of a hill, under which lay the descent into the plain. As soon as Cheirisophus saw this eminence possessed by the enemy, he sent for Xenophon from the rear, and desired him to bring up the targeteers to the front. Xenophon did not take these with him (for he saw Tissaphernes ad-

vancing with his whole army), but, riding up to him himself, said, "Why do you send for me?" Cheirisophus answered, "You see the enemy have possessed themselves of the hill that commands the descent, and unless we dislodge them it is not possible for us to pass; but," adds he, "why do you not bring the targeteers along with you?" Xenophon replied, because he did not think it proper to leave the rear naked, when the enemy was in sight. "But," says he, "it is high time to consider how we shall dislodge those men."

Here Xenophon, observing the top of the mountain that was above their own army, found there was a passage from that to the hill where the enemy was posted. Upon this he said, "O Cheirisophus! I think the best thing we can do is to gain the top of this mountain as soon as possible; for if we are once masters of that the enemy cannot maintain themselves upon the hill. Do you stay with the army," says he, "if you think fit, and I'll go up the hill; or do you go, if you desire it, and I'll stay here." Cheirisophus answered, "I give you your choice." To this Xenophon replied that, as he was the younger man, he chose to go; but desired he would send him some troops from the front, since it would take a great deal of time to bring up a detachment from the rear. So Cheirisophus sent the targeteers that were in the front: Xenophon also took those that were in the middle of the square. Besides these, Cheirisophus ordered the three hundred chosen men, who attended on himself in the front of the square, to follow him.

After this they marched with all possible expedition. The enemy who were upon the hill, the moment they saw them climb the mountain, advanced at the same time, striving to get there before them. Upon this occasion there was a vast shout raised by the Greek army, and

that of Tissaphernes, each encouraging their own men. And Xenophon, riding by the side of his troops, called out to them, "Soldiers! think you are this minute contending to return to Greece, this minute to see your wives and children: after this momentary labor we shall go on without any further opposition." To whom Soteridas the Sicyonian said, "We are not upon equal terms, O Xenophon! for you are on horseback, while I am greatly fatigued with carrying my shield." Xenophon, hearing this, leaped from his horse, and thrust him out of his rank; then, taking his shield, marched on as fast as he could. He happened to have a horseman's corselet on at that time, which was very troublesome. However, he called to those who were before to mend their pace, and to those behind, who followed with great difficulty, to come up. The rest of the soldiers beat and abused Soteridas, and threw stones at him, till they obliged him to take his shield and go on. Then Xenophon remounted, and led them on horseback as far as the way would allow; and, when it became impassable for his horse, he hastened forward on foot. At last they gained the top of the mountain, and prevented the enemy.

Upon this the barbarians turned their backs and fled, every one as he could, and the Greeks remained masters of the eminence. Tissaphernes and Ariaeus with their men, turning out of the road, went another way; and Cheirisophus with his forces came down into the plain, and encamped in a village abounding in everything. There were also many other villages in this plain, near the Tigris, full of all sorts of provisions.

[The critical state of affairs above described continued for months. The Greeks, finding it impossible to cross the Tigris, decided to follow the east bank of that river, and cross the mountains to the country of

a fierce tribe called the Carduchians, by which route they might reach Armenia and pass the Tigris and Euphrates at their head-waters. They did not succeed in this adventure without much hard fighting and considerable loss. On reaching Armenia they had other perils to contend with, for the winter was now upon them, and that mountainous country covered with snow. They passed the Euphrates, near its head-waters, by wading.]

From thence they made, in three days' march, fifteen parasangs over a plain covered with a deep snow. The last day's march was very grievous, for the north wind, blowing full in their faces, quite parched and benumbed the men. Upon this one of the priests advised to sacrifice to the wind, which was complied with, and the vehemence of it visibly abated. The snow was a fathom in depth, insomuch that many of the slaves and sumpter-horses died, and about thirty soldiers. They made fires all night, for they found plenty of wood in the place where they encamped. . . .

From thence they marched all the next day through the snow, when many of the men contracted the *bulimy*.* Xenophon, who commanded the rear, seeing them lie upon the ground, knew not what their distemper was; but, being informed by those who were acquainted with it that it was plainly the *bulimy*, and that if they ate anything they would rise again, he went to the baggage, and whatever refreshments he found there he gave some to those who were afflicted with this distemper, and sent persons able to go about to divide the rest among others who were in the same condition; and as soon as they had eaten something they rose up and continued their march.

During which, Cheirisophus came to a village, just as it

* A distemper which creates excessive hunger.

was dark, and at a fountain without the walls he found some women and girls, who belonged to it, carrying water. These inquired who they were; the interpreter answered that they were going to the satrap from the king. The women replied that he was not there, but at a place distant about a parasang from thence. As it was late, they entered the walls together with the women, and went to the bailiff of the town. Here Cheirisophus encamped with all that could come up.

The rest, who were unable to continue their march, passed the night without victuals or fire, by which means some of them perished; and a party of the enemy, following our march, took some of the sumpter-horses that could not keep pace with the rest, and fought with one another about them. Some of the men, also, who had lost their sight by the snow, or whose toes were rotted off by the intenseness of the cold, were left behind. The eyes were relieved against the snow by wearing something black before them, and the feet against the cold by continual motion, and by pulling off their shoes in the night. If they slept with their shoes on, the latchets pierced their flesh, and the shoes stuck to their feet; for when their old shoes were worn out they wore *carbatines* made of raw hides.

These grievances therefore occasioned some of the soldiers to be left behind; who, seeing a piece of ground that appeared black, because there was no snow upon it, concluded it was melted; and melted it was, by a vapor that was continually exhaling from a fountain in a valley near the place. Thither they betook themselves, and, sitting down, refused to march any farther. Xenophon, who had charge of the rear, as soon as he was informed of this, tried all means to prevail upon them not to be left behind, telling them that the enemy were got together in great numbers and followed them close. At last he grew

angry. They bade him kill them, if he would, for they were not able to go on. Upon this he thought the best thing he could do was, if possible, to strike a terror into the enemy that followed, lest they should fall upon the men who were tired. It was now dark, and the enemy came on with great tumult, quarrelling with one another about their booty. Upon this, such of the rear-guard as were well, rising up, rushed upon them; while those who were tired shouted out as loud as they could, and struck their shields with their pikes. The enemy, alarmed at this, threw themselves into the valley of the snow, and were no more heard of.

[After many more days' marching, the army gained, by dint of severe conflict, the summit of some hills, where they found villages well stored with provisions.]

From hence they came to the country of the Taochians, making in five marches thirty parasangs; and here their provisions began to fail them; for the Taochians inhabited fastnesses, into which they had conveyed all their provisions. At last the army arrived at a strong place, which had neither city nor houses upon it, but where great numbers of men and women with their cattle were assembled. This place Cheirisophus ordered to be attacked the moment he came before it, and when the first company suffered, another went up, and then another; for, the place being surrounded with precipices, they could not attack it on all sides at once. When Xenophon came up with the rear-guard, the targeteers, and heavy-armed men, Cheirisophus said to him, "You come very seasonably, for this place must be taken, otherwise the army will be starved."

Upon this they called a council of war, and, Xenophon demanding what could hinder them from taking the place, Cheirisophus answered, "There is no other access to it but

this, and when any of our men attempt to gain it they roll down stones from the impending rock, and those they light upon are treated as you see;" pointing at the same time to some of the men, whose legs and ribs were broken.

"But," says Xenophon, "when they have consumed all the stones they have, what can hinder us then from going up? For I can see nothing to oppose us but a few men, and of these not above two or three that are armed. The space, you see, through which we must pass, exposed to those stones, is about one hundred and fifty feet in length, of which that of one hundred feet is covered with large pines, growing in groups, against which if the men place themselves, what can they suffer, either from the stones that are thrown or rolled down by the enemy? The remaining part of this space is not above fifty feet, which, when the stones cease, we must despatch with all possible expedition."

"But," says Cheirisophus, "the moment we offer to go to the place that is covered with the trees they will shower down stones upon us." "That," replies Xenophon, "is the very thing we want, for by this means they will be consumed the sooner. However," continues he, "let us, if we can, advance to that place, from whence we may have but a little way to run, and from whence we may also, if we see convenient, retreat with ease."

Upon this Cheirisophus and Xenophon, with Callimachus of Parrhasie, one of the captains, advanced, all the rest of the officers standing out of danger. Then about seventy of the men advanced under the trees, not in a body, but one by one, each sheltering himself as well as he could. . . . Upon this occasion Callimachus made use of the following stratagem. He advanced two or three paces from the tree under which he stood; but, as soon as the stones began to fly, he quickly retired, and upon every

excursion more than ten cart-loads of stones were consumed.

When Agasias [who, with others, had stood farther back] saw what Callimachus was doing, and that the eyes of the whole army were upon him, fearing lest he should be the first man who entered the place, he, without giving any notice to Aristonymus, who stood next to him, or to Eurylochus of Lusias, both of whom were his friends, or to any other person, advanced alone, with a design to get before the rest. When Callimachus saw him passing by, he laid hold of the border of his shield. In the mean time Aristonymus, and, after him, Eurylochus, ran by them both; for all these were rivals in glory, and in a constant emulation of each other. And by contending thus they took the place; for the moment one of them had gained the ascent, there were no more stones thrown from above.

And here followed a dreadful spectacle indeed; for the women first threw their children down the precipice, and then themselves. The men did the same. And here Æneas the Stymphalian, a captain, seeing one of the barbarians, who was richly dressed, running with a design to throw himself down, caught hold of him, and, the other drawing him after, they both fell down the precipice together, and were dashed to pieces. Thus we made very few prisoners, but took a considerable quantity of oxen, asses, and sheep.

From thence the Greeks advanced through the country of the Chalybians, and in seven marches made fifty parasangs. These being the most valiant people they met with in all their march, they came to a close engagement with the Greeks. They had linen corselets that reached below their navel, and, instead of tassels, thick cords twisted. They had also greaves and helmets, and at their girdle a short falchion, like those of the Lacedæmonians, with which they cut the throats of those they overpowered,

and afterwards, cutting off their heads, carried them away in triumph. It was their custom to sing and dance whenever they thought the enemy saw them. They had pikes fifteen cubits in length, with only one point. They stayed in their cities till the Greeks marched past them, and then followed, harassing them perpetually. After that they retired to their strongholds, into which they had conveyed their provisions: so that the Greeks could supply themselves with nothing out of their country, but lived upon the cattle they had taken from the Taochians.

[Shortly afterwards they entered a country whose governor sent them a guide, with the offer to conduct them to the sea, but with the secret desire to have them lay waste the country of his enemies, which lay in their line of march.]

The fifth day they arrived at the holy mountain called Theches. As soon as the men who were in the vanguard ascended the mountain, they gave a great shout, which when Xenophon and those in the rear heard, they concluded that some other enemies had attacked them in front, for the people belonging to the country they had burned followed their rear. . . .

The noise still increasing as they came nearer, and the men, as fast as they came up, running to those who still continued shouting, their cries swelled with their numbers, so that Xenophon, thinking something more than ordinary had happened, mounted on horseback, and, taking with him Lycius and his horse, rode up to their assistance.

And presently they heard the soldiers calling, "The Sea! The Sea!" and cheering one another. At this they all set running, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the beasts of burden and horses were driven forward. When they were all come up to the top of the mountain, they embraced one another, and also their generals and captains,

with tears in their eyes. And immediately the men,—by whose order it is not known,—bringing together a great many stones, made a large mound, upon which they placed a great quantity of shields, made of raw-hides, staves, and bucklers, taken from the enemy. The guide himself cut the bucklers in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same. After this the Greeks sent back their guide, giving him presents out of the public stock; these were a horse, a silver cup, a Persian dress, and ten *daricks*.* But above all things the guide desired the soldiers to give him some of their rings, many of which they gave him.

[It was the Black Sea they had discovered. It took several days' marching and some severe fighting to reach it, which was finally done at the Greek city of Trebizond. Fifteen months had passed since they began their march with the army of Cyrus. From this point they took ship for home. But Xenophon, with a part of his forces, remained in Asia Minor long enough to conduct a pillaging expedition, in which he acquired sufficient wealth to enrich him for the remainder of his days.]

LAYS OF LOVE AND WINE.

(ASCRIBED TO) ANACREON.

[The world-famed poet of love and wine, Anacreon the merry, was born at Teos, in Ionia, about 562 B.C. His country being conquered by the Persians, he, with his fellow-citizens, left it, and formed a settlement at Abdera, in Thrace. Here the fame of Anacreon so extended that he was invited by Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, to visit his court. He accepted the invitation, and remained there, greatly honored, for eighteen years, till the death of the monarch. He was then invited to Athens, and, accepting, was conveyed thither in the state galley. Here some of his finest odes were written, but his habits of inebriety so increased as to unfit him for aught but voluptuous enjoyment. He died

* A Persian gold coin, of about three dollars value.

in his eighty-fifth year. A questionable legend states that he was choked to death by a grape-seed in some new wine he was drinking.

Few poets have been more the delight of readers than Anacreon, of whose poems Horace says,—

“Whatever old Anacreon sung,
However tender was the lay,
In spite of time, is ever young.”

Unfortunately, these celebrated poems have been lost, with perhaps a few exceptions. The bulk of the poems hitherto ascribed to Anacreon are now believed by critics to be imitations of his style by later authors. Some of these are of great beauty, however, and, as they have long been identified with his name, we quote several of the more famous. Translations have been made by various authors: those by Thomas Moore, a poet of very similar genius, most nearly reproduce the spirit of the original. The poem first given is probably Anacreon's own work.]

CUPID WOUNDED.

Once, as Cupid, tired with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee, that slept unseen
The sweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his fingers, cruel chance!
With his little pointed lance.
Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps and sobs, and runs and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely, laughter-loving dame;
Then he thus began to plain:
“Oh! undone, I die with pain!—
Dear mamma, a serpent small,
Which a bee the ploughmen call,
Imped with wings, and armed with dart,
Oh! has stung me to the heart.”
Venus thus replied, and smiled:
“Dry those tears, for shame! my child;

If a bee can wound so deep,
Causing Cupid thus to weep,
Think, oh, think what cruel pains
He that's stung by thee sustains!"

FAWKES.

THE TRIUMPHS OF WINE.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lulled to sleep;
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king.
Give me wealthy Cræsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy-wreaths my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away.
Arm you! arm you! men of might;
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, O my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine;
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me;
Oh, I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

MOORE.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.

I caught the boy; a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelmed him in the racy spring;
Oh, then I drank the poisoned bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

MOORE.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup doth fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.

To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy, thou
Dost neither age nor winter know ;
But when thou'st drunk and danced and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!),
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

COWLEY.

TO A PAINTER.

Best of painters, now dispense
All thy tinted eloquence :
Master of the roseate art,
Paint the mistress of my heart.
Paint her, absent though she be,
Paint her as described by me.
Paint her hair in tresses flowing,
Black as jet its ringlets glowing :
If the pallet soar as high,
Paint their humid fragrancy.
Let the color smoothly show
The gentle prominence of brow ;
Smooth as ivory let it shine,
Under locks of glossy twine.
Now her eyebrows length'ning bend ;
Neither sever them nor blend ;
Imperceptible the space
Of their meeting arches trace :
Be the picture like the maid,
Her dark eyelids fringed with shade.
Now the real glance inspire ;
Let it dart a liquid fire :

Let her eyes reflect the day,
Like Minerva's, hazel gray,
Like those of Venus, swimming bright,
Brimful of moisture and of light.

Now her faultless nose design
In its flowing aquiline ;
Let her cheeks transparent gleam,
Like to roses strewed in cream ;
Let her lips seduce to bliss,
Pouting to provoke the kiss.

Now her chin minute express,
Rounded into prettiness :
There let all the Graces play,
In that dimpled circle stray ;
Rounded her bended neck delay,—
Marble pillar, on the sight
Shedding smooth its slippery white.
For the rest, let drapery swim
In purplish folds o'er every limb ;
But with flimsy texture show
The shape, the skin, that partial glow :
Enough—herself appears ; 'tis done :
The picture breathes, 'twill speak anon.

ELTON.

[To the above we add a brace of Anacreontic odes of known authorship, selected from the many songs of this light character which exist in Greek literature.]

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

BION.

As late I slumbering lay, before my sight
Bright Venus rose in visions of the night :

She led young Cupid ; as in thought profound,
His modest eyes were fixed upon the ground ;
And thus she spoke : "To thee, dear swain, I bring
My little son ; instruct the boy to sing."

No more she said, but vanished into air,
And left the wily pupil to my care :
I—sure I was an idiot for my pains—
Began to teach him old bucolic strains,
How Pan the pipe, how Pallas formed the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute :
Love, to my lessons quite regardless grown,
Sang lighter lays, and sonnets of his own,
Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love.
I—sure the simplest of all shepherd swains—
Full soon forgot my old bucolic strains ;
The lighter lays of love my fancy caught,
And I remembered all that Cupid taught.

FAWKES.

MUSIC AND BEAUTY.

MELEAGER.

By the God of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes
Which tremulous fall from my Rhodope's lyre,
Such melody swells in her voice, as it floats
On the soft midnight air, that my soul is on fire.
Oh, where can I fly ? The young Cupids around me
Gayly spread their light wings, all my footsteps pursuing ;
Her eyes dart a thousand fierce lustres to wound me,
And music and beauty conspire my undoing.

MERIVALE.

[A graceful little poem, translated by Edwin Arnold, and believed by him to be of Anacreon's own authorship, we here append.]

ALL THINGS DRINK.

The black earth tipples rain,
The earth is sucked by trees,
The seas the rivers drain,
The sun drinks up the seas,
And the moon drinks the sun :
Why, then, will any one
Contend with me, who think
That all the world should drink ?

THE HUMOR OF ORATORY.

QUINTILIAN.

[M. Fabius Quintilian, the famous rhetorician of Rome, was, like Martial, Lucan, and the two Senecas, a native of Spain, being born (40 A.D.) at Calagurris (the modern Calahorra). He studied oratory at Rome, and acquired considerable reputation as an advocate. His principal distinction, however, was as a teacher of oratory, his school being highly popular. The literary reputation of Quintilian is founded on his "*Institutio Oratoria*," or Complete Instructor in the Art of Oratory. This work is of the highest value, and is greatly superior to that of Cicero on the same subject. It is unusually comprehensive, covering the whole field of instruction in the art, from the cradle to the rostrum, and all its related subjects. In the opening of the tenth book is given a brief but clear survey of the whole course of Greek and Roman literature, which has always been admired for its correctness and animation. The critical ability displayed in this part of the treatise is of the highest grade. The entire work, in fact, is marked by sound critical judgment, purity of taste, and thorough familiarity with the literature of oratory. Besides the "*Institutio Oratoria*" there have been attributed to Quintilian a series of one hundred and sixty-four declamations, which are no longer considered to be his, and an anonymous work, "*Dialogus de Oratoribus*," now usually ascribed

to Tacitus. We select from Guthrie's translation a portion of our author's remarks on the humor of oratory.]

I AM now to treat of a matter quite the reverse of that I discussed in the last chapter,—I mean, the manner of dissipating melancholy impressions, of unbending the mind from too intense application, of renewing its powers and recruiting its strength after being surfeited and fatigued.

Now, we may be sensible, from the examples of the two great fathers of Greek and Roman eloquence, how difficult a matter this is, for it is generally thought that Demosthenes had no talent, and Cicero no bounds, in raising laughter. The truth is, Demosthenes was not at all averse from attempting it, as appears by the instances of that kind which he left behind him; which, though very few, are far from being answerable to his other excellences. Few, however, as they are, they show that he liked jocularity, but that he had not the power of hitting it off. But as to our countryman Cicero, he was thought to affect it too much, for it not only entered into his common discourse, but into his most solemn pleadings. For my part, call it want of judgment or prepossession in favor of the most eloquent of mankind, I think Cicero had a wonderful share of delicate wit. No other man ever said so many good things as he did in ordinary conversation, in debating, and in examining of witnesses; and he artfully throws into the mouths of others all his insipid jokes concerning Verres, and brings them as so many evidences of the notoriety of the charges against him; thereby intimating that the more vulgar they were, it was the more probable they were the language of the public, and not invented to serve the purposes of the orator. I wish, however, that his freedman Tyro, or whoever he was that collected the three books of his jokes, had been a little more sparing in pub-

lishing the good things he said, and that in choosing them he had been as judicious as in compiling them he was industrious. The compiler then had been less liable to criticism; and yet the book, even as it has come to our hands, discovers the characteristics of Cicero's genius; for, however you may retrench from it, you can add nothing to it.

Several things concur to render this manner extremely difficult. In the first place, all ridicule has in it something that is buffoonish; that is, something that is low, and oftentimes purposely rendered mean. In the next place, it is never attended with dignity, and people are apt to construe it in different senses; because it is not judged by any criterion of reason, but by a certain unaccountable impression which it makes upon the hearer. I call it unaccountable, because many have endeavored to account for it, but, I think, without success. Here is it that a laugh may arise, not only from an action or saying, but even the very motion of the body may raise it; add to this, that there are many different motives for laughter. For we laugh not only at actions and sayings that are witty and pleasant, but such as are stupid, passionate, and cowardly. It is, therefore, of a motley composition; for very often we laugh *with* a man as well as laugh *at* him. For, as Cicero observes, "the province of ridiculousness consists in a certain meanness and deformity." The manner that points them out is termed wit or urbanity. If while we are pointing them out we make ourselves ridiculous, it is termed folly. Even the slightest matter, when it comes from a buffoon, an actor,—nay, a dunce,—may, notwithstanding, carry with it an effect that I may call irresistible, and such as it is impossible for us to guard against. The pleasure it gives us bursts from us even against our will, and appears not only in the expression of our looks and our voices, but is powerful

enough to shake even the whole frame of our body. Very often, as I have already observed, one touch of the ridiculous may give a turn to the most serious affairs. We have an instance of this in some young Tarentines, who, having at an entertainment made very free with the character of King Pyrrhus, were next morning examined before him upon what they had said, which, though they durst not defend and could not deny, yet they escaped by a well-turned joke: "Sir," said one of them, "if our liquor had not failed us we would have murdered you." This turn of wit at once cancelled all the guilt they were charged with. . . .

We may either act or speak ridicule. Sometimes a grave way of doing an arch thing occasions great ridicule. Thus, when the consul Isauricus had broken the curule chair belonging to the prætor Marcus Cœlius, the latter erected another chair, slung upon leather straps, because it was notorious that the consul, on a time, had been strapped by his father. Sometimes ridicule attacks objects that are past all sense of shame; for instance, the adventure of the casket, mentioned by Cicero in his pleading for Cœlius. But that was so scandalous a thing that no one in his senses could enlarge upon it. We may make the same observation when there is anything droll in the look or the manner; for they may be extremely diverting, but never so much so as when they appear to be very serious. For nothing is so stupid as to see a man always upon the titter, and, as it were, beating up for a laugh. But, although a grave, serious look and manner add greatly to ridicule, by the person remaining quite serious, yet still it may be assisted by the looks and the powers of the face, and a certain pleasing adjustment of one's whole gesture; but always remember never to overdo.

As to the ridicule that consists in words, its character is

either that of wantonness or jollity, as we generally saw in Galba; or cutting, such as the late Junius Bassus possessed; or blunt and rough, like the manner of Cassius Severus; or winning and delicate, like that of Domitius Afer. The place where we employ these different manners is of great importance, for at entertainments and in common discourse the vulgar are wanton, but all mankind may be cheerful. Meanwhile, let all malice be removed, and let us never adopt that maxim, "rather to lose our friend than our jest." With regard to our practice at the bar, if I were to employ any of the manners I have mentioned, it should be that of the gentle, delicate kind. Though at the same time we are allowed to employ the most reproachful and cutting expressions against our adversaries; but that is in the case of capital impeachments, when justice is demanded upon an offender. But even in that case we think it inhuman to insult the misery or the fallen state of another, for such are generally less to blame than they are represented, and insults may recoil upon the head of the person who employs them.

We are in the first place, therefore, to consider who the person is that speaks, what is the cause, who is the judge, who is the party, and what are the expressions. An orator ought by all means to avoid every distortion of look and gesture employed by comedians to raise a laugh. All farcical theatrical pertness is likewise utterly inconsistent with the character of an orator; and he ought to be so far from expressing, that he ought not to intimate, anything that is offensive to modesty. Nay, though he should have an opportunity to expose it, it may be sometimes more proper to pass it over.

Further, though I think the manner of an orator ought at all times to be elegant and genteel, yet he should by no means affect being thought a wit. He should not, there-

fore, be always witty when he can, and he ought sometimes to sacrifice his jest to his character. What indignation does it give us in a trial upon atrocious crimes, to hear a pleader breaking his jokes, or an advocate merry, while he is speaking in defence of the miserable!

Besides, we are to reflect that some judges are of so serious a cast as not to endure anything that may raise a laugh. Sometimes it happens that the reproach we aim at our opponent hits the judge himself, or suits our own client. And some are so foolish that they cannot refrain from expressions that recoil upon themselves. This was the case with Longus Sulpicius, who, being himself a very ugly fellow, and pleading a cause that affected the liberty of another person, said, "Nature had not given that man the face of a free man." "Then," replies Domitius Afer to him, "you are in your soul and conscience of opinion that every man who has an ugly face ought to be a slave?". . .

It is, however, extremely difficult to point out all the different manners of raising a laugh, and the occasions that furnish it. Nay, it is next to impossible to trace all the different sources of ridicule. In general, however, a laugh may be raised either from the personal appearance of an opponent, or from his understanding, as it appears by his words and actions, or from exterior circumstances. Those, I say, are the three sources of all vilifying, which, if urged with acrimony, become serious; if with pleasantry, ridiculous. Now, all the ridicule I have mentioned arises either from exposition, narrative, or characterizing.

Sometimes, but seldom, it happens that an object of ridicule actually presents itself upon the spot. This happened to Caius Julius, who told Helmius Mancianus, who was deafening the whole court with his bawling, that he would show him what he resembled. The other challenging him to make good his promise, Julius pointed with his finger to

the distorted figure of a Gaul, painted upon the shield of Marius, which was set up as a sign to one of the booths that stood round the forum, and in fact was very like Mancina. The narrative of imaginary circumstances may be managed with the greatest delicacy and oratorical art: witness Cicero's narrative concerning Cepasius and Fabricius, in his pleading for Cluentius; and the manner in which Marcus Cœlius represents the race run between Caius Lœlius and his colleague, which should get first to his province. But all such recitals require every elegant, every genteel touch the orator can give them; and the whole must be brought up with the most delicate humor. How much ridicule does Cicero apply to the retreat of Fabricius! "Thus he thought himself doing mighty matters, while he was, from his magazines of eloquence, playing off those most pathetic expressions, 'Look back upon the mutability of fortune; look back to the variety and alterations to which human life is subject; look back upon the old age of Fabricius.' Now, when he came to the last 'look back,' which he had so often repeated to embellish his discourse, he 'looked back' himself; but by this time Fabricius had stolen out of court." And what follows is in the same strain; for the passage is well known. All this high finish did not contain a word that was fact, more than that Fabricius had left the court.

[To the above we may add one of the most eloquently pathetic passages in all ancient literature, descriptive of Quintilian's sorrow for the loss of his wife and sons,—the former having died when still very young. It was for the instruction of the son here so feelingly mourned that his work on oratory was written.]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

I had a son whose eminent genius deserved a father's anxious diligence. I thought that if—what I might fairly

have expected and wished for—death had removed me from him, I could have left him, as his best inheritance, a father's instructions. But by a second blow, a second bereavement, I have lost the object of my highest hopes, the only comfort of my declining years. What shall I do now? Of what use can I suppose myself to be, as the gods have cast me off? What tender parent would pardon me if I were able to study any longer and not hate my firmness of mind; if I, who survived all my dear ones, could find any employment for my tongue except to accuse the gods, and to protest that no Providence looks down upon the affairs of men?

In my younger son, who died at five years old, I lost one light of my eyes. I have no ambition to make much of my misfortunes, or to exaggerate the reasons which I have for sorrow: would that I had means of assuaging it! But how can I conceal his lovely countenance, his endearing talk, his sparkling wit, and (what I feel can scarcely be believed) his calm and deep solidity of mind? Had he been another's child he would have won my love; but insidious fortune, in order to inflict upon me severer anguish, made him more affectionate to me than to his nurses, his grandmother, who brought him up, and all who usually gain the attachment of children of that age.

Thankful, therefore, do I feel for the sorrow in which but a few months before I was plunged by the loss of his matchless, his inestimable mother, for my lot was less a subject for tears than hers was for rejoicing. Our only hope, support, and consolation had remained in our Quintilian. He had not, like my younger son, just put forth his early blossoms, but entering on his tenth year had shown mature and well-set fruit. I swear by my misfortunes, by the consciousness of my unhappiness, by those departed spirits, the deities who preside over my grief, that

in him I discerned such vigor of intellect, not only in the acquisition of learning (and yet in all my extensive experience I never saw it surpassed), such a zeal for study, which, as his tutors can testify, never required pressing, but also such uprightness, filial affection, refinement, and generosity, as furnished grounds for apprehending the thunder-stroke that has fallen. For it is generally observed that a precocious maturity too quickly perishes; and there is I know not what envious power which deflowers our brightest hopes, lest we soar higher than human beings are permitted to soar. He possessed also those gifts which are accidental, —a clear and melodious voice, a sweet pronunciation, a correct enunciation of every letter both in Greek and Latin.

Such promise did he give of future excellence; but he possessed also the far higher qualities of constancy, earnestness, and firmness to bear sorrow and to resist fear. With what admiration did his physician contemplate the patience with which he endured a malady of eight months' duration! What consolation did he administer to me in his last moments! When life and intellect began to fail, his wandering mind dwelt on literature alone. O dearest object of my disappointed hopes! could I behold thy glazing eyes, thy fleeting breath, could I embrace thy cold and lifeless form, and live to drink again the common air? Well do I deserve those agonizing thoughts, those tortures which I endure!

LATIN EPIC POETRY.

VARIOUS.

[In addition to the "*Æneid*," the great work of Virgil, we possess epic poems by two other Latin authors of merit, Lucan and Statius. Of these two writers by far the superior is Lucan (*M. Annæus Lucanus*), author of the "*Pharsalia*." He was born at Cordova, in Spain,

in 39 A.D., and was a nephew of the philosopher Seneca. Being brought while young to Rome, he became a friend of the emperor Nero, but finally suffered from the jealousy of this tyrant, to whom his reputation as a poet gave offence. Embittered by the persecution of the emperor, Lucan joined a conspiracy against him, and was arrested and condemned to death. His death occurred in his twenty-seventh year.

Lucan's "*Pharsalia*" is an epic poem in two books, its subject being the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey. It has many faults as a poem, yet displays much originality of handling and fine character-drawing, with a fluent imagination. It possesses, moreover, an epigrammatic felicity which has secured to many of its lines a constant freshness as part of the familiarly remembered literature of the world. From Rowe's translation we select the finely-drawn contrast of Pompey and Cæsar, the heroes of the poem.]

NOR came the rivals equal to the field :
One to increasing years began to yield ;
Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weighed the soldier down ;
Disused to arms, he turned him to the laws,
And pleased himself with popular applause ;
With gifts and liberal bounty sought for fame,
And loved to hear the vulgar shout his name ;
In his own theatre rejoiced to sit,
Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
Careless of future ills that might betide,
No aid he sought to prop his failing side,
But on his former fortune much relied.
Still seemed he to possess and fill his place ;
But stood the shadow of what once he was.
So in the field with Ceres' bounty spread
Uprears some ancient oak his reverend head ;
Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But, the first vigor of his root now gone,
He stands dependent on his weight alone ;



JULIUS CÆSAR.

All bare his naked branches are displayed,
And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade :
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blast would heave him from his seat,
Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him rise,
Fixed in his ancient seat he yields to none,
And wears the honors of the grove alone.

But Cæsar's greatness and his strength was more
Than past renown, and antiquated power :
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals seen ;
But 'twas a valor, restless, unconfined,
Which no success could sate, nor limits bind ;
'Twas shame, a soldier's shame untaught to yield,
That blushed for nothing but an ill-fought field.
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay,
Where vengeance or ambition led the way ;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
Nor spared to stain the guilty sword with blood ;
Urging advantage he improved all odds,
And made the most of fortune and the gods,
Pleased to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such, while earth trembles, and heav'n thunders loud,
Darts the swift lightning from the rending cloud ;
Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blast confounds the gazer's sight,
Resistless in its course delights to rove,
And cleaves the temples of its master Jove :
Alike where'er it passes or returns,
With equal rage the fell destroyer burns,
Then with a whirl full in its strength retires,
And re-collects the force of all its scattered fires.

[After thus describing the leaders of the opposing causes, the poet proceeds to picture the first great event of the war, the invasion of Italy. Caesar leads his army across the Rubicon, the small stream that constitutes the Italian boundary of his province, and the crossing of which on his part is equivalent to a declaration of war against the authorities at Rome. The story of this event is told in a highly effective manner, and the apparition of the Genius of Rome is excellently rendered.]

Now Caesar, marching swift with wingéd haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps has passed,
With vast events and enterprises fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood ;
When, lo ! as he surveyed the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight.
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image reared,
Trembling and sad the matron form appeared ;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around :
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke.
" Presumptuous men ! oh, whither do you run ?
Oh, whither bear you these my ensigns on ?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come."
She said ; and sunk within the closing shade :
Astonishment and dread the chief invade ;
Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismayed,
And on the bank his slackening steps were stayed.
" O thou" (at length he cried) " whose hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls ;
Who from thy capitol's exalted height
Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy sight !

Ye Phrygian gods who guard the Julian line!
Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!
Thou Jove! to whom from young Ascanius came
Thy Alban temple and thy Latial name!
And thou, immortal sacred Vesper Flame!
But chief, oh, chiefly thou, majestic Rome!
My first, my great divinity, to whom
Thy still successful Cæsar am I come;
Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage:
With thee my arms no impious war shall wage.
On him thy hate, on him thy curse bestow
Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;
And, since to thee I consecrate my toil,
Oh, favor thou my cause, and on thy soldiers smile."

He said; and straight, impatient of delay,
Across the swelling flood pursued his way.
So when on sultry Libya's desert sand
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand,
Couched on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury rise;
His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror rides:
Then if at length the flying dart infest,
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor.

While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea.
His bank on either side a limit stands
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
But stronger now the wintry torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thawed the Alpine snows,

And Cynthia, rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her wat'ry team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.
For this, to stem the rapid water's course,
First plunged amidst the flood the bolder horse ;
With strength opposed against the stream they lead,
While to the smoother ford the foot with ease succeed.

The leader now had passed the torrent o'er,
And reached fair Italy's forbidden shore :
Then, rearing on the hostile bank his head,
"Here farewell Peace, and injured Laws" (he said).
"Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou goddess Fortune art my guide :
Let Fate and War the great event decide."

[The other epic poet named, P. Papinius Statius, was the son of a writer of the same name, a native of Naples. He was born about 60 A.D., and early displayed fine poetic ability. He basked in the sunshine of imperial favor, partly won by gross flattery, and died at Naples about 95 A.D. Little more is known of his history. Twelve years of his life were occupied in the composition and revision of an epic poem, the "Thebaid." He also left an unfinished epic, called the "Achilleid." But his fame rests chiefly on a series of minor poems entitled "Sylvæ." Statius had not the grasp nor the imaginative vigor necessary to success in epic poetry. His efforts in this direction are bombastic and formal, the characters have little interest, and the general effect of the work, notwithstanding its occasional beauty and its close observance of the epic manner, is heavy and languishing. His "Sylvæ," on the contrary, are of high merit. They show a thorough perception of the beauties of nature, and form a spontaneous and luxuriant growth from the native soil of the poet's imagination. From Elton's translation we select the following picturesque scene from the "Thebaid." The thirsting army is led by a woman guide to a neighboring stream, her child being left to deadly impending peril as she does so.]

Then, lest her cumbered footsteps, as she led,
Retard the chiefs who follow on her tread,

Ah! hapless innocent! by Fate beguiled,
On a soft turf she lays the clinging child,
Where pillowing flowers in fragrant tufts arise,
And his soft tears with fondling murmurs dries.
So Cybele the infant Thunderer laid;
With trembling watch her Cretans guard the shade;
In rival strife they beat the timbrels round,
While Ida's glades with infant screams resound.

Meantime the boy, amid the herbage deep,
Reclined on vernal earth, essayed to creep,
With downward face, self-striving as he lay,
And trailed through yielding grass his lengthening way;
Now craved with asking cry the balmy breast,
Now, brightening into smiles, his cry suppressed;
Now with soft lips in lisping stammerings strove;
Now startled at the noises of the grove;
Or plucked the flowery stems that near him lay,
Or with round mouth sucked in the breath of day:
Nor dreamed of dangers lurking in the shade,
But full of life, secure and careless, strayed.
Such infant Mars, where Thracia's mountains rose,
Pressed with his hardy limbs the incrustated snows;
Such Love, a wingéd babe, was seen to lie,
On turfy hills of pastoral Arcady;
Or young Apollo, in his frolic wile,
Rolled on the imprinted sands of Delos' isle.

They track the thickets, wandering far and wide,
Through the green glooms, that arch on every side;
Outstrip their guide; or in compacted throng
Impatient following, pour at once along.
She, in the midst, the secret pathway traced,
Though hastening, yet majestic in her haste.
The dell's hoarse echo speaks the river near;
And pebbly murmurs strike the thrilling ear.

First in the van, glad Argus shook on high
The standard staff; and "water" was the cry.
From rank to rank the flying sound was flung,
And shouts of "water" burst from every tongue.
So while the vessel shoots the Epiorean shores,
The helmsman's voice, amid the dash of oars,
Proclaims Leucadia's height, with sunshine crowned,
And the shrill rocks with answering shouts rebound.
Impetuous to the stream they rushed along,
Confused and mixed, the leaders and the throng;
Alike their thirst, alike they cowering clung
To the cool banks, and o'er the waters hung.
Plunged with their cars the bitted horses flew,
And the mailed riders 'midst the current drew.
The whirling eddy and the slippery rock
Betray their footing in the heedless shock;
The kings, too, strive; all forms of reverence lost;
Borne down by hampering crowds, in whirlpools tost:
The friend, in watery hollow plunging, tries
To raise his head, with unregarded cries;
The chafed waves flash; the stream slow-lessening sinks,
And, distant from its feeding fountain, shrinks;
The glassy waters, that were seen to glide
With greenish clear transparency of tide,
Discolored mantle in their troubled bed;
The crumbling banks with grassy ruin spread
The muddied stream; yet still their lips they lave,
And slake their hot thirst in the slimy wave.

ANCIENT FABLES.

ÆSOP AND PHÆDRUS.

[The man whose name is almost a synonyme for the fable, Æsop, the celebrated Greek writer, was a native of Samos, his period of life being about 550 B.C. Born a slave, he obtained his freedom, and travelled in Greece and Egypt, finally taking up his residence in Lydia, where he was held in high esteem by Cræsus, its famous king. Sent by this monarch on a mission to Delphi, he in some way offended the people, and was hurled over a precipice by an angry mob. Whether the Æsop of whom this is related was actually the fabulist is, however, questionable.]

The universal favor with which the fables of Æsop have been received is due to their close observation of the essential objects of the fable,—at once to raise a laugh and convey a moral. The narrative should be confined to one simple action; the moral should be so plain as to force itself on the attention of the reader; and the animals should preserve their popular attributes, and not be men and women moralizing in an animal's guise: the fox should be always cunning, the lion bold, the wolf cruel, etc. These rules are closely observed in most of the fables of Æsop, and to this is due much of their popularity. We give some of the more witty of these familiar fables.]

THE LION'S SHARE.

The lion, the fox, and the ass entered into an agreement to assist each other in the chase. Having secured a large booty, the lion, on their return from the forest, asked the ass to allot his due portion to each of the three partners in the treaty. The ass carefully divided the spoil into three equal shares, and modestly requested the two others to make the first choice. The lion, bursting out into a great rage, devoured the ass. Then he requested the fox to do him the favor to make a division. The fox accumulated all they had killed into one large heap, and left to himself

the smallest possible morsel. The lion said, "Who has taught you, my very excellent fellow, the art of division? You are perfect to a fraction." He replied, "I learned it from the ass, by witnessing his fate."

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING.

The frogs, grieved at having no ruler, sent ambassadors to Jupiter, petitioning for a king. He, perceiving their simplicity, cast down a huge log into the lake. The frogs, terrified at the splash made by its fall, hid themselves in the depths of the pool. But no sooner did they see that the log continued motionless, than they swam again to the top of the water, and came so to despise it as to climb up, and to squat upon it. After some time, thinking themselves ill treated in being given so quiet a ruler, they sent a deputation to Jupiter, praying for another sovereign. He then gave them an eel to govern them. But the frogs, discovering the easy good nature of their new ruler, sent a third time to Jupiter, begging that he would once more choose them a king. Jupiter, displeased at their complaints, sent them a heron, who preyed upon the frogs day by day till there were none left to croak upon the lake.

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

A certain house was overrun with mice. A cat, discovering this, made her way into it and began to catch and eat them one by one. The mice, being continually devoured, kept themselves in their holes. The cat, no longer able to get at them, perceived that she must tempt them forth by some device. For this purpose she jumped upon a peg, and, suspending herself from it, pretended to be dead. One of the mice, peeping stealthily out, saw her, and said, "Ah, my good madam, even though you should turn yourself into a meal-bag, we will not come near you."

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

A carter was driving a wagon along a country lane, when the wheels sank down deep into a rut. The rustic driver, stupefied and aghast, stood looking at the wagon, and did nothing but utter loud cries to Hercules to come and help him. Hercules, it is said, appeared, and thus addressed him: "Put your shoulders to the wheel, my man; goad on your bullocks, and nevermore pray to me for help until you have done your best to help yourself; or, depend upon it, you will henceforth pray in vain."

THE MISER.

A miser sold all he had, and bought a lump of gold, which he took and buried in a hole, dug in the ground by the side of an old wall, and went daily to look at it. One of his workmen, observing his frequent visits to the spot, watched his movements, discovered the secret of the hidden treasure, and, digging down, came to the lump of gold, and stole it. The miser, on his next visit, found the hole empty, and began to tear his hair and to make loud lamentations. A neighbor, seeing him overcome with grief, and learning the cause, said, "Pray do not grieve so; but go and take a stone, and place it in the hole, and fancy that the gold is still lying there. It will do you quite the same service; for when the gold was there, you had it not, as you did not make the slightest use of it."

THE MOTHER'S PRIDE.

Jupiter issued a proclamation to all the beasts of the forest, and promised a royal reward to the one whose offspring should be deemed the handsomest. The monkey came with the rest, and presented, with all a mother's tenderness, a flat-nosed, hairless, ill-featured young monkey,

as a candidate for the promised reward. A general laugh saluted her, on the presentation of her son. She resolutely said, "I know not whether Jupiter will allot the prize to my son; but this I do know, that he is, at least in the eyes of me, his mother, the dearest, handsomest, and most beautiful of all."

[We may add to these selections from *Æsop* some specimens of the fables of *Phædrus*, a Roman fabulist, who flourished about 30 A.D. He styles himself a translator of *Æsop*, but adds many fables of his own invention. In these he fails to display the native talent of *Æsop*. His brutes speak wisely, but, though they look like animals, they talk like men.]

THE PERILS OF WEALTH.

Two mules, laden with heavy burdens, were journeying together. One carried bags of money; the other sacks filled with barley. The former, proud of his rich load, carried his head high, and made the bell on his neck sound merrily. His companion followed with quiet and gentle paces. On a sudden some thieves rush from an ambuscade, wound the treasure-mule, strip him of his money-bags, but leave untouched the worthless barley. When, therefore, the sufferer bewailed his sad case, "For my part," replied his companion, "I rejoice that I was treated with contempt, for I have no wounds and have lost nothing." The subject of this fable proves that poverty is safe, whilst wealth is exposed to perils.

A CHANGE OF MASTERS.

In a change of princes the poor change nothing but the name of their master. The truth of this is shown by the following little fable. A timid old man was feeding his ass in a meadow. Alarmed by the shouts of an advancing enemy, he urged the ass to fly, for fear they should be taken prisoners. But the ass loitered, and said, "Pray, do

you think the conqueror will put two pack-saddles on my back?" "No," replied the old man. "What, then, does it matter to me in whose service I am, so long as I have to carry my load?"

THE CREATION OF PANDORA.

HESIOD.

[The era in which Hesiod flourished is not clearly known. He was possibly a contemporary of Homer, but more probably was somewhat later in date, and may have lived between 700 and 800 B.C. He himself tells us something of his life. He was a native of Bœotia, whither his father had come from Asia Minor, and seems to have been in early life a poor peasant or husbandman. His later life was passed at Orchomenos, on Lake Copias.

As a poet Hesiod was not a man of genius, but was not without ability and originality. The works ascribed to him are seven in number, though it is doubtful if they were all his. Of these poems the most important are the "Works and Days," and the "Theogony" or "Generations of the Gods." The first of these is a didactic poem, a sort of farmer's chronicle, in which the details of rural economy are told in a prosaic manner, but are enlivened with intercalated stories. It deals with such homely subjects as the pursuits of the husbandman, the holiness of domestic life, the duty of economy, the education of children, etc., and, while of low poetic value, is important as acquainting us with the conditions of industry and civilization at that remote epoch. The "Theogony" is a storehouse of information concerning the origin and doings of the gods, the warfare of Zeus and the giants, the legends of the deities, etc. It was held in high estimation by the Greeks. We select from the "Works and Days" Elton's translation of the story of Pandora, one of the most spirited episodes of the poem.]

THE food of man in deep concealment lies,
The angry gods have veiled it from our eyes;
Else had one day bestowed sufficient cheer,
And, though inactive, fed them through the year.

Then might thy hand have laid the rudder by,
In black'ning smoke forever hung on high ;
Then had the laboring ox foregone the soil,
And patient mules had found reprieve from toil.
But Jove concealed our food, incensed at heart
Since mocked by wise Prometheus' wily art.
Sore ills to man devised the Heavenly Sire,
And hid the shining element of fire.
Prometheus, then, benevolent of soul,
In hollow reed the spark recovering stole,
Cheering to man, and mocked the god whose gaze
Serene rejoices in the lightning's rays.
" O son of Japhet ! " with indignant heart
Spake the cloud-gatherer ; " O unmatched in art !
Exultest thou in this the flame retrieved,
And dost thou triumph in the God deceived ?
But thou, with the posterity of man,
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began :
I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,
An ill which all shall love, and all desire."

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said, and laughter filled his secret soul.
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay ;
Inbreathe the human voice within her breast,
With firm-strung nerves th' elastic limbs invest :
Her aspect fair as goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that dyes
The web with colors as the shuttle flies :
He called the magic of Love's charming queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
Then plant the rankling stings of keen desire,
And cares that trick the limbs with pranked attire :

Bade Hermes last impart the craft refined
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.

He gives command, th' inferior powers obey.
The crippled artist moulds the tempered clay :
A maid's coy image rose at Jove's behest ;
Minerva clasped the zone, diffused the vest ;
Adored Persuasion and the Graces young
Her tapered limbs with golden jewels hung ;
Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tresséd Hours
A garland twined of Spring's purpureal flowers ;
The whole attire Minerva's graceful art
Disposed, adjusted, formed to every part ;
And last the wingéd herald of the skies,
Slayer of Argus, gave the gift of lies,—
Gave trickish manners, honeyed words instilled,
As he that rolls the deep'ning thunder willed :
Then, by the feathered messenger of Heaven,
The name Pandora to the maid was given :
For all the gods conferred a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.

The Sire commands the wingéd herald bear
The finished nymph, th' inextricable snare :
To Epimetheus was the present brought ;
Prometheus' warning vanished from his thought,—
That he disclaim each offering of the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to men arise.
But he received, and conscious knew too late
Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.

On earth of yore the sons of men abode
From evil free and labor's galling load,
Free from diseases that with racking rage
Precipitate the pale decline of age.
Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.

The woman's hands an ample casket bear :
She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air.
Hope sole remained within, nor took her flight,
Beneath the vessel's verge concealed from light :
Or ere she fled, the maid, advised by Jove,
Sealed fast th' unbroken cell, and dropped the lid above.
Issued the rest in quick dispersion hurled,
And woes innumerable thronged the breathing world :
With ills the land is full, with ills the sea ;
Diseases haunt our frail humanity ;
Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they glide,
Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied :
Know then this awful truth—it is not given
T' elude the power of omniscient Heaven.

[This earliest form of the story of Pandora and her celebrated box, from which escaped all the evils that afflict man, while only hope was left, is followed in the poem with the original statement of the successive ages of the world—the ages of gold, silver, brass, and iron—on which the poets of Greece were afterwards fond of dwelling. From the “Theogony” we select the description of the battle of Jupiter and the giants, in which portion of his very uneven poem Hesiod rises to a vigor and graphic energy that approach Homer. Milton probably found in this passage of Hesiod suggestions for the “warfare in heaven” of “Paradise Lost.”]

THE BATTLE OF JUPITER AND THE GIANTS.

All on that day stirred up th' enormous strife,
Female and male ; Titanic gods, and sons
And daughters of old Saturn ; and that band
Of giant brethren, whom, from forth th' abyss
Of darkness under earth, deliverer Jove
Sent up to light : grim forms and strong with force
Gigantic ; arms of hundred-handed gripe
Burst from their shoulders ; fifty heads upsprung

Cresting their muscular limbs. They thus opposed
In dismal conflict 'gainst the Titan stood,
In all their sinewy hands wielding aloft
Precipitous rocks. On th' other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed; then hands of strength
Joined prowess, and showed forth the works of war.
Th' immeasurable sea tremendous dashed
With roaring, earth resounded, the broad heaven
Groaned shattering; huge Olympus reeled throughout,
Down to its rooted base, beneath the rush
Of those immortals. The dark chasm of hell
Was shaken with the trembling, with the tramp
Of hollow footsteps and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they against each other through the air
Hurled intermixed their weapons, scattering groans
Where'er they fell. The voice of armies rose
With rallying shout through the starred firmament,
And with a mighty war-cry both the hosts
Encountering closed. Nor longer then did Jove
Curb down his force, but sudden in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
With his omnipotence; his whole of might
Broke from him, and the godhead rushed abroad.
The vaulted sky, the Mount Olympus, flashed
With his continual presence, for he passed
Incessant forth and lightened where he trod.
Thrown from his nervous grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell. Then on every side the foodful earth
Roared in the burning flame, and far and near
The trackless depth of forests crashed with fire.
Yea, the broad earth burned red, the floods of Nile

Glowed, and the desert waters of the sea.
Round and around the Titans' earthy forms
Rolled the hot vapor, and on fiery surge
Streamed upward, swathing in one boundless blaze
The purer air of heaven. Keen rushed the light
In quivering splendor from the writhen flash ;
Strong though they were, intolerable smote
Their orbs of sight, and with bedimming glare
Scorched up their blasted vision. Through the gulf
Of yawning Chaos the supernal flame
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been as on a time the heaven and earth
Met hurtling in mid-air, as nether earth
Crashed from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruining from high. Not less, when gods
Grappled with gods, the shout and clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roared from heaven.
The whirlwinds were abroad, and hollow aroused
A shaking and a gathering dark of dust,
Crushing the thunders from the clouds of air,
Hot thunderbolts and flames, the fiery darts
Of Jove ; and in the midst of either host
They bore upon their blast the cry confused
Of battle, and the shouting. For the din
Tumultuous of that sight-appalling strife
Rose without bound. Stern strength of hardy proof
Wreaked there its deeds, till weary sank the war.

A PHILOSOPHER'S DEFENCE.

SOCRATES.

[The first of moral philosophers, and in certain respects the greatest mind produced by ancient Greece, was he whose name we have affixed to the following selection. Socrates, born in 469 B.C., was the son of a sculptor, whose profession he himself followed for years, and apparently with some skill. He was a man of unusually robust constitution, which enabled him easily to endure the hardest military service, and to live superior to all wants beyond the barest necessities of life. He fought with great valor in the battles of Delium and Amphipolis, in the first of which he saved the life of Alcibiades, and in the second that of Xenophon, two of his most distinguished disciples. He served in political life also, and in this gained a record for a stern sense of justice and fearless disregard of public clamor. He opposed the schemes of the thirty tyrants at the peril of his life.

As a philosopher Socrates can scarcely be said to have had a system. That was left for his disciple Plato. But he had very distinct and definite ideas. Stepping aside from the physical speculations of his predecessors, he devoted himself to psychological studies, made the mind of man the great object of his researches, and, in his investigation of the "what" of everything, was utterly without respect for the existing philosophy and reverence for human authority. "Virtue is a knowing," is the only definite axiom which remains of his teachings, and the importance of virtue was his continual inculcation. The search for the elements of morality seemed to him the only worthy object of study, and in this investigation he widened the entire horizon of Grecian thought, and opened views into the inner world of mind that make his life a grand turning-point in the history of human speculation. In the year 423 B.C. a virulent assault was made upon him by Aristophanes, in his comedy of "The Clouds." In 399 B.C. an indictment was laid against him on the double charge of impiety and the corruption of youth. He defended himself against this accusation in an admirable manner, if his "Defence," as given by Plato, reproduces his actual remarks. He was condemned, however, and sentenced to death. The

last day of his prison-life is made by Plato the scene of the celebrated conversation on the Immortality of the Soul, as given in the "Phædo." Socrates then drank the hemlock poison, and died with a dignity and calmness befitting his life.

The "Memorabilia" of Xenophon is a record of the daily life and mode of conversation of Socrates. Yet it is not calculated to give us an exalted idea of his merit as a speculative philosopher. Plato, his most distinguished disciple, introduces Socrates as the principal speaker in a series of imaginary conversations which deal with the most abstruse subjects of thought. These speculations, however, probably belong solely to the disciple. Yet the "Apology," or defence of Socrates before his judges, as given by Plato, is believed by competent authorities to embody the real defence made by the accused philosopher. We precede our selection from this noble example of oratory with an extract from his questioning of his accusers.]

Socrates. Come hither, Meletus, and let me ask a question of you. You think a great deal about the improvement of youth?

Meletus. Yes; I do.

Soc. Tell the judges, then, who is their improver; for you must know, as you have taken the pains to discover their corrupter. I observe, Meletus, that you are silent, and have nothing to say. But is not this rather disgraceful, and a very considerable proof of what I was saying, that you have no interest in the matter? Speak up, friend, and tell us who their improver is.

Mel. The laws.

Soc. But that, my good sir, is not my meaning. I want to know who the person is who, in the first place, knows the laws.

Mel. The judges, Socrates, who are present in court.

Soc. What! do you mean to say, Meletus, that they are able to instruct and improve youth?

Mel. Certainly they are.

Soc. What! all of them? Or some only, and not others?

Mel. All of them.

Soc. By the goddess Here, this is good news! There are plenty of improvers, then. And what do you say of the audience? Do they improve them?

Mel. Yes, they do.

Soc. And the senators?

Mel. Yes; the senators improve them.

Soc. But perhaps the ecclesiastics corrupt them? Or do they also improve them?

Mel. They improve them.

Soc. Then every Athenian improves and elevates them; all with the exception of myself, and I alone am their corrupter? Is that what you affirm?

Mel. That is what I stoutly affirm.

Soc. I am very unfortunate if that is true. But suppose I ask you a question. Would you say that this also holds true in the case of a horse? Does one man do them harm and all the world good? Is not the exact opposite of this true? One man is able to do them good; or, at least, not many. The trainer of horses, that is to say, does them good, and others who have to do with them rather injure them. Is not that true, Meletus, of horses or any other animals? Yes, certainly. Whether you, Anytus, say this or no, that is no matter. Happy indeed would be the condition of youth if they had one corrupter only, and all the rest of the world their improvers. And you, Meletus, have sufficiently shown that you never had a thought about the young. Your carelessness is seen in your not caring about the matters spoken of in this very indictment.

JOWETT.

[The "Apology" concludes with the following noble language.]

I say then to you, O Athenians, who have condemned me to death, that immediately after my death a punishment

will overtake you, far more severe, by Jupiter, than that which you have inflicted on me. For you have done this, thinking you should be freed from the necessity of giving an account of your life. The very contrary, however, as I affirm, will happen to you. Your accusers will be more numerous, whom I have now restrained, though you did not perceive it; and they will be more severe, inasmuch as they are younger, and you will be more indignant. For, if you think that by putting men to death you will restrain any one from upbraiding you because you do not live well, you are much mistaken; for this method of escape is neither possible nor honorable, but that other is most honorable and most easy, not to put a check upon others, but for a man to take heed to himself, how he may be most perfect. Having predicted thus much to those of you who have condemned me, I take my leave of you.

But with you who have voted for my acquittal I would gladly hold converse on what has now taken place, while the magistrates are busy and I am not yet carried to the place where I must die. Stay with me, then, so long, O Athenians, for nothing hinders our conversing with each other whilst we are permitted to do so; for I wish to make known to you, as being my friends, the meaning of that which has just now befallen me. To me, then, O my judges,—and in calling you judges I call you rightly,—a strange thing has happened. For the wonted prophetic voice of my guardian deity,* on every former occasion, even in the most trifling affairs, opposed me if I was about to do anything wrong; but now that has befallen me which you yourselves behold, and which any one would think and which is supposed to be the extremity of evil, yet neither

*Socrates claimed to be always attended by a guardian spirit who advised and warned him.

when I departed from home in the morning did the warning of the god oppose me, nor when I came up here to the place of trial, nor in my address when I was about to say anything; yet on other occasions it has frequently restrained me in the midst of speaking. But now it has never throughout this proceeding opposed me, either in what I did or said. What then do I suppose to be the cause of this? I will tell you: what has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. A great proof of this to me is the fact that it is impossible but that the accustomed signal should have opposed me, unless I had been about to meet with some good.

Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think that if any one, having selected a night in which he slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, and having compared this night with all the other nights and days of his life, should be required on consideration to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life, I think that not only a private person but even the great king himself would find them easy to number in comparison with other days and nights. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my

judges? For if, on arriving at Hades, released from those who pretend to be judges, one finds those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such others of the demi-gods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I indeed should be willing to die often, if this be true. For to me the sojourn there would be admirable, when I should meet with Palamedes, and Ajax son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasing occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so, but is not. At what price, my judges, would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy? or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, whom one might mention, both men and women? with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness. Surely for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for in other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal, if at least what is said be true.

You, therefore, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares, is better for me. On this account the warning in no way turned me aside; and I bear no resent-

ment towards those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me: in this they deserve to be blamed.

But it is now time to depart,—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God.

[We may conclude these selections with one example, from Xenophon's "*Memorabilia*," of Socrates's peculiar and very effective method of argument and reasoning,—the conversation with Glaukon on the qualifications of a ruler.]

When Glaukon, the son of Ariston, not yet twenty years old, was obstinately bent on making a speech to the people of Athens, and could not be stopped by his other friends and relations, even though he was dragged from the speaker's *bema* by main force and well laughed at, Socrates did what they could not do, and, by talking with him, checked this ambitious attempt.

"So, Glaukon," said he, "it appears that you intend to take a leading part in the affairs of the state."—"I do, Socrates," he replied.—"And, by Jupiter," said Socrates, "if there be any brilliant position among men, that is one. For if you attain this object, you may do what you like, serve your friends, raise your family, exalt your country's power, become famous in Athens, in Greece, and perhaps even among the barbarians, so that when they see you they will look at you as a wonder, as was the case with Themistocles." This kind of talk took Glaukon's fancy, and he stayed to listen.

Socrates then went on. "Of course, in order that the city may thus honor you, you must promote the benefit of the city."—"Of course," Glaukon said.—"And now," said Socrates, "do not be as niggard of your confidence,

but tell me, of all love, what is the first point in which you will promote the city's benefit."—And when Glaukon hesitated at this, as having to consider in what point he should begin his performances, Socrates said, "Of course, if you were to have to benefit the family of a friend, the first thing you would think of would be to make him richer; and in like manner, perhaps, you would try to make the city richer."—"Just so," said he.—"Then, of course, you would increase the revenues of the city."—"Probably," said he.—"Good. Tell me, now, what are the revenues of the city, and what they arise from? Of course you have considered these points, with a view of making the resources which are scanty become copious, and of finding some substitute for those which fail."—"In fact," said Glaukon, "those are points which I have not considered."

"Well, if that be the case," said Socrates, "tell me at least what are the expenses of the city; for of course your plan is to retrench anything that is superfluous in these."—"But, by Jove," said he, "I have not given my attention to this matter."—"Well, then," said Socrates, "we will put off for the present this undertaking of making the city richer; for how can a person undertake such a matter without knowing the income and the outgoings?"

Glaukon of course must by this time have had some misgivings at having his fitness for a prime minister tested by such questioning as this. However, he does not yield at once. "But, Socrates," he says, "there is a way of making the city richer by taking wealth from our enemies."—"Doubtless there is," said Socrates, "if you are stronger than they; but if that is not so, you may by attacking them lose even the wealth you have."—"Of course that is so," says Glaukon.—"Well, then," says Socrates, "in order to avoid this mistake, you must know the strength of the

city and of its rivals. Tell me first the amount of our infantry, and of our naval force, and then that of our opponents."—"Oh, I cannot tell you that off-hand and without reference."—"Well, but if you have made memoranda on these subjects, fetch them. I should like to hear."—"No; in fact," he said, "I have no written memoranda on this subject."—"So. Then we must at any rate not begin with war; and indeed it is not unlikely that you have deferred this, as too weighty a matter for the very beginning of your statesmanship. Tell us, then, about our frontier fortresses, and our garrisons there, that we may introduce improvement and economy by suppressing the superfluous ones."—Here Glaukon has an opinion, probably the popular one of the day. "I would," he says, "suppress them all. I know that they keep guard so ill there, that the produce of the country is stolen."—Socrates suggests that the abolition of guards altogether would not remedy this, and asks Glaukon whether he knows by personal examination that they keep guard ill.—"No," he says, "but I guess it."—Socrates then suggests that it will be better to defer this point also, and to act when we do not guess, but know.—Glaukon assents that this may be the better way.—Socrates then proceeds to propound to Glaukon, in the same manner, the revenue which Athens derived from the silver-mines, and the causes of its decrease; the supply of corn, of which there was a large import into Attica; and Glaukon is obliged to allow that these are affairs of formidable magnitude.

But yet Socrates urges, No one can manage even one household without knowing and attending to such matters. Now, as it must be more difficult to provide for ten thousand houses than for one, he remarks that it may be best for him to begin with one, and suggests, as a proper case to make the experiment upon, the household of Glaukon's

uncle, Charmides; for he really needs help.—“Yes,” says Glaukon, “and I would manage my uncle’s household, but he will not let me.” And then Socrates comes in with an overwhelming retort: “And so,” he says, “though you cannot persuade your uncle to allow you to manage for him, you still think you can persuade the whole body of the Athenians, your uncle among the rest, to allow you to manage for them.” And he then adds the moral of the conversation: What a dangerous thing it is to meddle, either in word or act, with what one does not know!

SCENE FROM “THE KNIGHTS.”

ARISTOPHANES.

[Of the writers of Greek comedy we possess complete plays of one only, but he, fortunately, the most famous of them all, the world-renowned Aristophanes. Of the life of this writer we know little. The date and place of his birth are not known, and the first record of his existence is in the year 427 B.C., when he presented a comedy called the “*Banqueters*,” which won for him the second prize. He died about 380 B.C., after having produced numerous plays, of which eleven are now in existence.

The works of Aristophanes, like those of all the comedians of his day, dealt with the public men and the political problems of Athens with a directness and a satiric sharpness which would be deemed highly libellous in a modern writer, but which were then accepted with the greatest enjoyment by the people, who were in no humor to give legal redress to the parties assailed. His comedies are distinguished by a vigorous farcical element, and much of what we now call burlesque, but they display the greatest versatility and originality and the richest powers of humor and ridicule. His biting and brilliant satire has never been surpassed, if equalled. Much of his wit is local, and is lost in

translation, while some of it seems to us puerile; yet all his plays sparkle with brilliancy, while they display an ingenuity in the artifices of verse that is admirable. Frogs are made to croak choruses, pigs to grunt in iambs, and words are coined of amazing length,—the "*Ecclesiazusæ*" ending with one composed of one hundred and eighty letters.

"The Knights," from which we select, is the most bitter and virulent of his plays, containing a scorching assault on Cleon, a prominent political leader of Athens. A Sausage-seller is introduced as an opponent of Cleon in his bids for the favor of Demus,—the people of Athens. Demus, a householder, has three slaves, one of whom, a Paphlagonian (Cleon), completely governs him. The Sausage-seller is a rude fellow, who strives to outdo Cleon in noise and impudence in bidding for the favor of their master. The extract given is from the translation by Mitchell.]

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

Stripes and torment, whips and scourges, for the toll-collecting-knave!

Knighthood wounded, troops confounded, chastisement and vengeance crave.

Taxes sinking, tributes shrinking, mark his appetite for plunder;

At his crawl and ravening maw, dikes and whirlpools fail for wonder!

Explanation and evasion, covert act and close deceit,
Fraudful fawning, force and cunning,—who with him in these compete?

He can cheat and eke repeat twenty times his felon feat,
All before yon blessed sun has quenched his lamp of glowing heat.

Then to him!—pursue him!—strike, shiver, and hew him!
Confound him, and bound him, and storm all around him!

[Cleon, confounded by this attack, calls upon the high court of Athens for assistance.]

Judges, jurymen, or pleaders, ye whose soul is in your
fee,

Ye that in a three-pieced obol, father, mother, brother,
see,

Ye whose food I'm still providing, straining voice through
right and wrong,—

Mark and see, conspiracy drives and buffets me along.

Chorus. 'Tis with reason,—'tis in season,—'tis as you
yourself have done ;

Thou fang, thou claw, thou gulf, thou maw,—yielding part-
age fair to none.

Where's the officer at audit, but has felt your cursed grip,
Squeezed and tried with nice discernment, whether yet the
wretch be ripe ?

Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful to
discern

Which is green, and which is ripe, and which is just upon
the turn.

Is there one well pursed among us, lambkin-like in heart
and life,

Linked and wedded to retirement, hating business, hating
strife,

Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his mind is least
at home—

Room and place—from farthest Thrace at your bidding he
must come ;

Foot and hand are straight upon him, neck and shoulder in
your grip :

To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite him on the
hip.

Cleon (fawning). Ill from you comes this irruption, you
for whom my cares provide—

To reward old deeds of valor—stone and monumental
pride.

'Twas my purpose to deliver words and speech to that intent,
And for such my good intention must I be thus tempest-
rent?

Ch. Fawning braggart, proud deceiver, yielding like a
pliant thong,

We are not old men to cozen and to gull with lying tongue.
Fraud or force, assault or parry, at all points will we pursue
thee;

And the course which first exalted, knave, that same shall
now undo thee.

Cleon (to the audience). Town and weal—I make appeal
—back and breast these monsters feel.

Ch. Have we wrung a clamor from thee, pest and ruin
of the town?

Sausage. Clamor as he will, I'll raise a voice that shall
his clamor drown.

Ch. To outreach this knave in speech were a great and
glorious feat,

But to pass in face and brass,—that were triumph all com-
plete.

Cleon (to the audience). Allegation, affirmation, I am here
prepared to make,

That this man (*pointing to Sausage-seller*) shipped spars
and sausages, and all for Sparta's sake.

Sau. Head and oath, I stake them both, and free before
this presence say

That the hall a guest most hungry sees in this man (*point-
ing to Cleon*) every day:

He walks in with belly empty and with full one goes away.

Demus. Add to this, upon my witness, that, in covert
close disguise,

Of fish and flesh, and bread most fragrant, he makes there
unlawful prize:

Pericles, in all his grandeur, ne'er was gifted in such guise.

Cleon (loudly). Fate has marked you with her eye :
Yet awhile, and both must die.

Sau. (louder). Pitch your voice, knave, as you will,
I'll that voice outclamor still.

Cleon (crescendo). When I soar, the ocean's roar
Fails for very wonder.

Sau. In my throat I've but one note,
And that note is—thunder (*very loud*).

Cleon. I have test your parts to try ;
Look at me, nor wink your eye.

Sau. Be your challenge on your head (*looks without winking*) ;
Where suppose ye I was bred ?

Cleon. I can steal, and, matchless grace !
Own it with unblushing face ;
You dare not thus pursue it.

Sau. Empty boasting, void as air ;
I can steal, and then outswear
The man that saw me do it.

Cleon (mortified). Small applause your feats demand ;
The art, 'tis known,
Is not your own ;
You're but a knave at second hand.
But to the hall anon I go ;
Incontinent our chairmen know
You've intestines here which owe
A tithe to Jove and heaven.

Ch. Wretch without a parallel—
Son of thunder—child of hell—
Creature of one mighty sense,
Concentrated Impudence !
From earth's centre to the sea
Nature stinks of that and thee.

* * * * *

[We give in conclusion Frere's translation of a much admired passage from "The Birds." It is an amusing satire on the prevailing philosophic discussions and the fancies of mythology.]

PARABASIS FROM "THE BIRDS."

Ye children of man, whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the sovereign birds
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air),
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. We propose by and by
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear,
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce
When his doubts are explained and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Ether and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight;
Nor Ocean, nor Air, nor Substance, was there,
Or Solid or Rare, or Figure or Form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm.
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old was a privy deposit,

By Night the primeval in secrecy laid,—
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched, till time came about,
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars on his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnished,
To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
And golden and azure, and blooming and burnished.

He soon in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses,
Impregnated Chaos, and hastily snatched
To being and life, begotten and hatched,
The primitive Birds. But the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth,
More tamely combined, of a temperate kind,
When chaotical mixture approached to a fixture.

Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone ;
Like him, we can ramble, and gambol, and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky :
And all the world over we're friends to the lover,
And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a peacock or pheasant is sent for a present.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

[The literary ability of the elder Pliny was surpassed by that of his nephew and adopted son, C. Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, who was born at Como, 62 A.D., was carefully educated by his uncle, and early showed

a passionate devotion to literature, writing a Greek tragedy before he was fifteen. He studied eloquence under Quintilian, and acquired the reputation of being one of the most learned men of the age. Our knowledge of him as an author is mainly derived from his "*Epistolæ*," or letters, many of which were undoubtedly prepared with a view to publication, and which afford us a valuable insight into the manners and political questions of the day, as well as into the characters of the leading personages. They hold a high place in epistolary literature, being charmingly written, lively in their descriptions, simple and elegant in style, and little, if at all, inferior to their models, the letters of Cicero. As an illustration of Pliny's powers of description, we select his account of an interesting historical incident, the terrible eruption of Vesuvius by which the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed. The elder Pliny lost his life during this eruption, as here described. The story is told in two letters, which were written to Tacitus, the historian. We give Melmoth's translation.]

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal works will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of whom my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme

willingness, therefore, I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August [79 A.D.], about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud that appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study. He immediately arose and went out on an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind.

As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa being situate at the foot of Mount Vesuvius,

there was no way to escape but by sea: she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with the pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock: they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments that rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave. Carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and, indeed, extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the

baths to be got ready ; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the mean while the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages which the country-people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep ; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out ; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two ; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins ; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night ; which,

however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still ran extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth that was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again—which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident—his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I were at Misenum.

[The remainder of the narrative is given in the second letter, in which the writer describes his own adventures during the eruption.]

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been, for many days before, some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night that they not only shook everything around us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the

buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness, but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who had just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and, observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security. Nevertheless, I still went on with my author.

Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger: we therefore resolved to leave the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and, as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own, pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain, at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. At the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I men-

tioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great warmth and earnestness, said, "If your brother and your uncle is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why, therefore, do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation.

Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; as indeed it entirely hid the island of Capreae and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulence rendered all attempts of that sort impossible. However, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall on us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we yet had any light, to turn out of the high-road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting

his own fate, another that of his family ; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying ; some lifting their hands to the gods ; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together. Among these were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, as in truth it was, than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us ; then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that during all this scene of horror not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong, consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself.

At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke ; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear, though indeed with a much larger share of the latter ; for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger

we had passed and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we should receive some account from my uncle.

THE DEATH OF DIDO.

VIRGIL.

[The greatest poet of the Latin race, P. Virgilius Maro, was born in the year 70 B.C., at a small village near Mantua. He was highly educated in literature, and after some fluctuations of fortune made the acquaintance of the powerful Mæcenas, and through him gained the favor of the emperor Augustus. He now became prosperous and popular, and took rank as the leading poet of Rome; yet he was a man of melancholy and retiring disposition, with a rustic shyness that ill fitted him for the polite circles of the capital. His later life was spent at Naples, his pulmonary weakness requiring its favorable climate. He died in 19 B.C., on his return from a journey to Greece.

The poems of Virgil consist of the "Bucolics" or "Eclogues," Sicilian pastorals, written in imitation of Theocritus; the "Georgics," or descriptions of Italian rural life, of which Hesiod formed the model; and the "Æneid," an epic poem based on the works of Homer and other Grecian authors. Virgil, indeed, is in no sense original in the source and method of his poems. He borrowed freely from his predecessors, but borrowed with the hand of genius, which has the art of turning lead and iron into gold. As a poet his merit is of the highest. For variety of incidents, skill in their management, the interest with which he invests them, fine characterization, and general majesty of tone and grace of language, the "Æneid" has no superior, while its powers of personification and word-painting are equally excellent. The "pious Æneas" of the poem, however, has more virtue in talk than in action, and his base desertion of Dido, the wronged Carthaginian queen, hardly accords with modern ideas of piety. The most admired portion of the poem is the description of Dido's despair and suicide. This we give, in the heptameter version of Wil-

liam Morris. The poet makes the gods responsible for Æneas's perfidy. Jupiter sends Mercury down to command Æneas to set sail for Italy. Dido seeks by prayers and accusations to dissuade him from this purpose, but all her appeals are in vain ; the ships are launched, and made ready for sea.]

AN, Dido, when thou sawest all what heart in thee abode !
What groans thou gavest when thou saw'st from tower-
top the long strand
A-boil with men all up and down ; the sea on every hand
Before thine eyes by stir of men torn into all unrest !
O evil Love, where wilt thou not drive on a mortal breast ?
Lo, she is driven to weep again and pray him to be kind,
And suppliant, in the bonds of love her lofty heart to bind,
Lest she should leave some way untried and die at last for
naught.

“ Anna, thou seest the strand astir, the men together
brought
From every side, the canvas spread calling the breezes
down,
While joyful on the quarter-deck the sea-folk lay the
crown.
Sister, since I had might to think that such a thing could
be,
I shall have might to bear it now : yet do one thing for
me,
Poor wretch, O Anna : for to thee alone would he be kind,
That traitor, and would trust to you the inmost of his
mind,
And thou alone his softening ways and melting times dost
know.
O sister, speak a suppliant word to that high-hearted
foe. . . .
Why will his ears be ever deaf to any word I say ?

Where hurrieth he? Oh, let him give his wretched love
one gift;

Let him but wait soft sailing-time, when fair the breezes
shift.

No longer for the wedding past, undone, I make my prayer,
Nor that he cast his lordship by, and promised Latium
fair.

For empty time, for rest and stay of madness now I ask:
Let Fortune teach the overthrown to learn her weary task.
Sister, I pray this latest grace; oh, pity me to-day,
And manifold when I am dead the gift will I repay."

So prayed she: such unhappy words of weeping Anna
bears,

And bears again and o'er again: but him no weeping stirs,
Nor any voice he hearkeneth now may turn him from his
road:

God shut the hero's steadfast ears; fate in the way abode.
As when against a mighty oak, strong growth of many
a year,

On this side and on that the blasts of Alpine Boreas bear,
Contending which shall root it up: forth goes the roar,
deep lie

The driven leaves upon the earth from shaken bole on high,
But fast it clingeth to the crag, and high as goes its head
To heaven aloft, so deep adown to hell its roots are spread.
E'en so by ceaseless drift of words the hero ever wise
Is battered, and the heavy care deep in his bosom lies;
Steadfast the will abides in him; the tears fall down for
naught.

Ah, and unhappy Dido then the very death besought,
Outworn by fate.

[A series of boding auguries strengthens the resolve of the unhappy
queen to destroy herself; but she conceals her design from her sister,

and induces her to build a funeral pile, with the avowed purpose of burning on it all the memorials she possesses of the flying Æneas.]

Now night it was, and everything on earth had won the
grace

Of quiet sleep: the woods had rest, the wildered waters'
face:

It was the tide when stars roll on amid their courses due,
And all the tilth was hushed, and beasts, and birds of many
a hue,

And all that is in waters wide, and what the waste doth
keep

In thicket rough, amid the hush of night tide lay asleep,
And slipping off the load of care forgot their toilsome part.
But ne'er might that Phœnician queen, that most unhappy
heart,

Sink into sleep, or take the night unto her eyes and breast:
Her sorrows grow, and love again swells up with all unrest,
And ever midst her troubled wrath rolls on a mighty tide;
And thus she broods and turns it o'er and o'er on every
side:

“Ah, whither now? Shall I bemocked my early lovers
try,

And go Numidian wedlock now on bended knee to buy,—
I, who so often scorned to take their bridal-bearing hands?
Or shall I, following Ilian ships, bear uttermost commands
Of Teucrian men, because my help their lightened hearts
makes kind,—

Because the thank for deeds I did lies ever on their
mind? . . .

Or, hedged with all my Tyrian host, upon them shall I
bear,

Driving again across the sea those whom I scarce might
tear

From Sidon's city, forcing them to spread their sails abroad?
Nay, stay thy grief with steel, and die, and reap thy due
reward!

Thou, sister, conquered by my tears, wert first this bane
to lay

On my mad soul, and cast my heart in that destroyer's
way.

Why was I not allowed to live without the bridal bed,
Sackless and free as beasts afield, with no woes wearied?
Why kept I not the faith of old to my Sychæus sworn?"
Such wailing of unhappy words from out her breast was
torn.

[Æneas, meanwhile, sleeping in his ship, is visited again by Mercury,
and bidden to fly at once, lest the queen change her mood and assail
him with the coming dawn. He rouses his men from slumber, and
prepares to obey the orders of the gods.]

And from the sheath his lightning sword flew out
E'en as he spake: with naked blade he smote the hawser
through,

And all are kindled at his flame; they hurry and they do.
The shore is left, with crowd of keels the sight of sea is
dim;

Eager they whirl the spray aloft, as o'er the blue they
skim.

And now Aurora left alone Tithonus' saffron bed,
And first light of another day across the world she shed.
But when the queen from tower aloft beheld the dawn
grow white,

And saw the ships upon their way with fair sails trimmed
aright,

And all the haven shipless left, and reach of empty strand,
Then thrice and o'er again she smote her fair breast with
her hand,

And rent her yellow hair, and cried, "Ah, Jove! and is he
gone?

And shall a very stranger mock the lordship I have won?
Why arm they not? Why gather not from all the town
in chase?

Ho ye! why run ye not the ships down from their standing-
place?

Quick bring the fire! shake out the sails! hard on the oars
to sea!

—What words are these, or where am I? What madness
changes me?

Unhappy Dido! now at last thine evil deed strikes home.
Ah, better when thou mad'st him lord—lo, whereunto are
come

His faith and troth who erst, they say, his country's house-
gods held

The while he took upon his back his father spent with
eld?

Why! might I not have shred him up, and scattered him
piecemeal

About the sea, and slain his friends, his very son, with
steel,

Ascanius on his father's back for dainty meat to lay?

But doubtful, say ye, were the fate of battle? Yea, oh, yea!

What might I fear, who was to die?—if I had borne the
fire

Among their camp, and filled his decks with flame, and son
and sire

Quenched with their whole flock, and myself had cast upon
it all!

—O Sun, whose flames on every deed earth doeth ever fall,
O Juno, setter-forth and seer of these our many woes,
Hecate, whose name howled out anights o'er city cross-way
goes,

Avenging Dread Ones, Gods that guard Elissa perishing,
O hearken! turn your might most meet against the evil
thing!

O hearken these our prayers! and if the doom must surely
stand,

And he, the wicked head, must gain the port and swim
aland,

If Jove demand such fixed fate and every change doth bar,
Yet let him faint 'mid weapon-strife and hardy folk of war,
And let him, exiled from his house, torn from Iulus, wend,
Beseeching help 'mid wretched death of many and many a
friend.

And when at last he yieldeth him to pact of grinding
peace,

Then short-lived let his lordship be, and loved life's in-
crease,

And let him fall before his day, unburied on the shore!

Lo, this I pray, this last of words forth with my blood I
pour.

And ye, O Tyrians, 'gainst his race that is, and is to be,
Feed full your hate! When I am dead send down this gift
to me:

No love betwixt the peoples twain, no troth for anything!
And thou, Avenger of my wrongs, from my dead bones
outspring,

To bear the fire and the sword o'er Dardan-peopled earth
Now or hereafter; whensoever the day brings might to
birth.

I pray the shore against the shore, the sea against the sea,
The sword 'gainst sword,—fight ye that are, and ye that
are to be!"

So sayeth she, and everwise she turns about her mind
How ending of the loathed light she speediest may find.

And few words unto Barce spoke, Sychæus' nurse of yore;
For the black ashes held her own upon the ancient shore :
"Dear nurse, my sister Anna now bring hither to my
 need,
And bid her for my sprinkling tide the running water
 speed ;
And bid her have the hosts with her, and due atoning
 things ;
So let her come ; but thou, thine head bind with the holy
 strings ;
For I am minded now to end what I have set afoot,
And worship duly Stygian Jove and all my cares uproot,
Setting the flame beneath the bale of that Dardanian
 head."

She spake ; with hurrying of eld the nurse her footsteps
 sped.
But Dido, trembling, wild at heart with her most dread
 intent,
Rolling her bloodshot eyes about, her quivering cheeks
 besprent
With burning flecks, and elsewhere dead white with death
 drawn nigh,
Burst through the inner door-ways there and clomb the
 bale on high,
Fulfilled with utter madness now, and bared the Dardan
 blade,
Gift given not for such a work, for no such ending made.
There, when upon the Ilian gear her eyen had been set,
And bed well known, 'twixt tears and thoughts awhile she
 lingered yet ;
Then brooding low upon the bed her latest word she spake :
"O raiment dear to me while gods and fate allowed, now
 take

This soul of mine and let me loose from all my woes at last!

I, I have lived, and down the way fate showed to me have passed;

And now a mighty shade of me shall go beneath the earth!
A glorious city have I raised, and brought my walls to birth,

Avenged my husband, made my foe, my brother, pay the pain:

Happy, ah, happy overmuch were all my life-days' gain
If never those Dardanian keels had drawn our shores anigh."

She spake: her lips lay on the bed: "Ah, unavenged to die!

But let me die! Thus, thus 'tis good to go into the night!
Now let the cruel Dardan eyes drink in the bale-fire's light,

And bear for sign across the sea this token of my death."
Her speech had end: but on the steel, amid the last word's breath,

They see her fallen; along the blade they see her blood foam out,

And all her hands besprent therewith: wild fly the shrieks about

The lofty halls, and Rumor runs mad through the smitten town.

The houses sound with women's wails and lamentable groan;

The mighty clamor of their grief rings through the upper skies.

'Twas e'en as if all Carthage fell 'mid flood of enemies,
Or mighty Tyre of ancient days,—as if the wildfire ran
Rolling about the roof of God and dwelling-place of man.

Half dead her sister heard, and rushed distraught and trembling there,

With nail and fist befouling all her face and bosom fair :
She thrust amidst them, and by name called on the dying queen :

“ Oh, was it this, my sister, then ! guile in thy words hath been !

And this was what the bale, the fire, the altars wrought for me !

Where shall I turn so left alone ? Ah, scorned was I to be
For death-fellow ! thou shouldst have called me too thy way to wend.

One sword-pang should have been for both, one hour to make an end.

Built I with hands, on Father-Gods with crying did I cry,
To be away, a cruel heart, from thee laid down to die ?

O sister, me and thee, thy folk, the fathers of the land,
Thy city, hast thou slain—oh, give, give water to my hand,
And let me wash the wound, and if some last breath linger there,

Let my mouth catch it !”

Saying so, she reached the topmost stair,
And to her breast the dying one she fondled, groaning sore,
And with her raiment strove to stanch the black and flowing gore.

Then Dido strove her heavy lids to lift, but back again
They sank, and deep within her breast whispered the deadly bane :

Three times on elbow struggling up a little did she rise,
And thrice fell back upon the bed, and sought with wandering eyes

The light of heaven aloft, and moaned when it was found at last.

Then on her long-drawn agony did Juno pity cast,

Her hard departing; Iris then she sent from heaven on
high,
And bade her from the knitted limbs the struggling soul
untie.

For since by fate she perished not, nor waited death-doom
given,

But hapless died before her day, by sudden fury driven,
Not yet the tress of yellow hair had Proserpine off-shred,
Nor unto Stygian Orcus yet had doomed her wandering
head.

So Iris ran adown the sky on wings of saffron dew,
And colors shifting thousandfold against the sun she drew,
And overhead she hung: "So bid, from off thee this I
bear,

Hallowed to Dis, and charge thee now from out thy body
fare."

She spake and sheared the tress away: then failed the life-
heat spent,

And forth away upon the wind the spirit of her went.

[To this extract from the "*Æneid*" may be added some short selections from the "*Georgics*," in illustration of Virgil's bucolic style.]

PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

Thrice happy swains, whom gentle pleasures bless,
If they but knew and felt their happiness!
From wars and discord far, and public strife,
Earth with salubrious fruits supports their life:
Though high-arched domes, though marble halls they want,
And columns cased in gold and elephant,
In awful ranks where brazen statues stand,
The polished work of Grecia's skilful hand,
Nor dazzling palace view, whose portals proud
Each morning vomit out the cringing crowd,

Nor wear the tissued garments' cumbrous pride,
Nor seek soft wool in Syrian purple dyed,
Nor with fantastic luxury defile
The native sweetness of the liquid oil;
Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares,
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace, and rest, are theirs;
Leisure and ease, in groves and cooling vales,
Grottos, and bubbling brooks, and darksome dales;
The lowing oxen, and the bleating sheep,
And under branching trees delicious sleep!
There forests, lawns, and haunts of beasts abound,
There youth is temperate and laborious found;
There altars and the righteous gods are feared,
And aged sires by duteous sons revered;
There Justice lingered ere she fled mankind,
And left some traces of her reign behind.

WARTON.

THE BEE COMMUNITY.

If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave, experienced bee;
That in the field; this in affairs of state,
Employed at home, abides within the gate,
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins lest the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The laboring youth, and heavy-laden, home.
Plains, meads, and orchards all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
He spoils the saffron flowers, he sips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their sleep;
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;

Rush through the city gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day :
Then, having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night ;
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.

DRYDEN.

THE AUCTION OF PHILOSOPHERS.

LUCIAN.

[This witty and celebrated Greek satirist was born about 125 A.D., at Samosata, in Syria. His parents being poor, he was put to learn the trade of a sculptor ; but, having spoiled the first piece of marble that was placed in his hands, he was sent home with a beating. He journeyed to Greece when twenty years of age, and some years afterwards to Gaul, where he taught rhetoric for ten years. He afterwards travelled considerably, settled in 165 A.D. in Athens, and finally became connected with the law-courts of Alexandria, where he died about the end of the century.

Lucian has been called the Greek Voltaire, having the skill and versatility of the great French writer, and a rich humor which has influenced such satirists as Cervantes, Rabelais, Butler, and Sterne. His literary powers were, indeed, of the highest order, while his keen sense of the ridiculous and his genial humor leave him without a peer in this respect among ancient writers. He had cultivated the classic style of Attica, in which he gained remarkable skill. As an author he was prolific, there being seventy-nine works, besides several poems, extant under his name, though many of them are believed to be spurious. Of these his dialogues are the most celebrated. He looked with thorough contempt upon the old mythologic faith, and his satires went far towards giving the death-blow to heathenism. All the religious creeds of his day, indeed,—Christianity among the number,—were subjects of his ridicule. The ancient philosophers were constantly

satirized. Of this we give an amusing example, in which the philosophers of Greece are put up for sale at the slave-block. The translation is that of Echard.]

Jupiter. Come, get ready the scaffolds, and spruce up a place for the merchants. Do you stand ready to bring out the goods in order. But first trim them up, to make them neat and sightly, to invite chapmen to buy. Do you, Mercury, be crier, and in the name of good luck summon customers to appear at our market. You must cry philosophers of all sects and sizes; and if any buyer is short of ready money, we'll trust him a twelvemonth upon good security.

Mercury. Oh, they come in shoals; we must nick the opportunity, and not be too tedious with them.

Jup. Begin the sale, then.

Merc. Whom shall I bring out first?

Jup. The Ionian there, that same bush-haired, grave-looking personage.

Merc. So ho, Pythagoras, come down and show your shapes before the company.

Jup. Make proclamation.

Merc. Oh yes! gentlemen; I first present you with a rare and venerable mortal. Who bids? Who's for being more than man? Who for knowing the harmony of the universe, and for taking the lease of a life or two after this?

Merchant. The fellow has none of the worst look; but where lies his excellency?

Merc. In arithmetic, astronomy, magic, geometry, music, and juggling; and he's an accomplished fortune-teller to boot.

Merch. May a body catechise him a little?

Merc. Ay, and welcome.

Merch. What countryman are you, friend?

Pyth. A Samian.

Merch. Where were you bred?

Pyth. In Egypt, among the sage philosophers.

Merch. Very well: in case I should bargain for you, what will you teach me?

Pyth. Nothing: I shall only be your remembrancer.

Merch. How's that, prithee?

Pyth. Why, first I'll purify your soul, and refine it from all its dross.

Merch. Suppose it is already refined, what methods will you use then?

Pyth. First, I must enjoin you a long silence; tie up your tongue, so that you shall not speak a word for five years together.

Merch. Prithee, friend, go preach to Cræsus's son; I'm very talkative, and don't like being a statue. But what should I learn after the five years were out?

Pyth. Music and geometry.

Merch. A very good jest, i' faith! I must first be a fiddler, then a philosopher.

Pyth. Next you must learn the art of numbering.

Merch. Pooh! that I understand already.

Pyth. Let's see a sample.

Merch. One, two, three, four.

Pyth. Little do you think that four is ten, an equilateral triangle, and the number we swear by.

Merch. By the grand oath four, nothing can be more divine or sacred.

Pyth. Next, my friend, I'll teach you the power of the earth, air, water, and fire, with their several forms and motions.

Merch. Have air and water a form, then?

Pyth. Ay, without doubt; for without such they could

have no motion. Besides, you must know that God himself is nothing but number and harmony.

Merch. Wonderful! as I hope to live.

Pyth. Nay, more than all this; you that seem one thing shall find yourself another, and another after that.

Merch. How's that, though? Am I somebody else, and not he that's talking with you now?

Pyth. At present you are he, but time was when you were another shape and name, and time will be when you shall undergo a new transmigration.

Merch. Say you so, in truth? Then I shall be immortal, since I shift shapes so often. But let that pass. Prithee, friend, what dost thou feed upon?

Pyth. Nothing that has had life; but everything else except beans.

Merch. What quarrel have you against beans?

Pyth. No quarrel at all; but they are divine and mysterious things. First, they have a prolific quality; . . . then, if you boil them, and expose them a certain number of nights to the moon, they will turn to blood. And, what's more than all, the Athenians always choose their magistrates by beans.

Merch. Troth, well and piously spoken. I'll buy him, at any rate. Pray, what do you ask for him?

Merc. Five-and-twenty pieces.

Merch. A bargain, then; I'll have him.

Jup. Enter the buyer's name, and where we may find him.

Merc. It seems, sir, he's an Italian, upon the Grecian coasts of Croton and Tarentum. But he's not alone, for they're near three hundred strong who go shares in him.

Jup. Let them have him away, then; and do you bring out another.

Merc. Would you have that nasty, ill-looking fellow of Pontus?

Jup. By all means.

Merc. So ho! you fellow with your bag at your back, you shoulders! stand forth, and take a turn round the assembly. Oh yes! I present you with a lusty, rare, well-bred, free-born mortal. Who bids?

Merc. By your leave, Mr. Crier, dare you sell a free-man? Ha!

Merc. Yes, indeed.

Merc. Are you not afraid of being indicted for kidnaping, or of being summoned before the Areopagus?

Merc. He cares not a straw for being sold; he thinks he's as free as the best for all that.

Merc. What use can a body have for such a wretched slovenly cur, unless one make him a delver or a water-carrier?

Merc. That's not all. You may make him your porter; the fellow's worth forty dogs; besides, he's got the name of one already.

Merc. What's his country, and where lies his chief talent?

Merc. Ask him that question: he can best resolve you.

Merc. Gadzooks! I'm afraid to come near the sour, grim-looking dog, for fear he should open upon me and snap me by the nose. Do you see how the rogue lifts up his cudgel, knits his brows, and looks as fierce and terrible as a demi-gorgon?

Merc. Fear him not, man; he's tame enough.

Merc. Prithee, honest friend, what countryman art thou?

Diogenes. I am one of the Worldenses.

Merc. What do you mean?

Diog. Why, I'm a citizen of the whole world.

Merc. Whom do you imitate?

Diog. Hercules.

Merch. In his club, indeed; but then why not in his lion's skin?

Diog. My threadbare cloak's my lion's skin, in which, like him, but as a reformer, I wage a mortal war with pleasures, and mean to clear mankind of those monsters.

Merch. Faith, an heroic enterprise! But, good man, by what science are you distinguished, or what art do you profess?

Diog. I'm the deliverer of mankind, and the physician of the passions. In short, I desire to be a professor of truth and of plain dealing.

Merch. Well, Mr. Professor, suppose I should purchase you, how would you manage me?

Diog. First, I'll take and strip you of all your delights, confine you to beggary, and clothe you with rags. Next, I'll enjoin you to toil and moil all day, sleep on the ground at night, drink nothing but water, and eat what comes first to hand. Then, if you have any money, by my good will, throw it all into the sea. As for wife, children, and country, take no care about, but look upon them all as insignificant baubles. Then, leaving your native house, you shall take up in some old cave, forsaken ruins, or else in some tub. You must have a budget crammed full of lupins and old musty writings. Thus rigged out, you shall vie in happiness with the greatest monarch upon earth; and if you are whipped and racked to death you won't mind it a bit.

Merch. How's that? May I be whipped and feel no pain? Troth, I'm neither cased with tortoise nor lobster shell.

Diog. You must imitate the saying of Euripides, but a little turned.

Merch. Prithee, what is't?

Diog. "Though grief your mind possesses, your tongue is free." But your principal accomplishments are—to be

very impudent ; vastly rash ; to snarl at all without distinction, at kings as well as private persons : the only way to be regarded and admired for a man of spirit. Let your elocution be barbarous ; your pronunciation rude and altogether like a dog's ; your looks forced, and your gait of the same stamp ; in short, your whole deportment wild and savage. . . . Lastly, when you're weary of this world, take a dose of poison, and pack off to the next. This is the happiness we shall treat you withal.

Merch. I've no great occasion for such accomplishments. Possibly in time you may arrive to the honor of a tarpaulin or a digger ; therefore, if your master will take a couple of pence for you I'll venture to give that.

Merc. Ay, ay, away with him ; and a fair riddance. The dog has kept up such a coil and clamor, and made such a confounded snarling at us all, we could not be at peace for him.

[Several other philosophers are introduced and offered for sale, Democritus, Heraclitus, Socrates, Chrysippus, and then Aristotle, who, however, is not exposed to a personal interrogation.]

Merc. Stand forth the rich, handsome Peripatetic. Come, gentlemen, what say you to the wisest man in the world, and one that knows all things ?

Merch. What is he ?

Merc. Oh, a mighty modest, just, and regular person ; and, more than all, a double philosopher.

Merch. How double ?

Merc. He appears one thing without and another within ; therefore, if you should chance to buy him, you must be sure to remember to call him "inside" and "outside."

Merch. Where lies his knowledge ?

Merc. Oh, he has a treble knowledge ; he says there are three sorts of good : one of the mind ; another of the body ; and a third extrinsical to both.

Merch. He understands human affairs. But what do you value him at?

Merc. Fifty pieces.

Merch. That's plaguey dear, though!

Merc. Not at all, good sir; the fellow seems to have money of his own, therefore you can't be too ready to snap him up. Besides, he'll teach you how long a gnat lives; how many fathoms the sun will shine into the sea; and what sort of souls oysters have got. . . .

Merch. Troth, admirable and profitable sciences! Well, here's your fifty pieces.

Merc. Very well. Who's behind? Oh, 'tis your Sceptic! Stand forth, Pyrrho; you're next to be cried. The company is grown very thin, and the market runs low. Who buys this philosopher?

Merch. That will I: but first, tell me what you know.

Pyrrho. Nothing.

Merch. How so?

Pyr. Because to me nothing seems to exist.

Merch. Are we all nothing?

Pyr. 'Tis more than I know.

Merch. Art thou anything, then?

Pyr. That I know less than the other.

Merch. Strange; but what have you those scales for?

Pyr. In them I weigh the reasons on each side of a question, and when I find the balance equal on both, conclude that I know nothing. . . .

Merch. Fellow, what's the end of thy knowledge?

Pyr. Ignorance, and neither to hear nor yet to see.

Merch. Are thou deaf and blind, then?

Pyr. Ay, and want both sense and reason too; and there's not a bit of difference between me and a worm.

Merch. Therefore I'll buy thee for a rarity. What's his price, crier?

Merc. But fifty shillings.

Merch. Take your money. What say you, friend, have I bought you or not?

Pyr. 'Tis uncertain whether you have or not.

Merch. The deuce it is! I've bought thee, and paid the money down upon the nail.

Pyr. I suspend my judgment, and consider of it.

Merch. Follow me, as a servant should.

Pyr. Who knows whether you say a word of truth or not?

Merch. The crier, my money, and the standers-by will prove it.

Pyr. Is there anybody here, then?

Merch. Sirrah! I shall send you to the house of correction, and drive it into your head with an argument *a deteriori*.

Pyr. I doubt of that, too.

Merch. But, by Jove, I'll do it, though.

Merc. Hold your quibbling tongue, and follow your master that bought you. To-morrow, gentlemen, if you please to come, we shall sell private persons, mechanics, and mortals of the vulgar stamp.

POEMS OF PASSION.

SAPPHO.

[The poetess Sappho, so famous in the past for the richness and passionate fire of her lyric genius, of which we have ample evidence in the few poems and fragments of poems of hers which remain to us, was a native of Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, where she was born about 632 B.C. Very little is known of her life; the story that, in despair through unrequited love, she threw herself from the Leucadian promontory, the celebrated "Lovers' Leap" of Greece, being

most likely an invention of later times. No ancient poet was held in greater esteem than Sappho. The Mitylenians paid the highest honors to her name, gave her the title of the "Tenth Muse," and placed her image on their coins. The Romans, centuries afterwards, erected a magnificent porphyry statue to her memory. We give the most striking of the few relics of this famous poetess. The "Ode to Venus" was fortunately preserved to us through being quoted by Longinus, in his treatise on "The Sublime," in which he pronounced it one of the finest productions of the Greek lyric muse. Many translations, of varying merit, exist. We give that of Edwin Arnold, as preserving the metre and much of the spirit of the original.]

ODE TO VENUS.

Splendor-throned Queen! immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Jove—Enchantress! I implore thee,
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;

Slay me not, Goddess!

Come in thy pity—come, if I have prayed thee;
Come at the cry of my sorrow; in the old times
Oft thou hast heard and left thy father's heaven,

Left the gold houses,

Yoking thy chariot. Swiftly did the doves fly,
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder,
Waving their dark plumes all across the æther,

All down the azure!

Very soon they lighted. Then didst thou, Divine one,
Laugh a bright laugh from lips and eyes immortal,
Ask me, "What ailed me?—wherefore out of heaven

Thus I had called thee?

What it was made me madden in my heart so?"
Question me smiling—say to me, "My Sappho,
Who is it wrongs thee? tell me who refuses

Thee, vainly sighing.

Be it who it may be, he that flies shall follow;
He that rejects gifts, he shall bring thee many;



SAPPHO AND ALCAEUS.

He that hates now shall love thee dearly, madly—

Ay, though thou wouldst not."

So once again come, Mistress; and, releasing

Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,

Grant me my prayer, and be, as heretofore, now

Friend and protectress!

[To the above we add the following poem, which has received high praise as accurately depicting all the symptoms of the passion of love. Sappho perhaps had herself felt the flow of emotions of which she here so passionately sings in tones which the best translation but feebly reproduces.]

TO ONE BELOVED.

More happy than the gods is he

Who, soft reclining, sits by thee;

His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,

His eyes thy sweetly dimpled smiles.

This, this, alas! alarmed my breast,

And robbed me of my golden rest;

While gazing on thy charms I hung,

My voice died faltering on my tongue.

With subtle flames my bosom glows;

Quick through each vein the poison flows;

Dark, dimming mists my eyes surround;

My ears with hollow murmurs sound.

My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,

On my whole frame pale tremblings seize,

And, losing color, sense, and breath,

I seem quite languishing in death.

FAWKES.

[The following are perhaps the most graceful of the extant fragments of the poems of Sappho.]

TO THE ROSE.

Did Jove a queen of flowers decree,
The rose the queen of flowers should be.
Of flowers the eye ; of plants the gem ;
The meadow's blush ; earth's diadem ;
Glory of colors on the gaze,
Lightning in its beauty's blaze ;
It breathes of love ; it blooms the guest
Of Venus' ever-fragrant breast ;
In gaudy pomp its petals spread ;
Light foliage trembles round its head ;
With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair
It laughs to the voluptuous air.

TO VENUS.

Venus, queen of smiles and love,
Quit, oh, quit the skies above ;
To my lowly roof descend,
At the mirthful feast attend ;
Hand the golden goblet round,
With delicious nectar crowned ;
None but joyous friends you'll see,
Friends of Venus and of me.

THE ANCIENT GAULS AND GERMANS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

[Caius Julius Cæsar, who made the history which he wrote, needs at our hands nothing further than his literary biography. He was born 100 B.C., and lived fifty-six years, to the date of his assassination. His first distinction in a literary career was gained in oratory, in which he displayed an ability second only to that of Cicero.]

He first appeared as an author in a work descriptive of the Roman belief in augury, the "*Libri Auspiorum*." This was followed by a treatise on astronomy, entitled "*De Astris*." In a scientific sense these works are valueless, though otherwise they are of interest. His remarkable military career now began, but the activity of his subsequent life did not put an end to his literary labors. In the intervals of his campaigns he wrote his celebrated "*Memoirs*," or "*Commentaries of the Gallic and Civil Wars*," to which he owes his fame as an author. He wrote several minor works, all of which have perished, probably the most valuable of them being his orations, of which only the titles exist.

The "*Commentaries*" of Cæsar are exactly what they profess to be, sketches taken on the spot, jotted down while the incidents described were yet vivid in the memory of the writer. They are marked by the most graphic power, and their insight into human nature is of wonderful depth. Their style has an elegance and a polish equal to those of the most skilful writers of the Augustan age. Cæsar's calmness and equability of character are reflected in his work, which lacks imaginative ardor, and, as Cicero says, is statuesque rather than picturesque in the simple beauty of its language. From McDevitte's literal translation of the "*Commentaries*" we select the description of the characteristics of the Gauls and Germans, as of more interest and value than stories of war.]

THROUGHOUT all Gaul there are two orders of those men who are of any rank and dignity; for the commonalty is held almost in the condition of slaves, and dares to undertake nothing of itself, and is admitted to no deliberation. The greater part, when they are pressed either by debt, or the large amount of their tributes, or the oppression of the more powerful, give themselves up in vassalage to the nobles, who possess over them the same rights, without exception, as masters over their slaves. But of these two orders, one is that of the Druids, the other that of the knights. The former are engaged in things sacred, conduct the public and the private sacrifices, and interpret all matters of religion. To these a large number of the young

men resort for the purpose of instruction, and they [the Druids] are in great honor among them. For they determine respecting almost all controversies, public and private; and if any crime has been perpetrated, if murder has been committed, if there be any dispute about an inheritance, if any about boundaries, these same persons decide it; they decree rewards and punishments; if any one, either in a private or public capacity, has not submitted to their decision, they interdict him from the sacrifices. This among them is the most heavy punishment. Those who have been thus interdicted are esteemed in the number of the impious and the criminal: all shun them, and avoid their society and conversation, lest they receive some evil from their contact; nor is justice administered to them when seeking it, nor is any dignity bestowed on them.

Over all these Druids one presides, who possesses supreme authority among them. Upon his death, if any individual among the rest is pre-eminent in dignity, he succeeds; but, if there are many equal, the election is made by the suffrages of the Druids; sometimes they even contend for the presidency with arms. These assemble at a fixed period of the year in a consecrated place in the territories of the Carnutes, which is reckoned the central region of the whole of Gaul. Hither all who have disputes assemble from every part, and submit to their decrees and determinations. This institution is supposed to have been devised in Britain, and to have been brought over from it into Gaul; and now those who desire to gain a more accurate knowledge of that system generally proceed thither for the purpose of studying it.

The Druids do not go to war, nor pay tribute together with the rest; they have an exemption from military service, and a dispensation in all matters. Induced by such great advantages, many embrace this profession of their

own accord, and [many] are sent to it by their parents and relatives. They are said there to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly some remain in the course of training twenty years. Nor do they regard it as lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. . . . They wish to inculcate this as one of their leading tenets, that souls do not become extinct, but pass after death from one body to another, and they think that men by this tenet are in a great degree excited to valor, the fear of death being disregarded. They likewise discuss and impart to the youth many things respecting the stars and their motion, respecting the extent of the world and of our earth, respecting the nature of things, respecting the power and the majesty of the immortal gods.

The other order is that of the knights. These, when there is occasion and any war occurs [which before Cæsar's arrival was for the most part wont to happen every year, as they were constantly either inflicting injuries or retaliating those which others inflicted on them], are all engaged in war. And those of them most distinguished by birth and resources have the greatest number of vassals and dependants about them. They acknowledge this sort of influence and power only.

The nation of all the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites; and on that account they who are troubled with unusually severe diseases, and they who are engaged in battles and dangers, either sacrifice men as victims, or vow that they will sacrifice them, and employ the Druids as the performers of those sacrifices; because they think that unless the life of a man be offered for the life of a man, the mind of the immortal gods cannot be rendered propitious, and they have sacrifices of that kind ordained

for national purposes. Others have figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed of osiers, they fill with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish enveloped in the flames. They consider that the oblation of such as have been taken in theft, or in robbery, or any other offence, is more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when a supply of that class is wanting, they have recourse to the oblation of even the innocent.

[The historian proceeds to say that they worship Mercury, Apollo, Mars, and other Roman deities, he probably giving these names to the Gallic deities most like them in attributes.]

All the Gauls assert that they are descended from the god Dis, and say that this tradition has been handed down by the Druids. For that reason they compute the divisions of every season, not by the number of days, but of nights; they keep birthdays and the beginnings of months and years in such an order that the day follows the night. Among the other usages of their life, they differ in this from almost all other nations, that they do not permit their children to approach them openly until they are grown up so as to be able to bear the service of war; and they regard it as indecorous for a son of boyish age to stand in public in the presence of his father. . . .

Husbands have power of life and death over their wives as well as over their children: and when the father of a family born in a more than commonly distinguished rank has died, his relations assemble, and, if the circumstances of his death are suspicious, hold an investigation upon the wives in the manner adopted toward slaves, and, if proof be obtained, put them to severe torture, and kill them. Their funerals, considering the state of civilization among the Gauls, are magnificent and costly; and they cast into the fire all things, including living creatures, which they

suppose to have been dear to them when alive ; and, a little before this period, slaves and dependants who were ascertained to have been beloved by them were, after the regular funeral rites were completed, burnt together with them. . . .

The Germans differ much from these usages, for they have neither Druids to preside over sacred offices, nor do they pay great regard to sacrifices. They rank in the number of the gods those alone whom they behold and by whose instrumentality they are obviously benefited,—namely, the sun, fire, and the moon ; they have not heard of the other deities even by report. Their whole life is occupied in hunting and in the pursuits of the military art ; from childhood they devote themselves to fatigue and hardships. Those who have remained chaste for the longest time receive the greatest commendation among their people ; they think that by this the growth is promoted, by this the physical powers are increased and the sinews are strengthened. . . .

They do not pay much attention to agriculture, and a large portion of their food consists in milk, cheese, and flesh ; nor has any one a fixed quantity of land or his own individual limits, but the magistrates and the leading men each year apportion to the tribes and families, who have united together, as much land as, and in the place in which, they think proper, and the year after compel them to remove elsewhere. For this enactment they advance many reasons : lest, seduced by long-continued custom, they may exchange their ardor in the waging of war for agriculture ; lest they may be anxious to acquire extensive estates, and the more powerful drive the weaker from their possessions ; lest they construct their houses with too great a desire to avoid heat or cold ; lest the desire of wealth spring up, from which cause divisions and discords arise ; and that

they may keep the common people in a contented state of mind, when each sees his own means placed on an equality with [those of] the most powerful.

It is the greatest glory to the several states to have as wide deserts as possible around them, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider this the real evidence of their prowess, that their neighbors shall be driven out of their lands and abandon them, and that no one dare settle near them; at the same time they think that they shall be on that account the more secure, because they have removed the apprehension of a sudden incursion. When a state either repels war waged against it, or wages it against another, magistrates are chosen to preside over that war with such authority that they have power of life and death. In peace there is no common magistrate, but the chiefs of provinces and cantons administer justice and determine controversies among their own people. Robberies which are committed beyond the boundaries of each state bear no infamy, and they avow that these are committed for the purpose of disciplining their youth and preventing sloth. And when any of their chiefs has said in an assembly "that he will be their leader, let those who are willing to follow give in their names," they who approve of both the enterprise and the man arise and promise their assistance and are applauded by the people; such of them as have not followed him are accounted in the number of deserters and traitors, and confidence in all matters is afterwards refused them. To injure guests they regard as impious; they defend from wrong those who have come to them for any purpose whatever, and esteem them inviolable; to them the houses of all are open and maintenance is freely supplied. . . .

The breadth of the Hercynian forest [the greatest known forest of ancient Germany] is, to a quick traveller, a journey

of nine days. For it cannot be otherwise computed, nor are they acquainted with the measures of roads. It begins at the frontiers of the Helvetii, Nemetes, and Rauraci, and extends in a right line along the river Danube to the territories of the Daci and the Anartes; it bends then to the left in a different direction from the river, and, owing to its extent, touches the confines of many nations; nor is there any person belonging to this part of Germany who says that he either has gone to the extremity of that forest, though he had advanced a journey of sixty days, or has heard in what place it begins. It is certain that many kinds of wild beasts are produced in it which have not been seen in other parts; of which the following are such as differ principally from other animals, and appear worthy of being committed to record.

There is an ox of the shape of a stag, between whose ears a horn rises from the middle of the forehead, higher and straighter than those horns which are known to us. From the top of this, branches, like palms, stretch out to a considerable distance. The shape of the female and the male is the same; the appearance and the size of the horns are the same.

There are also [animals] which are called elks. The shape of these, and the varied color of their skins, are much like roes, but in size they surpass them a little, and are destitute of horns, and have legs without joints and ligatures; nor do they lie down for the purpose of rest, nor, if they have been thrown down by any accident, can they raise or lift themselves up. Trees serve as beds to them; they lean themselves against them, and, thus reclining only slightly, they take their rest; when the huntsmen have discovered from the footsteps of these animals whither they are accustomed to betake themselves, they either undermine all the trees at the roots, or cut into them so far that

the upper part of the trees may appear to be left standing. When they have leant upon them, according to their habit, they knock down by their weight the unsupported trees, and fall down themselves along with them.

There is a third kind, consisting of those animals which are called *uri*. These are a little below the elephant in size, and of the appearance, color, and shape of a bull. Their strength and speed are extraordinary; they spare neither man nor wild beast which they have espied. These the Germans take with much pains in pits and kill them. The young men harden themselves with this exercise, and practise themselves in this kind of hunting, and those who have slain the greatest number of them, having produced the horns in public, to serve as evidence, receive great praise. But not even when taken very young can they be rendered familiar to men and tamed. The size, shape, and appearance of the horns differ much from the horns of our oxen. These they anxiously seek after, and bind at the tips with silver, and use as cups at their most sumptuous entertainments.

[In these natural-history details *Cæsar* repeats the fables of hunters with all the ancient credulity on such subjects. His description of the *urus*, however, contains but few inaccuracies.]

THE FAIR ANDRIAN.

TERENCE.

[*Publius Terentius Afer*, a native of Carthage, born 185 B.C., became the slave of a Roman senator, who, out of regard for his beauty and ability, highly educated him, and finally gave him his freedom. Following the example of *Plautus*, he undertook the production of comedies, and his first play, "*The Andrian*," was so successful as to give

him at once a high standing in Roman society. Six of his comedies are extant, which perhaps are all he wrote, as he died young. After some years spent in the art of the dramatist at Rome, he went to Greece, where he translated one hundred and eight of Menander's comedies. He never returned, and is supposed to have died when thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age.

The plays of Terence possess a purity of language equal to that of Cicero and Cæsar. They are graceful in style and thoroughly moral in tone, being free from the grossness of those of Plautus. They do not equal the latter in humor and bustle, but display much more elegance and refinement, while they are superior in consistency of plot and character, in tenderness, wit, and metrical skill. The works of Terence, like those of Plautus, have been studied as models by many modern playwrights. The plot of "*The Andrian*," from which we quote, is acknowledged by the author to be taken from two plays of Menander, which he has skilfully woven into one. The main points in the play are as follows. Pamphilus, the son of Simo, becomes attached to a girl from Andros, of whose antecedents nothing is known. He has been betrothed by his father to the daughter of a friend named Chremes. Simo discovers his son's passion, but, in order to learn his true sentiments, arranges a mock marriage and declares to him that the wedding shall take place. In this difficulty Pamphilus applies to Davus, a cunning slave, who advises him to offer no opposition. At this Simo, overjoyed with his son's compliance, gives up his scheme, and decides that the actual marriage shall take place at once, the plotters being thus caught in their own trap. Pamphilus, in despair, is inclined to revenge himself on Davus for his mischievous advice, but the latter, by a shrewd trick, induces Chremes to refuse his assent to the marriage. Finally Chremes discovers that the Andrian is actually his own daughter, whom he had intrusted to the care of a brother, now dead. Pamphilus, therefore, obtains the desired lady as his wife, and all ends happily. We select, from the translation by Colman, some scenes from this comedy.]

Simo. 'Tis now about three years ago,
A certain woman from the isle of Andros
Came o'er to settle in this neighborhood,
By poverty and cruel kindred driven :
Handsome and young.

Sosia. Ah! I begin to fear
Some mischief from this Andrian.

Sim. At first
Modest and thriftily, though poor, she lived,
With her own hands a homely livelihood
Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
They who were then her chief gallants, by chance
Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
My son to join their company.
Strong I believed his virtue proved, and hence
Thought him a miracle of continence;
For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
May well be trusted with the governance
Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life, but all the world
With one accord said all good things, and praised
My happy fortunes, who possessed a son
So good, so liberally disposed.—In short,
Chremes, seduced by this fine character,
Came of his own accord to offer me
His only daughter with a handsome portion
In marriage with my son. I liked the match;
Betrothed my son; and this was pitched upon,
By joint agreement, for the wedding day.

Sos. And what prevents its being so?

Sim. I'll tell you.
In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
This neighbor Chrysis dies.

Sos. In happy hour:
Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.

Sim. My son, on this event, was often there
With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
Assisted to prepare the funeral,

Ever condoled, and sometimes wept with them.
This pleased me then ; for in myself I thought,
Since merely for a small acquaintance' sake
He takes this woman's death so nearly, what
If he himself had loved ? What would he feel
For me, his father ? All these things, I thought,
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account, e'en I myself
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.

Sos. And what ?

Sim. You shall hear all. The corpse
Borne forth, we follow ; when, among the women
Attending there, I chanced to cast my eyes
Upon one girl, in form——

Sos. Not bad, perhaps.

Sim. And look, so modest and so beauteous, Sosia,
That nothing could exceed it. As she seemed
To grieve beyond the rest, and as her air
Appeared more liberal and ingenuous,
I went and asked her women who she was.
Sister, they said, to Chrysis : when at once
It struck my mind—So ! so ! the secret's out ;
Hence all those tears, and hence all that compassion.

Sos. Alas ! I fear how this affair will end.

Sim. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds ; we follow ;
Come to the sepulchre ; the body's placed
Upon the pile ; lamented ; whereupon
This sister I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then ! there ! the affrighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love ;
Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,

O my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why thus endeavor to destroy yourself?
Then she, in such a manner that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long love,
Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,
Oh, how familiarly!

Sos. How say you?

Sim. I

Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had no cause sufficient for reproof.
What have I done? he'd say; or how deserved
Reproach? or how offended, father?—Her
Who meant to cast herself into the flames
I stopped. A fair excuse!

Sos. You're in the right;

For him who saved a life if you'd reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Sim. Chremes next day came open-mouthed to me:
Oh, monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this stranger woman! I
Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short, we part
On such bad terms as let me understand
He would refuse his daughter.

Sos. Did not you
Then take your son to task?

Sim. Not even this
Appeared sufficient for reproof.

Sos. How so?

Sim. Father (he might have said), you have, you know,
Prescribed a term to all these things yourself.
The time is near at hand when I must live
According to the humor of another.
Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own.

Sos. What cause remains to chide him, then?

Sim.

If he

Refuses, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offence.
Wherefore I now from this mock nuptial
Endeavor to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus, if he's plotting,
That he may let his counsel run to waste,
Now, when his knaveries can do no harm;
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will strive to cross my purposes; and that
More to plague me than to oblige my son.

Sos.

Why so?

Sim. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart. But if
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?—
If, as I wish it may, it should appear
That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevailed upon,
And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly;
To frighten Davus; and observe my son,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.

Sos. Enough; I'll take good care. Let's now go in.

Sim. Go first; I'll follow you.

[*Exit Sosia.*

Beyond all doubt

My son's averse to take a wife; I saw
How frightened Davus was, but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing.
But here he comes.

SCENE III.

DAVUS, *alone.*

Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
No room for sloth, as far as I can sound

The sentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage ; which, if not fought off,
And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
I know not what to do ; nor can resolve
To help the son, or to obey the father.
If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas !
I tremble for his life ; if I assist him,
I dread his father's threats,—a shrewd old cuff,
Not easily deceived. For, first of all,
He knows of this amour,—and watches me
With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick
To break the match. If he discovers it,
Woe to poor Davus ! nay, if he's inclined
To punish me, he'll seize on some pretence
To throw me into prison, right or wrong.

[In Scene V., Mysis, the maid-servant of Glycerium, overhears Pamphilus soliloquizing on the order which his father has given him to prepare for the wedding.]

Pam. Is this well done ? or like a man ? Is this
The action of a father ?

Mysis (behind). What's the matter ?

Pam. Oh, all ye powers of heaven and earth, what's
wrong

If this be not so ? If he was determined
That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice ? ought not he
To have informed me of it long ago ?

Mys. Alas ! what's this I hear ?

Pam. And Chremes, too,
Who had refused to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind because I change not mine.
Can he then be so obstinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium ? To lose her

Is losing life.—Was ever man so crost,
So curst, as I?—Oh, powers of heaven and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance
With Chremes' family?—so oft contemned
And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
Rejected, then recalled:—and why?—unless
(For so I must suspect) they breed some monster,
Whom, as they can obtrude on no one else,
They bring to me.

Mys. Alas, alas! this speech
Has struck me almost dead with fear.

Pam. And then
My father!—what to say to him? Oh, shame!
A thing of so much consequence, to treat
So negligently! For but even now,
Passing me in the Forum,—Pamphilus!
To-day's your wedding-day, said he; prepare;
Go, get you home!—This sounded in my ears
As if he said, Go, hang yourself!—I stood
Confounded. Think you I could speak one word,
Or offer an excuse, how weak soever?
No, I was dumb; and had I been aware,
Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do anything.—But now,
What to resolve upon? So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it different ways. My love, compassion,
This urgent match, my reverence for my father,
Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures;
And I oppose him! Racking thought! Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Mys. Alas! I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best

He should confer with her, or I at least
Speak touching her to him. For while the mind
Hangs in suspense a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Mysis! Save you!

Mys. (*coming forward*). Save you, sir!

Pam. How does she?

Mys. How? opprest with wretchedness;
To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding;
And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam. I!

Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid who trusted to my care
Her life and honor?—her whom I have held
Near to my heart and cherished as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well-nurtured mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never! never!

Mys. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if constrained——

Pam. D'ye think me, then, so vile,
Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,
Neither long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can make me keep my faith?

Mys. I only know
That she deserves you should remember her.

Pam. I should remember her! Oh, Mysis, Mysis!
The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She called me. I approached her. You retired.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began:
My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid; and well you know
These are but feeble guardians to preserve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand

I do beseech you, by your better angel,
By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
I do conjure you, put her not away,
Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever
As my own brother loved you, or if she
Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
And ever shown obedience to your will—
I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
Friend, guardian, father: all our little wealth
To you I leave, and trust it to your care.—
She joined our hands, and died.—I did receive her,
And, once received, will keep her.

[The tenderness and devotion of the love-scenes here given are unusual in the ancient drama. The emotion of love, in its modern sense, as here displayed, does not exist in the extant tragedy and comedy of Greece, though we are not able to decide to what extent it inspired the new comedy, the basis of the Roman drama. We give one further scene from this interesting play, that in which Davus finds himself caught in the net of his own plots. This selection is from the prose version of Riley.]

SIMO, *to whom enter* DAVUS.

Dav. I was coming to you.

Sim. Why, what is the matter?

Dav. Why is not the bride sent for? It is now growing late in the day.

Sim. Do you hear me? I have been for some time not a little apprehensive of you, Davus, lest you should do that which the common class of servants is in the habit of doing,—namely, imposing upon me by your artifices.

Dav. What! I do that?

Sim. I fancied so; and, therefore, fearing that, I concealed from you what I shall now mention.

Dav. What?

Sim. You shall know ; for now I almost feel confidence in you.

Dav. Have you found out at last what sort of person I am ?

Sim. The marriage was not to have taken place.

Dav. How ? *Not to have taken place !*

Sim. But I was making pretence, that I might test you *all*.

Dav. (*affecting surprise*). What is it you tell me ?

Sim. Such is the fact.

Dav. *Only* see ; I was not able to discover that. Dear me, what a cunning contrivance !

Sim. Listen to this. Just as I ordered you to go from here into the house, he (*pointing to Chremes*) most opportunely met me.

Dav. (*aside*). Ho ! Are we undone, then ?

Sim. I told him what you just now told me. [*I.e.*, that Pamphilus consented to the wedding.]

Dav. (*aside*). Why, what am I to hear ?

Sim. I begged him to give his daughter, and with difficulty I prevailed upon him.

Dav. (*aside*). Truly ruined !

Sim. (*overhearing*). Eh ! What was it you said ?

Dav. Extremely well done, I say.

Sim. There is no delay on his part now.

Chremes. I'll go home at once. I'll tell her to make due preparation and bring back word here. [*Exit.*]

Sim. Now I do entreat you, Davus, since you have yourself brought about this marriage for me——

Dav. I myself, indeed !

Sim. Do your best still to reform my son.

Dav. Troth, I'll do it with all care.

Sim. Do it now, while his mind is agitated.

Dav. You may be at ease.

Sim. Come, then ; where is he just now ?

Dav. A wonder if he is not at home.

Sim. I'll go to him; and what I have been telling you I'll tell him as well. [Exit.

Dav. (to himself). I'm a lost man! What reason is there why I should not take my departure straightway for the mill? There is no room left for supplicating. I have upset everything now. I have deceived my master; I have plunged my master's son into a marriage. I have been the cause of its taking place this very day, without his hoping for it, and against the will of Pamphilus. Here is cleverness for you! But if I had kept myself quiet no mischief would have happened. (Starting.) But see! I espy him. I am truly undone! Would that there were some spot here for me from which I might this instant pitch myself headlong! (Stands apart.)

Enter PAMPHILUS, in haste.

Pam. Where is he?—the villain who this day—— I am ruined, and I confess this has justly befallen me, for being such a dolt, so devoid of sense, that I should have intrusted my fortunes to a frivolous slave! I am suffering the reward of my folly. Still, he shall never get off from me unpunished for this.

Dav. (apart). I am quite sure that I shall be safe in future, if for the present I get clear of this mishap.

Pam. But what now am I to say to my father? Am I to deny that I am ready, who have just promised to marry? With what effrontery can I presume to do that? I know not what to do with myself.

Dav. (apart). Nor I with myself; and yet I am giving all due attention to it. I will tell him that I will devise something, in order that I may procure some respite in this dilemma.

Pam. (catching sight of him). Oho!

Dav. (*apart*). I am seen.

Pam. (*sneeringly*). How now, good sir, what are you about? Do you see how dreadfully I am hampered by your devices?

Dav. Still, I will soon extricate you.

Pam. You extricate *me*?

Dav. Assuredly, Pamphilus.

Pam. As you have just done, I suppose.

Dav. Why, no better, I trust.

Pam. What, am I to believe you, you scoundrel? You, indeed, make good a matter that is all embarrassment and ruin! Just see in whom I have been placing reliance! You this day, from a most happy state, have plunged me into a marriage. Did not I say that this would be the case?

Dav. You did say so.

Pam. What do you deserve?

Dav. The cross. But allow me a little time to recover myself. I will soon hit upon something.

Pam. Ah me! not to have the leisure to inflict punishment on you as I desire! For the present conjuncture warns me to take precautions for myself, not to be taking vengeance on you. [*Exit.*

[As we have said, Davus unties the knot he has tied, and all ends happily. It may be remarked that the plot of this play depends upon the power which a Roman father possessed by law over his son, of which scarcely a trace remains in modern times.]

THE ORATORY OF ATHENS.

VARIOUS.

[Of the speeches of the early orators of Greece we have no existing examples, but there is reason to believe that they were inferior in their art to those whose works we possess, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, and their

successors. Lysias, the earliest of these, is of uncertain date, his birth being placed at 458 and 435 B.C. by different critics. In his earlier attempts at oratory he was affected by the artificial manner of the preceding schools, but in his great speech against Eratosthenes, one of the thirty tyrants of Athens, he dropped this stilted mode, and broke out in a burst of simple and vigorous eloquence that must have astonished and carried away his hearers. Thus was established a new school of oratory, which became the model for his great successors.

The style of Lysias is particularly admired for its purity. His language is simple, his reasoning clear, his narrative natural and lively, while his subjects are treated with an elegance which makes each oration a finished work of art. He is, however, more noted for persuasiveness than for vigor and power of exciting his audience to passion. We select an extract from his one public speech, the oration against Eratosthenes, who, during his period of power, had been instrumental in the murder of the brother of the orator.]

It is an easy matter, O Athenians, to begin this accusation. But to end it without doing injustice to the cause will be attended with no small difficulty. For the crimes of Eratosthenes are not only too atrocious to describe, but too many to enumerate. No exaggeration can exceed, and within the time assigned for this discourse it is impossible fully to represent them. This trial, too, is attended with another singularity. In other causes it is usual to ask the accusers, "What is your resentment against the defendants?" But here you must ask the defendants, "What was your resentment against your country? What malice did you bear your fellow-citizens? Why did you rage with unbridled fury against the state itself?" . . .

The time is now indeed come, Athenians, when, insensible to pity and tenderness, you must be armed with just severity against Eratosthenes and his associates. What avails it to have conquered them in the field, if you be overcome by them in your councils? Do not show them more favor for what they boast they will perform, than resentment for

what they have already committed, nor, after being at so much pains to become master of their persons, allow them to escape without suffering that punishment which you once sought to inflict, but prove yourselves worthy of that good fortune which has given you power over your enemies. The contest is very unequal between Eratosthenes and you: formerly he was both judge and accuser; but we, even while we accuse, must at the same time make our defence. Those who were innocent he put to death without trial; to them who are guilty we allow the benefit of law, even though no adequate punishment can ever be inflicted. For should we sacrifice them and their children, would this compensate for the murder of your fathers, your sons, and your brothers? Should we deprive them of their property, could this indemnify the individuals whom they have beggared, or the state which they have plundered? Though they cannot suffer a punishment adequate to their demerit, they ought not surely on this account to escape. Yet how matchless is the effrontery of Eratosthenes, who, being now judged by the very persons whom he formerly injured, still ventures to make his defence before the witnesses of his crimes! What can show more evidently the contempt in which he holds you, or the confidence which he reposes in others?

* * * * *

Let me now conclude with laying before you the miseries to which you were reduced, that you may see the necessity of taking punishment on the authors of them. And, first, you who remained in the city, consider the severity of their government; you were reduced into such a situation as to be obliged to carry on a war in which, if you were conquered, you partook, indeed, of the same liberty as the conquerors, but if you proved victorious you remained under the slavery of your magistrates. . . . As to you of

the Piræus, you will remember that, though you never lost your arms in the battles which you fought, or in the lands which you traversed, yet you suffered by these men what foreign arms could never accomplish, and at home, in time of peace, were disarmed by your fellow-citizens. By them you were banished from the country left you by your fathers; their rage, knowing no abatement, pursued you abroad, and drove you from one territory to another. Recall the same resentment which you then felt. Remember the cruel indignities which you suffered; how you were dragged from the tribunal and the altars; how no place, however sacred, could shelter you against their violence; while others, torn from their wives, their children, their parents, after putting a period to their miserable lives, were deprived of funeral rites. For these tyrants imagined their government to be so firmly established that even the vengeance of the gods was unable to shake it. . . .

But it is impossible for one man, or in the course of one trial, to enumerate the means which were employed to undermine the power of this state,—the arsenals which were demolished, the temples sold or profaned, the citizens banished or murdered, and whose dead bodies were impiously left uninterred. Those citizens now watch your decree, uncertain whether you will prove accomplices in their death or avengers of their murder. I shall desist from any further accusations. You have heard, you have seen, you have experienced. Decide, then!

[The second of these great orators, Isocrates, born at Athens in 436 B.C., was a writer of orations rather than a deliverer of them. The weakness of his voice prevented him from speaking often in public, but his school of oratory was much the most famous in Greece. His orations are distinguished by polish rather than by warmth. In them the harmony of language reaches its ultimate, and the Attic dialect its height of finish and refinement. So melodiously flow his sentences

as to become somewhat monotonous from mere excess of polish, and they are as far from the native simplicity of Lysias as from the nervous strength of Demosthenes. His celebrated "Panegyric," an oration in praise of the Athenians, took ten years for its final polishing. Of course this excessive finish of language cannot be looked for in a translation. We extract from it the following praise of Athenian eloquence.]

In other countries of Greece the assemblies continue but for a short time, and meet at distant intervals. But Athens is a constant assembly to all those who choose to frequent it; Athens also is the seat of philosophy which hath contrived and established all those institutions which have softened our manners and regulated our conduct, and which, by teaching us to distinguish between evils brought upon us by imprudence and those inflicted by necessity, hath enabled us to ward off the one, and to bear the other honorably. Athens likewise is the theatre of eloquence, a talent which all men are ambitious to acquire, and which excites so much envy against those who actually possess it. She has ever been sensible that speech is the original characteristic of human nature, and that it is by the employment of it alone we acquire all those powers which distinguish us from other animals. She has ever been sensible that fortune might disturb the order of events, confound the designs of the wise, and give success to the rash attempts of folly and inexperience; but that the art of speaking with elegance and force was superior even to fortune, and could never be acquired but by men of judgment and ability; that eloquence formed the true distinction between the rustic and the sage; that it was neither by their valor, their riches, nor any such advantages, but by their eloquence alone, that those who had received a liberal education rendered themselves conspicuous; that this was the surest test of the manner in which each of

us had been educated; that it was by eloquence, in fine, we not only acquired an irresistible influence over those among whom we lived, but diffused our reputation and extended our power over countries the most remote from us. In eloquence and philosophy, therefore, Athens so far excels all other nations that those who are considered as novices at home become masters elsewhere; that the name of *Greek* is not employed to denote the inhabitant of a particular country, but rather the talents for which the men of that country are distinguished; and that this appellation is more frequently bestowed on such as are acquainted with our literature than on those who were born in our territories.

[From the oration to Demonicus we select the following bits of the gold of good advice.]

In the first place, show your gratitude to heaven, not only by sacrifices, but by a steady veracity, and sacred observance of all leagues and oaths. The first shows indeed splendor and gratitude, but the latter only a truly noble godlike mind. Be such toward your parents as you would hope your children should be toward you. Use exercise rather for health than strength or beauty. You will best attain these if you leave it off before nature is fatigued.

Be not austere and gloomy, but serene and grave. By the first behavior you would be thought proud, but by the latter will be esteemed a man of worth and credit. Never imagine you can conceal a bad action; for, though you hide it from others, your own conscience will condemn you. Be good, and have your own approbation. Be persuaded that every bad action will at last take air.

It is the duty of every man to improve his knowledge, will, and understanding. It is as great a shame to hear

rational, instructive discourse, and not be attentive to it, as to reject with scorn a valuable gift. Think philosophy a greater treasure than immense sums of gold; for gold is apt to take wings and fly away, but philosophy and virtue are inalienable possessions. Wisdom is the only immortal inheritance.

DINSDALE.

[The third of these great orators, Isæus, flourished about 360 B.C. Of his private life we know little, except that he had the honor of being the instructor of Demosthenes. In his oratory he copies the manner of Lysias, having the same pure and concise diction, though a less natural style. But if he has less eloquence he has more majesty, and the use of interrogative sentences gives his speeches an animation and energy which assimilate them to those of Demosthenes. We can trace the groundwork of the vehement power of the latter in the orations of his instructor. These orations were all delivered in lawsuits, and hence are of minor interest. We select a passage from the "Speech on the Estate of Dicæogenes."]

In this manner, O Dicæogenes, hast thou unjustly seized and shamefully wasted the estate of thy cousin, and, having converted it into money, hast the assurance to complain of poverty. How hast thou spent that money? Not for the use of the estate, or of your friends; since it is apparent that no part of it has been employed for those purposes: not in breeding fine horses; for thou never wast in possession of a horse worth more than three minas: not in chariots; for, with so many farms and so great a fortune, thou never hadst a single carriage even drawn by mules: nor hast thou redeemed any citizen from captivity; nor hast thou conveyed to the citadel those statues which Menexenus had ordered to be made for the price of three talents, but was prevented by his death from consecrating in the temple, and through thy avarice they lie to this day in the shop of the statuary; thus hast thou presumed to claim an estate to which thou hadst no color of right, and

hast not restored to the gods the statues which were truly their own. On what ground, Dicæogenes, canst thou ask the jury to give a sentence in thy favor? Is it because thou hast frequently served the public offices, expended large sums of money to make the city more respectable, and greatly benefited the state by contributing bountifully towards supporting the war? Nothing of this sort can be alleged with truth. Is it because thou art a valiant soldier? But thou never once couldst be persuaded to serve in so violent and so formidable a war, in which even the Olynthians and the islanders lose their lives with eagerness, since they fight for this country; while thou, who art a citizen, wouldst never take arms for the city.

Perhaps the dignity of thy ancestors, who slew the tyrant, emboldens thee to triumph over us: as for them, indeed, I honor and applaud them, but cannot think that a spark of their virtue animates thy bosom; for thou hast preferred the plunder of our inheritance to the glory of being their descendant, and wouldst rather be called the son of Dicæogenes than of Harmodius; not regarding the right of being entertained in the Prytaneum, nor setting any value on the precedence and immunities which the posterity of those heroes enjoy: yet it was not for noble birth that Harmodius and Aristogeiton were so transcendently honored, but for their valor and probity; of which thou, Dicæogenes, hast not the smallest share.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[The three orators above named were followed by a considerable number of others, who had studied in their schools and to a greater or less extent employed their methods. We have elsewhere made selections from Demosthenes and Æschines. Of the others whose names and some examples of whose oratory we possess, Hyperides, from whom we now select, was the most notable. This orator stood by Demosthenes in his struggle against Macedon. The Lamian war was

especially his work. He paid for it with his life. As a speaker he was noted for wit, grace, and pathos, was an adept in irony, and in full sympathy with all the social movements of his time. In the words of Jebb, he "was the Sheridan of Athens." He has been compared with Demosthenes, though to his disadvantage. We select, from Jebb's translation, an extract from his funeral oration over the heroes of the Larian war, 322 B.C. It was a moment of fitful promise for Greece, and the orator was inspired by unwarranted hope. But in the same year the gloom of defeat once more descended, and two of her greatest orators, Demosthenes and Hyperides, fell victims to the tyranny which they had so daringly opposed. In the same year, so fatal to Greece, died her great philosopher, Aristotle.]

With us, and with all the living, as we have seen, they shall ever have renown; but in the dark under-world—suffer us to ask—who are they that will stretch forth a right hand to the captain of our dead? May we not deem that Leosthenes will be greeted with welcome and with wonder by those half-gods who bore arms against Troy,—he who set himself to deeds germane with theirs, but in this surpassed them, that while they, aided by all Hellas, took one town, he, supported by his own city alone, humbled the power that ruled Europe and Asia? *They* avenged the wrong offered to one woman; *he* stayed the insults that were being heaped on all the cities of Hellas,—he and those who are sharing his last honors,—men who, coming after the heroes, wrought deeds of heroic worth. Ay, and there, I deem, will be Miltiades and Themistocles, and those others who made Hellas free, to the credit of their city, to the glory of their names,—whom this man surpassed in courage and in counsel, seeing that *they* repelled the power of the barbarians when it had come against them, but *he* forbade its approach; *they* saw the foemen fighting in their own country, but *he* worsted his enemies on the enemy's soil. And surely they who gave the people trusty proof of this mutual love, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, will count no

friends so near to themselves, or so faithful to you, as Leosthenes and those who strove beside him, nor will they so consort with any dwellers in the place of the dead. Well may it be so, since these have done deeds not less than theirs, but, if it may be said, even greater; for *they* put down the despots of their own city, but *these* put down the despots of Hellas. O beautiful and wonderful enterprise, O glorious and magnificent devotion, O soldiership transcendent in dangers, which these offered to the freedom of Greece!

[The closing sentences, addressed to the kinsmen of the dead, are marked by a sympathy and tenderness of Christian-like depth. They are the last public utterances of almost the last orator over almost the last martyrs of Greek freedom.]

It is hard, perhaps, to comfort those who are in such a sorrow; grief is not laid to rest by speech or by observance; rather is it for the nature of the mourner, and the nearness of the lost, to determine the boundaries of anguish. Still, we must take heart, and lighten pain as we may, and remember not only the death of the departed but the good name also that they have left behind them. We owe not tears to their fate, but rather great praises to their deeds. If they came not to old age among men, they have got the glory that never grows old, and have been made blessed perfectly. Those among them who died childless shall have as their inheritors the immortal eulogies of Greece; and those of them who have left children behind them have bequeathed a trust of which their country's love will assume the guardianship. More than this, if to die is to be as though we had never been, then these have passed away from sickness and pain and from all the accidents of the earthly life; or, if there is feeling in the under-world, and if, as we conjecture, the

care of the Divine Power is over it, then it may well be that they who rendered aid to the worship of the gods in the hour of its imminent desolation are most precious to that Power's providence.

THE REALM OF DREAMS.

LUCRETIVS.

[Titus Carus Lucretius, the eldest-born of the noted poets of Rome, has left no record of his life. He was born in the year 95 B.C. ; and it is said that he died by his own hand, in his forty-fourth year, through madness caused by a love-potion administered to him, and composed his works in his sane intervals. But all this is very doubtful. His famous work "*On the Nature of Things*" is an epic poem, in six books, in which are taught the philosophic doctrines of the Epicurean school, and various details of physical science. The work occupies a high place among didactic poems, its science and philosophy being unfolded with the greatest clearness, while the driest subjects are invested with a warm life and interest. His poetry, indeed, is full of original genius, its variety being one of its greatest merits. To the grandeur and sublimity of his speculations he adds the widely different qualities of softness and tenderness, while his yearning desire that his country may be relieved from the horrors of war is marked with the deepest pathos. His work is richly embellished with episodes, and is written in a majestic verse which is only inferior to that of Virgil in melody, and which wonderfully tempers the hard nature of the Latin tongue. We select, from Good's translation, the following interesting description of the kingdom of dream-land.]

Thus slumber issues ; and whate'er the thoughts
That chief subdue us, the concerns that claim
Our ceaseless care, or what the mind explores
With patient praise, in dreams we still pursue.

The lawyer, thus, o'er briefs and statutes pores ;
New wars the soldier wages ; with the winds
Strives the vain mariner ; while we the laws
Of nature scan perpetual, and how best,
When traced, to paint them in our native tongue.

So various lores besides, and arts diverse,
Haunt, oft, in sleep the cheated mind of man.
He who from eve to eve, assiduous, long
Has marked the public stage, though now no more
It strikes his senses, through his porous frame
Still the light images admits that float
Countless around him. Hence, for many a day,
E'en while awake, the scene before his eyes
Seems still renewed ; the light-decked dancers move
Their modulated limbs ; the living lyre
He hears entranced, from every fluent string
Speaking impassioned ; he the throng surveys,
And all the pageantry the drama boasts.

Of such vast import are the plans pursued,
The thoughts indulged, the customs deep impressed
Of man not merely, but of brutes as well.
For the nerved steed, as on the glebe he lies,
Oft sweats and pants laborious in his sleep,
As though amain contending for the palm.

So, too, the hound, amid his soft repose,
Oft starts abrupt, and howls, and snuffs the breeze
With ceaseless nostrils, as though full at hand
He tracked the antlered trembler. And, at times,
E'en while awake, with vigor he pursues
Vain semblances of deer, as though themselves
Started before him, till the phantoms void
Vanish at length, and truth regains her sway.
E'en the soft lapdog his inglorious sleep
Breaks not infrequent, rousing all erect,

Urged by the semblance of some face unknown.
And as of harsher seeds the trains are formed
Of floating phantoms, with augmented force
Strike they the mind. Hence birds, with flight abrupt,
Oft to the centre of the sacred groves
At midnight hurry, in their dreams disturbed
By hideous sight of hawks, on outstretched wing,
Prowling aloft, all active for the pounce.

Then what vast toils engage men when asleep!
How pants the mind beneath superb exploits!
Kings strive with kings in combat, or at large
Contend, surrender, pour the cries of death;
While some fight on, though wounded, loading still
All heaven with groans, as though to atoms torn
By some huge lion or remorseless pard.
Some, too, aloud their machinations tell,
And thus in sleep full oft themselves accuse.
Some on their death-bed seem; and some to leap
Headlong from precipices; by the fright
Awoke, of reason so bereft, the mind
Scarce with the day resumes its wonted reign.

[To the above may be added, from Elton's translation, the poet's conception of the condition of primitive man.]

Then hardier, as beseemed the race of earth,
Since the hard ground had ushered them to birth;
More vast their solid bones, and firm within
Were strung the nerves, that branched beneath the skin.
No change of skies impaired that giant mould,
Proof 'gainst the heat, and braced to feel the cold.
No unknown aliment their frames diseased,
No plagues infectious on their bodies seized;
While rolling lustres round the heavens had fled,
Wild as the beasts their wandering lives they led.

No swain, robust, had turned with guiding hand
The crooked plough, no iron delved the land ;
None then to set the tender sapling knew,
Or from tall trees the withered branches hew ;
What earth spontaneous gave, and sun and shower
Matured, sufficed them for the passing hour ;
'Midst oaks, whose rustling mast bestrewed the ground,
Nourished they lay, their feasts with acorns crowned.
Then wintry arbutes, that allure the sight,
With blushing hue of ripened scarlet bright,
Earth poured more plenteous, and of ampler size ;
For the new world, in fresh varieties,
Blossomed with genial fruits, abundant then
To sate the wants of miserable men.
Rivers and fountains, with their gurgling sound,
Called them to slake their thirst in crowds around,
As now upon the mountain-torrent's brink,
By the shrill roar allured, the beasts impending drink.
With nightly-wandering step they sought the cells
Where, in her haunts, the fabled wood-nymph dwells ;
Where sliding waters stealing from the cave
Crept o'er the humid rocks with smoothly-spreading wave ;
The humid rocks, that drop by drop distil
Through the green moss the slowly-trickling rill ;
Or where swift springs, in gushes, broke away,
And laved the open plains in bubbling play.

Nor fire to them its uses had revealed,
Nor did the skins of beasts a vesture yield.
With wondrous force of feet and hands endued,
They the wild race of woodland beasts pursued ;
With missile stones and ponderous clubs opprest,
Full many fell, deep lairs concealed the rest ;
And when the chase was done, in night's dark shade,
Like bristly boars beneath the forest laid,

They stretched their naked limbs upon the ground,
With broken boughs and leaves enveloped round.

[We conclude our selections from Lucretius with the following, "in praise of philosophy," from Dryden's translation.]

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar :
Not that another's pain is our delight,
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war :
But much more sweet thy laboring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified :
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewildered in the maze of life, and blind,
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power ; their last endeavors lend
To outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honor and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man ! in what a mist of life,
Enclosed with dangers, and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span, and overfeeds
His crammed desires with more than nature needs !
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturbed delight,
Which minds unmixed with cares and fears obtain ;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,
That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfied.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the courtly suppers and the balls ;

If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnished bowls and of reflected plate ;
If well-tuned harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound ;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar's shade,
By the cool stream our careless limbs are laid ;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blessed,
When the warm spring in gaudy flowers is dressed.
Then, since our bodies are not eased the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the laboring mind : . . .
Why should not we those pageantries despise,
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies ?

THE CONDITIONS OF MENTALITY.

ARISTOTLE.

[Aristotle was born 384 B.C., at Stagira, a Grecian colonial town in Thrace. He came from a family of physicians, which fact probably gave the bent to his early studies, though while still young he placed himself under the instruction of Plato, and remained in his school for twenty years. During this period he set up a school of rhetoric in opposition to the celebrated orator Isocrates, whose teachings he attacked with severity. In 342 B.C. he was invited by Philip of Macedon to become the tutor of his son Alexander, then thirteen years of age. This position he held, with great honor and respect, till 334 B.C., the period of Alexander's expedition into Asia. After this event Aristotle returned to Athens, and opened a school called the Lyceum, from whose shady walks his sect received the name of the Peripatetic. His principal writings were probably composed during this period. Twelve years afterwards the anti-Macedonian party gained ascendancy at Athens, and one of its first acts was to accuse Aristotle of impiety to the gods.

Fearing the fate of Socrates, he fled to Chalcis in the early part of the year 322 B.C. He died in this town in the autumn of the same year, at the age of sixty-two.

Aristotle left a vast number of writings, of which perhaps a fourth, but unquestionably the most valuable portion, has come down to us. These are, however, largely fragmentary in form, and so confused and contradictory that it is possible we have only his oral lectures, as written down by his pupils. They cover a wide range of subjects, including rhetoric, poetry, politics, ethics, physics, mathematics, logic, and metaphysics. The genius of Aristotle was as wide as nature itself. He studied all things, and added vastly, through his own researches, to the previous knowledge of the Greeks. His philosophic system differs widely from that of Plato. He keenly combats the theory of ideas, and holds that knowledge of the facts of nature forms the only true basis of reasoning. His mind was, indeed, essentially scientific in tendency, and to him we are indebted for the first scientific observations of extended value. His work on animals embraces a large store of personal observations, and contains the groundwork of the modern system of zoölogical classification. In mental science his writings are of great value. His work on logic, indeed, originated that science, and dealt with it so exhaustively that little has been added to it since. The science of physiology also originated with him, and on metaphysics, ethics, rhetoric, politics, etc., he has left highly valuable treatises.

In style he differs from his predecessors as essentially as in matter. The ardent imagination of the Greeks is replaced in him by a prosaic mode of thought, while his rigid and unadorned reasoning is strongly in contrast with the poetic dress of the Platonic speculations. The Hellenic form to which philosophy was confined by his predecessors he replaces with a more universal dialect of thought. His concise and peculiar manner renders his works somewhat difficult to read and comprehend, as will appear in the following extract, which we select almost at random from his "*Metaphysics*." His argument is so condensed as to render it in some places hardly possible to follow. The translation is that of McMahon.]

THERE are points, however, respecting Mind which involve certain subjects of doubt; for it seems, certainly, to constitute the most divine existence amongst phenomena:

but after what manner it is disposed, so as that it should be a thing of this sort, is attended with certain difficulties. For whether it be void of the faculty of understanding anything, but is like one who is sleeping, what, may I ask, would there be reverential in such a condition of being? Or, supposing that it possesses the faculty of understanding, and yet that there be something which is dominant over this faculty,—for in this case that which is its substance is not intelligence, but capacity,—should the foregoing be true, we could not say that Mind would be the most excellent substance; for it is through the faculty of the understanding that that which is entitled to reverence is inherent in the mind.

But, further, whether understanding constitute its substance, or whether perception does, what, may I ask, does it understand? for either it is itself that it understands, or something else. And supposing that it understands something else, either it will invariably be the same, or something different; whether, then, is there any difference, or no difference at all, between its understanding what is fair, and understanding what is casual? or, also, would it be an absurd idea to imagine that it exercises the faculty of cogitation in regard of certain things? It is evident, therefore, that that which understands is most divine, and most entitled to reverence, and that it undergoes no change; for change would presuppose a transition into something that is worse; and a thing of this sort would, in the present instance, amount to a certain motion. In the first place, then, of course, supposing that the mind were not perception or intelligence, but capacity, it is reasonable to infer that continuity of perception would be a laborious operation for the mind; and, in the next place, it is evident that there would be in existence something else that is more entitled to reverence than Mind,—namely, that which is an object

of perception to the mind ; for both the faculty of understanding and actual perception will be present to the mind even in its understanding that which is most inferior.

So that we must avoid this consequence ; for also would it be better not to see some things than to see them : hence, perception would not constitute that which is most excellent. Accordingly may we assume that Mind is cognizant of its own operations, if it really is that which is most superior, and if perception amounts to the perception of a perception.

Now, scientific knowledge invariably appears, as well as perception by sense and opinion and the faculty of thought, to be conversant about something different from itself, and to be conversant about itself only in a secondary or subordinate sense. Further, if we suppose that understanding is different from being an object of perception to the understanding, according to which of these will subsistence in an excellent way be inherent in Mind ? for neither is it the same thing the being inherent in an act of perception by the understanding, and in an object of perception to the understanding : or shall we say that in the case of some things the science constitutes itself that which is the object of the science ? In the case, I admit, of the productive sciences, the substance and the essence do not involve a connection with matter ; whereas in the case of the speculative sciences the definition or formal principle is the object of the science, as well as is the perception exercised by the mind. Inasmuch, then, as the object of the understanding is not a different thing from the understanding itself, in the case of as many things as do not involve a connection with matter they will be the same thing ; and the act of perception by the mind will be identical with the object of perception.

Moreover, therefore, a doubt remains whether an object

of perception is a composite nature or not; for, if this be the case, the object of perception, as a compound, would undergo a change in the parts of the entire; or shall we say that everything is indivisible which does not involve a connection with matter,—as the human mind? Or are we to take for granted that the perception of compound objects involves a connection with matter during a certain portion of duration? for an excellent condition of subsistence does not always reside in this particular thing or in that; but that which is most excellent subsists in a thing, viewed as a certain entirety, being something different from itself. And, therefore, the first and actual perception by mind of Mind itself doth subsist in this way throughout all eternity.

[To the foregoing we add a few brief selections, of much less abstruse character, from the other works of Aristotle.]

VIRTUE THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Rightly to investigate the best form of a government, it is necessary previously to ascertain what is the best kind of life; since the latter of these remaining undetermined, the former also must continue to be unknown. Those men (barring improbable accidents) are the happiest who live under the best government of which their circumstances admit. We must begin, therefore, by examining what kind of life is most eligible for mankind in general; and, secondly, whether the well-being of individuals and of communities results from the same causes and is to be estimated by the same standard. The former of these topics has been sufficiently discussed in our popular discourses; where we made use of a division that appears to be indisputably accurate,—namely, that the happiness of men depends on their external prosperity, on the frame and habit of their bodies, on the state and condition of

their minds. He surely would be unworthy to be called happy who possessed not the smallest particle of fortitude, of temperance, of justice, or of prudence; since the wretch totally destitute of these virtues respectively would be frightened at the buzzing of a fly, would wallow unrestrained in the most beastly sensuality, would not hesitate, for the smallest gain, to destroy his best benefactor, and in point of intellectual operations would betray either childish imbecility or frantic absurdity. That a certain portion of virtue is essential to the well-being of a human creature cannot, therefore, be a matter of dispute; but to what this portion ought to amount, occasions much diversity of opinion. In general, mankind are satisfied with their respective shares of virtue, how scanty soever they may be, but extremely dissatisfied with their shares of all other advantages; for their measure of virtue, however inconsiderable it may appear to others, rarely appearing deficient to themselves, they seek not to augment it; while their estates and money, their force and their power, cannot possibly, in their own opinion, be too widely enlarged or too highly accumulated. But *we* say to them that such vulgar illusions even vulgar observation may suffice to dispel. The external advantages of power and fortune are acquired and maintained by virtue, not virtue by them; and whether we consider the virtuous energies themselves, or the fruits which they unceasingly produce, the sovereign good of life must evidently be found in moral and intellectual excellence, moderately supplied with external accommodations, rather than in the greatest accumulation of external advantages, unimproved and unadorned by virtue. External prosperity is indeed instrumental in producing happiness, and therefore, like every other instrument, must have its assigned limits, beyond which it is inconvenient or hurtful. But to mental excellence no limit

can be assigned: the farther it extends, the more *useful* it becomes, if the epithet of *useful* needs ever to be super-added to that of *honorable*. Besides this, the relative importance of qualities is best estimated by that of their respective subjects. But the mind, both in itself and in reference to man, is far better than the body, or than property. The excellencies of the mind, therefore, are in the same proportion to be preferred to the highest perfection of the body and the best disposition of external circumstances. The last two are of a far inferior and merely a subservient nature; since no man of sense covets or pursues them but for the sake of the mind, with a view to promote its genuine improvement and to heighten its native joys. Let this great truth, then, be acknowledged, a truth evinced by the Deity himself, who is happy, not from any external cause, but through the inherent attributes of his divine nature.

THE DISPOSITION OF THE RICH.

Any one without any great penetration may distinguish the dispositions consequent on wealth; for its possessors are insolent and overbearing, from being tainted in a certain way by the getting of their wealth. For they are affected as though they possessed every good; since wealth is a sort of standard of the worth of other things; whence everything seems to be purchasable by it. And they are affectedly delicate and purse-proud; they are thus delicate on account of their luxurious lives and the display they make of their prosperity. They are purse-proud, and violate the rules of good breeding, from the circumstance that every one is wont to dwell upon that which is beloved and admired by him, and because they think that others are emulous of that of which they are themselves. But at the same time they are thus affected reasonably

enough; for many are they who need the aid of men of property. Whence, too, that remark of Simonides addressed to the wife of Hiero respecting the wealthy and the wise; for when she asked him "whether it were better to have been born wealthy or wise," he replied, "wealthy; for," he said, "he used to see the wise hanging on at the doors of the wealthy." And it is a characteristic of the rich that they esteem themselves worthy of being in office; for they consider themselves possessed of that on account of which they are entitled to be in office. And, in a word, the disposition of the rich is that of a fool amid prosperity.

However, the dispositions of those who are but lately rich, and of those who have been so from old, are different; inasmuch as those who have recently become rich have all these faults in a greater and a worse degree; for the having recently become rich is as it were an inexperience in wealth.

A GROUP OF EPIGRAMS.

MARTIAL.

[Marcus Valerius Martialis, the celebrated Roman epigrammatist, was a native of Spain, born in the year 43 A.D., at Bilbilis, a town whose very site is now unknown. He came while young to Rome, where he soon grew famous as a wit and poet, became a favorite with the emperors Titus and Domitian, and was made court poet in the reign of the latter, which distinction he paid for by the most servile adulation. He returned to Bilbilis after thirty-five years' residence in Rome, and married a rich Spanish lady, with whom he lived in affluence till his death, about 104 A.D.]

Martial's epigrams, which were highly popular throughout the Roman empire, are comprised in fourteen books, yet extant. He had a wonderful inventiveness and facility in this species of composition, though it was sullied with a grossness which renders many of his

poems unreadable. His verses are not all satirical in character. Many of them are full of a Grecian sweetness and elegance, with occasional pleasing descriptions of nature. He combines a ready and varied wit, poetical imagination, and happy and graceful expression, with a strong sensuality. Martial has never found an adequate translator,—his poems, indeed, being of a kind very difficult to convert, with their full power and point, into another language. The great mass of them are best untranslated. We select, from various translators, a number of these epigrammatic poems.]

TO CALLISTRATUS.

Yes, I am poor, Callistratus, I own,
And so was ever; yet not quite unknown;
Graced with a knight's degree; nor this alone,
But through the world my verse is frequent sung,
And "that is he!" sounds buzzed from every tongue;
And what to few, when dust, the Fates assign,
In bloom and freshness of my days is mine.
Thy ceilings on a hundred columns rest;
Wealth, as of upstart freedmen, bursts thy chest;
Nile flows in fatness o'er thy ample fields;
Cisalpine Gaul thy silky fleeces yields.
Lo! such thou art, and such am I: like me,
Callistratus, thou canst not hope to be;
A hundred of the crowd resemble thee.

ELTON.

PROCRASTINATION.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day's itself too late: the wise lived yesterday.

COWLEY.

TO ATTALUS.

Yes, you're a pretty preacher, sir, we know it,
 Write pretty novels, are a pretty poet,
 A pretty critic, and tell fortunes too ;
 Then, who writes farce or epigrams like you ?
 At every ball how prettily you nick it !
 You fiddle, sing, play prettily at cricket.
 Yet, after all, in nothing you excel,—
 Do all things prettily, but nothing well.
 What shall I call you ? Say the best I can,
 You are, my friend, a very busy man.

GRAVES.

TO CHLOE.

I could resign that eye of blue,
 Howe'er its splendor used to thrill me ;
 And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue,—
 To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
 However much I've raved about it ;
 And, sweetly as that lip can kiss,
 I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learned to fast,
 That sooth, my love, I know not whether
 I might not bring myself at last
 To do without you altogether.

MOORE.

TO AULUS :—CRITICS.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
 And yet some writers cannot them digest :
 But what care I ? for when I make a feast
 I would my guests should praise it,—not the cooks.

ADDISON.

TO FABULLUS:—A BAD SUPPER.

Faith, your essence was excelling,

But you gave us nought to eat:

Nothing tasting, sweetly smelling,

Is, Fabullus, scarce a treat.

Let me see a fowl unjointed

When your table next is spread:

Who not feeds, but is anointed,

Lives like nothing but the dead.

G. LAMB.

TO MARO:—THE HEIR EXPECTANT.

You told me, Maro, whilst you live

You'd not a single penny give,

But that whene'er you chance to die

You'd leave a handsome legacy:

You must be mad beyond redress

If my next wish you cannot guess.

Motto of 198th Rambler.

A CONTRADICTORY CHARACTER.

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,

Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,

Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,

There is no living with thee, or without thee.

ADDISON.

THE TRULY GREAT.

Milo, forbear to call him blest

That only boasts a large estate.

Should all the treasures of the East

Meet, and conspire to make him great,

Let a broad stream with golden sands

Through all his meadows roll,

He's but a wretch, with all his lands,

That wears a narrow soul.

DR. WATTS.

ON THE GIRL EROTION.

The girl that was to ear and sight
More soft of tone, of skin more white,
Than plumaged swans, that yield in death
The sweetest murmur of their breath;
Smooth as Galesus' soft-fleeced flocks,
Dainty as shells on Lucrine rocks,
As red sea-pearls, bright ivory's glow,
Unsullied lilies, virgin snow;
Whose locks were tipped with ruddy gold,
Like wool that clothes the Bœtic fold,
Like braided hair of girls of Rhine,
As tawny field-mouse sleek and fine;
Whose vermeil mouth breathed Pæstum's rose,
Or balm fresh honey-combs disclose,
Or amber yielding odor sweet
From the chafing hands' soft heat;
By whom the peacock was not fair,
Nor squirrels pets, nor phoenix rare,—
Erotion crumbles in her urn,
Warm from the pile her ashes burn;
Ere yet had closed her sixteenth year
The Fates accursed have spread her bier,
And with her all I doted on,
My loves, my joys, my sports, are gone.
Yet Pætus, who, like me distrest,
Is fain to beat his mourning breast
And tear his hair beside a grave,
Asks, "Blush you not to mourn a slave?
I mourn a high, rich, noble wife,
And yet I bear my lot of life!"
Thy fortitude exceeds all bounds:
Thou hast two hundred thousand pounds;

Thou bearest, 'tis true, thy lot of life,
Thou bearest the jointure of thy wife.

ELTON.

[We now present some examples of Martial's more amiable manner.
Here is a charming little tribute to another "girl Erotion."]

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion,
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipped away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade ;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar,
But this tomb be here alone
The only melancholy stone.

LEIGH HUNT.

TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

What makes the happiest life below,
A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
A good estate, not earned with toil,
But left by will, or given by fate ;
A land of no ungrateful soil ;
A constant fire within your grate ;
No law ; few cares ; a quiet mind ;
Strength unimpaired ; a healthful frame ;
Wisdom with innocence combined ;
Friends equal both in years and fame ;

Your living easy, and your board
With food, but not with luxury, stored ;

A bed, though chaste, not solitary ;
Sound sleep, to shorten night's dull reign ;
Wish nothing that is yours to vary ;
Think all enjoyments that remain ;
And for the inevitable hour,
Nor hope it nigh, nor dread its power.

MERIVALE.

THE DAUGHTER OF VIRGINIUS.

LIVY.

[In the year 59 B.C., at Patavium, the modern Padua, was born Titus Livius Patavinus, usually called Livy, the most famous of Roman historians. Little is known of his life, except that he enjoyed the favor of the emperor Augustus, despite his outspoken admiration of the institutions of republican Rome. His great work was not begun till he had reached middle age, but, as he lived till his seventy-seventh year, he had ample time to complete it. His fame spread so rapidly that we are told of a person who made the long journey from Cadiz to Rome for no other purpose than to see him. His celebrated work is a history of Rome, which he modestly entitles "*Annals*," extending from the origin of the city to the death of Drusus, in the year 9 B.C. It originally comprised one hundred and forty-two books, but of these only thirty now exist complete, with the greater part of five more.

Livy cannot be praised for the critical accuracy of his work, but as a narrator, an historical story-teller, he is unrivalled, either in ancient or in modern times. In this respect he was a man of pre-eminent genius, and possessed of a fresh, lively, and fascinating style, whose charm no reader can escape. There is also something in a high degree winning and engaging about what may be called the moral atmosphere of Livy's history, which shows the historian to have been a man of the kindest sympathies. A lost battle is misery to him. He trembles at the thought of relating it. In the words of Quintilian, "he is

especially the historian of the affections, particularly of the softer sensibilities."

From among the many interesting narratives told by him we select that which is perhaps the most dramatically tragic of them all, the well-known story of Virginia and her noble-minded father. The decemvirs were a body of ten patricians who had been appointed to codify the laws, and had illegally seized on the government of the city. Their power came to an end through the following act of Appius Claudius, their leading spirit. The selection we give is from the literal translation of Spillan.]

ANOTHER atrocious deed follows in the city, originating in lust, attended with results not less tragical than that deed which drove the Tarquins from the city and the throne through the injured chastity and violent death of Lucretia ; so that the decemvirs not only had the same end as the kings had, but the same cause also of losing their power. Appius Claudius was seized with a criminal passion for violating the person of a young woman of plebeian condition. Lucius Virginius, the girl's father, held an honorable rank among the centurions at Algidum, a man of exemplary good conduct both at home and in the service. His wife had been educated in a similar manner, as also were their children. He had betrothed his daughter to Lucius Icilius, who had been a tribune, a man of spirit and of approved zeal in the interest of the people. This young woman, in the bloom of youth, distinguished for beauty, Appius, burning with desire, attempted to seduce by bribes and promises ; and when he perceived that all the avenues (to the possession of her) were barred by modesty, he turned his thoughts to cruel and tyrannical violence.

He instructed a dependant of his, Marcus Claudius, to claim the girl as his slave, and not to yield to those who might demand her interim retention of liberty ; considering that, because the girl's father was absent, there was an opportunity for committing the injury. The tool of the

decemvir's lust laid hands on the girl as she was coming into the Forum (for there in the sheds the literary schools were held); calling her "the daughter of his slave, and a slave herself," he commanded her to follow him; that he would force her away if she demurred. The girl being stupefied with terror, a crowd collects at the cries of the girl's nurse, who besought the protection of the citizens. The popular names of her father, Virginius, and of her spouse, Icilius, are in the mouths of every one. Their regard for them gains over their acquaintances, while the heinousness of the proceeding gains over the crowd. She was now safe from violence, when the claimant says, "that there was no occasion for raising a mob; that he was proceeding by law, not by force." He cites the girl into court. Those who stood by her advising her to follow him, they now reached the tribunal of Appius. The claimant rehearses the farce well known to the judge, as being the author of the plot, "that a girl born in his house, and clandestinely transferred from thence to the house of Virginius, had been fathered on the latter. That he stated a thing ascertained by certain evidence, and would prove it to the satisfaction even of Virginius himself, whom the principal portion of that loss would concern. That it was but just in the interim the girl should accompany her master." The advocates for Virginia, after they had urged that Virginius was absent on business of the state, that he would be here in two days if word were sent to him, that it was unfair that in his absence he should run any risk regarding his children, demand that he adjourn the whole matter till the arrival of the father; that he should allow the claim for her interim liberty according to the law passed by himself, and not allow a maiden of ripe age to encounter the risk of her reputation before that of her liberty.

[In answer to this appeal Appius decided that she should be left in the hands of the claimant.]

When many rather murmured against the injustice of this decision than any one individual ventured to protest against it, the girl's uncle, Publius Numitorius, and her betrothed spouse, Icilius, just came in; and way being made through the crowd, the multitude thinking that Appius might be most effectually resisted by the intervention of Icilius, the licitor declares that "he had decided the matter," and removes Icilius when he attempted to raise his voice. Injustice so atrocious would have fired even a cool temper. "By the sword, Appius," says he, "I must be removed hence, that you may carry off in silence that which you wish to be concealed. This young woman I am about to marry, determined to have a lawful and chaste wife. Wherefore call together all the licitors even of your colleagues; order the rods and axes to be had in readiness; the betrothed wife of Icilius shall not remain without her father's house. Though you have taken from us the aid of our tribunes, and the power of appeal to the commons of Rome, the two bulwarks for maintaining our liberty, absolute dominion has not therefore been given to you over our wives and children. Vent your fury on our backs and necks; let chastity at least be secure. If violence be offered to her, I shall implore the protection of the citizens here present in behalf of my spouse; Virginus will implore that of the soldiers in behalf of his only daughter; we shall all implore the protection of gods and men, nor shall you carry that sentence into effect without our blood. I demand of you, Appius, consider again and again to what lengths you are proceeding. Let Virginus, when he comes, consider what conduct he should pursue with respect to his daughter. Let him only be assured of this, that if he yield to the claims of this man he will have to seek out

another match for his daughter. As for my part, in vindicating the liberty of my spouse, life shall leave me sooner than my honor."

The multitude was now excited, and a contest seemed likely to ensue.

[The judge, however, prudently avoided this, by consenting that the girl should be bailed till the following day. At once the friends of the prisoner sent two active young men to the camp to warn Virginius and advise him to make all haste to the city. Icilius protracted as long as possible the act of giving bail, so as to allow these messengers a fair start.]

Appius having delayed a short time, that he might not appear to have sat on account of the present case, when no one applied, all other concerns being given up by reason of their solicitude about the one, betook himself home, and writes to his colleagues to the camp "not to grant leave of absence to Virginius, and even to keep him in confinement." This wicked scheme was late, as it deserved to be; for Virginius, having already obtained his leave, had set out at the first watch, while the letter regarding his detention was delivered on the following morning to no purpose.

But in the city, when the citizens were standing in the Forum erect with expectation, Virginius, clad in mourning, by break of day conducts his daughter, also attired in weeds, attended by some matrons, into the Forum, with a considerable body of advocates. He then began to go round and to solicit individuals, and not only to entreat their aid as a boon to his prayers, but demanded it as due to him; "that he stood daily in the field of battle in defence of their children and wives, nor was there any other man to whom a greater number of brave and intrepid deeds in war can be ascribed than to him. What availed it if, while the city was still secure, their children

would be exposed to suffer the severest hardships which would have to be dreaded if it was taken?"

Delivering these observations like one haranguing in an assembly, he solicited them individually. Similar arguments were used by Icilius: the female attendants produced more effect by their silent tears than any language. With a mind utterly insensible to all this (such a paroxysm of madness, rather than of love, had perverted his mind), Appius ascended the tribunal; and when the claimant began to complain briefly that justice had not been administered to him on the preceding day through a desire to please the people, before either he could go through with his claim or an opportunity of reply was afforded to Virginius, Appius interrupts him. The preamble with which he prefaced the sentence ancient authors may have handed down, perhaps, with truth; because I nowhere find any one that was likely (to have been used) on so scandalous a business, it seems the naked fact should be stated as being a point which is agreed on,—viz., that he passed a sentence consigning her to slavery. At first all were astounded with amazement at so heinous a proceeding; then silence prevailed for some time. Then, when Marcus Claudius proceeded to seize the maiden, the matrons standing around her, and was received with piteous lamentation of the women, Virginius, menacingly extending his hands towards Appius, says, "To Icilius, and not to you, Appius, have I betrothed my daughter; and for matrimony, not prostitution, have I brought her up. Do you wish men to gratify their lust promiscuously, like cattle and wild beasts? Whether these persons will endure such things, I know not; I hope that those will not who have arms in their hands." When the claimant of the girl was repulsed by the crowd of women and advocates who were standing around her, silence was commanded by the crier.

The decemvir, engrossed in mind by his lustful propensities, states that not only from the abusive language of Icilius yesterday, and the violence of Virginius, of which he had the entire Roman people as witnesses, but from authentic information also, he ascertained that cabals were held in the city during the whole night to stir up a sedition. Accordingly, that he, being aware of that danger, had come down with armed soldiers; not that he would molest any peaceable person, but in order to punish suitably to the majesty of the government persons disturbing the tranquillity of the state. It will, therefore, be better to remain quiet. "Go, licitor," says he, "remove the crowd; and make way for the master to lay hold of his slave." When, bursting with passion, he had thundered out these words, the multitude themselves voluntarily separated, and the girl stood deserted, a prey to injustice.

Then Virginius, when he saw no aid anywhere, says, "I beg you, Appius, first pardon a father's grief, if I have said anything too harsh against you; in the next place, suffer me to question the nurse before the maiden, what all this matter is? that if I have been falsely called her father, I may depart hence with a more resigned mind." Permission being granted, he draws the nurse and the girl aside to the sheds near the Temple of Cloacina, which now go by the name of the new sheds; and there snatching up a knife from a butcher (he cried), "In this one way, the only one in my power, do I secure to you your liberty." He then transfixes the girl's breast, and, looking back towards the tribunal, he says, "With this blood I devote thee, Appius, and thy head!"

Appius, aroused by the cry raised at so dreadful a deed, orders Virginius to be seized. He, armed with the knife, cleared the way whithersoever he went, until, protected by the crowd of persons attending him, he reached the gate.

Icilius and Numitorius take up the lifeless body and exhibit it to the people; they deplore the villany of Appius, the fatal beauty of the maiden, and the dire necessity of the father. The matrons who followed exclaim, "Was this the condition of rearing children? Were these the rewards of chastity?" and other things which female grief on such occasions suggests, when their complaints are so much the more affecting in proportion as (their grief) is more intense from the natural tenderness of their minds. The voice of the men, and more especially of Icilius, entirely turned on the tribunitian power, on the right of appeal to the people which had been taken from them, and on the indignities thrown upon the state.

The multitude was excited partly by the atrocious nature of the deed, partly by the hope of recovering their liberty through a favorable opportunity. Appius now orders Icilius to be summoned before him, now, on refusing to come, to be seized; at length, when an opportunity of approaching him was not afforded to the beadles, he himself, proceeding through the crowd with a body of young patri-cians, orders him to be taken into confinement. Now, not only the multitude, but Lucius Valerius and Marcus Horatius, the leaders of the multitude, stood around Icilius; who, having repulsed the lictor, stated that, "if he meant to proceed by law, they would protect Icilius from one who was but a private citizen; if he desired to employ force, that they would be no bad match for him even then." Hence arises a furious scuffle. The decemvir's lictor attacks Valerius and Horatius; the fasces are broken by the people. Appius ascends the tribunal; Horatius and Valerius follow him. To them the assembly pays attention; they drown with clamor the voice of the decemvir. Now Valerius authoritatively ordered the lictors to depart from one who was but a private citizen; when Appius, whose

spirits were now broken, being alarmed for his life, betook himself into a house in the vicinity of the Forum, unknown to his enemies, with his head covered up.

[The sequel of this thrilling story we must give in epitome, as it is told at great length by Livy. Virginius fled to the camp, followed by about four hundred citizens, and rushed among the soldiers, brandishing the fatal knife, and covered with blood, while to their eager questions his sole response was an outburst of tears. But the story quickly spread through the camp, and the indignant soldiers, heedless of the commands and entreaties of their leaders, seized their arms and standards and marched tumultuously to Rome. There, establishing themselves on the Aventine, and afterwards on the Sacred Mount, they sternly demanded justice and liberty, requiring the deposition of the decemvirs and the restoration of the tribunes and of popular liberty. The Senate, in alarm, gave way to all their demands. Valerius and Horatius were chosen as consuls, and ten tribunes of the people were appointed, the first three names being those of Virginius, Icilius, and Numitorius. The decemvirs were deposed, and the most guilty of them, Appius Claudius and Spurius Oppius, were put on trial for their crimes. Virginius, as leading tribune, pushed the prosecution against Appius with such vigor that, in spite of every effort of the patricians, a trial, which could end only in conviction, was ordered.]

Accordingly, all hope being cut off, Appius put a period to his life before the day arrived appointed for his trial. Soon after, Spurius Oppius, the next object of public indignation, as having been in the city when the unjust decision was given by his colleague, was arraigned by Publius Numitorius. However, an act of injustice committed by Oppius brought more odium on him than the not preventing one. A witness was brought forward who, after reckoning up twenty campaigns, after having been particularly honored eight different times, and wearing these honors in the sight of the Roman people, tore open his garment and exhibited his back torn with stripes, asking no other con-

ditions but "that, if the accused could name one guilty act of his, he might, though a private individual, once more repeat his severity on him." Oppius was also thrown into prison, where he put a period to his life before the day of trial. The tribunes confiscated the property of Appius and Oppius. Their colleagues left their homes to go into exile; their property was confiscated. Marcus Claudius, the claimant of Virginia, being condemned on the day of his trial, was discharged, and went away into exile to Tibur, Virginius himself remitting the penalty as far as it affected his life; and the shade of Virginia, more fortunate after death than when living, after having roamed through so many families in quest of vengeance, at length rested in peace, no guilty person being left unpunished.

FROM THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

PINDAR.

[Pindar, universally held by the ancients as the greatest of the lyric poets of Greece, was born at Thebes, or at the neighboring village of Cynocephalæ, in the year 522 B.C. He died 442 B.C., in the eightieth year of his age. This distinguished songster belonged to a race of noble origin and poetic affiliation, and the youthful Pindar, whose genius early displayed itself, was sent by his parents to Athens to be instructed in the poetic art. His studies completed, he returned to Thebes, where he became intimately associated with Myrtis and Corinna, two poetesses of high celebrity. From poetic contests with these associates he soon broke into that nobler strain which has given him world-wide fame. Of the products of his matured genius we possess entire only the "Epinicia," or triumphal odes in honor of the victors in the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games. Of his other poems only fragments remain.]

These odes are noted for their obscurity, the copiousness and involution of their thoughts rendering them a puzzle to the best Greek scholar. Their style is chaste and severe, but with abundant imagery and picturesque description. We select, from Cary's translation, portions of the ode written in honor of Hiero of Ætna, tyrant of Syracuse, and victor in the Pythian chariot-races.]

I. 1.

O LYRE of gold ;
Which Phœbus, and that sister choir,
With crispéd locks of darkest violet hue,
Their seemly heritage forever hold :
The cadenced step hangs listening on thy chime ;
Spontaneous joys ensue ;
The vocal troops obey thy signal notes ;
While sudden from the shrilling wire
To lead the solemn dance thy murmur floats
In its preluding flight of sound ;
And in thy streams of music drowned
The forkéd lightning in heaven's azure clime
Quenches its ever-flowing fire.

I. 2.

The monarch-eagle then hangs down
On either side his flagging wing,
And on Jove's sceptre rocks with slumbering head :
Hovering vapors darkling spread
O'er his arched beak, and veil his filmy eye :
Thou pour'st a sweet mist from thy string ;
And as thy music's thrilling arrows fly,
He feels soft sleep effuse
From every pore its balmy-stealing dews,
And heaves his ruffled plumes in slumber's ecstasy.
Stern Mars has dropped his sharp and barbéd spear ;
And starts, and smiles to hear

Thy warbled chants, while joy flows in upon his mind:
Thy music's weapons pierce, disarm
The demons of celestial kind,
By Apollo's music-charms,
And accent of the zoned, full-bosomed maids
That haunt Pieria's shades.

I. 3.

But they, whom Jove abhors, with shuddering ear
The voices of the Muses hear;
Whether they range the earth or tossing sea:
Such is that hundred-headed giant, he
Of blessed gods an enemy,
Typhon, who lies in chasm of Tartarus drear;
To whom Cilicia's legend-fabled cave
His nourished being gave:
Now on his shaggy breast
Sicilia's isle and Cuma's sea-girt shore
Are ponderously prest;
And that round pillar of the sky
With congelation hoar,
Ætna, crushes him from high;
While the year rolls slow
Nurse of keen-encrusted snow. . . .

II. 2.

A miracle of sight and sound
To him that muses, how fast bound
That giant wallows on his flinty bed,
Under Ætna's beetling head
With blackening foliage crowned,
And deep beneath the mountain's roots profound;
While as his limbs at their huge length are spread,
His back is scarred with many a rocky wound.

Oh, grant me, Jove! with strains like these
Thy gracious ear to please:
This forehead of green earth, this mount in air
Swelling sublime, thine eye o'ersees:
The founder of illustrious fame
Bade the neighboring city bear
The mountain's kindred name:
Its honors to the gazing crowd
Did the herald's voice proclaim,
In him who, graced with conquest proud,
In chariots winning fresh renown,
Wears now the Pythian crown. . . .
Phœbus! that lovest Castalia's fount
Flowing round Parnassus' mount,
Hear what now I sing:
Lay it within thy soul to distant time,
And let Sicilia's clime,
As now, with men heroic spring.

III. 1.

For from the gods descend
All high designs that here on earth
Point the virtues to their end:
The wise of thought, the strong of hand,
The eloquent of tongue,
Not from ourselves are sprung,
But from a secret and divine command
Are ushered into birth.
Now, while the hope within me stirs, to praise
That man of victory,
While in my poising grasp I raise
The brass-tipped javelin high,
Let it not wide-starting stray,
But, speeding on its way,

Far o'erleap each rival's cast :
Time, let the future, as the past,
Felicity bestow, .
And bid the source of bounty flow,
And sickness in oblivion lay.

III. 2.

In memory's blazoned roll
Shall rise the struggle of the battle-hour,
When fought the gods on Hiero's side,
And firm in fortitude of soul
He cropped, with Gelo, glory's flower,
Gathering o'er every Greek renown,
And winning wealthy empire's gorgeous crown. . . .

III. 3.

May the healing god appear
To Hiero, onward as the moments creep,
Lull his grief and pain to sleep,
Bid speed the wishes of his soul,
And his frame from sickness rear.
Muse, again my voice obey ;
This strain for Hiero's chariot-victory won
Sing to Dinomenes the son ;
Not with averted ear
Shall he a father's triumph hear :
Come, then ; for him that shall o'er Ætna sway,
Meditate the pleasing lay. . . .

V. 1.

The seasonable speech,
Grasping in narrow space the sum of things,
Draws less the biting obloquy
Of man's invidious tongue ;
But swollen satiety

Fastidious loathing brings,
The hearer's thoughts quick soar beyond its reach,
And fame sheds secret gall
In citizens with envy stung
At others' noble deeds ;
Yet better envy, than the tear let fall
By pity o'er the ill corruption breeds :
Then pass not virtue by ;
In steady justice bold
The nation's rudder hold,
Governed and guided still,
And shape thy tongue and will
On the forge of verity.

V. 2.

The lightest word that falls from thee, O king,
Becomes a mighty and momentous thing :
O'er many placed, as arbiter on high,
Many thy goings watchful see ;
Thy ways on every side
A host of faithful witnesses descry :
Then let thy liberal temper be the guide :
If ever to thine ear
Fame's softest whisper yet was dear,
Stint not thy bounty's flowing tide ;
Stand at the helm of state ; full to the gale
Spread thy wide-gathering sail.
Friend, let not plausible avarice spread
Its lures to tempt thee from the path of fame :
For, know, the glory of a name
Follows the mighty dead.

V. 3.

Praise lights the beaten road
Which the departed trod,

And gilds the speaker's tongue, the poet's lays :
Not Cræsus' virtue mild decays ;
But hateful fame shall ever cling
To Phalaris, him merciless of mind,
Who in the brazen bull's rebellowing void
Burned with the flame his kind :
Never for him the social roof shall ring
With sound of harps in descant sweet ;
Ne'er has his name employed
The tongue of boys, that prattling tales repeat :
The virtuous deed
Is honor's highest meed ;
That deed's recorded fame
Next touches with delight the human ear :
The man that thus shall act and hear
May the crown of glory claim.

[Pindar had some incitement for his praises of Hiero, who treated him, while at his court, rather as a prince than as a poet. We append short extracts from some others of his odes.]

FROM THE SECOND OLYMPIC.

The deeds that stubborn mortals do
In this disordered nook of Jove's domain
All find their meed, and there's a judge below
Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.
O'er the Good, soft suns awhile,
Through the mild day, the night serene,
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
Tempering all the tranquil scene.
Theirs is leisure ; vex not they
Stubborn soil or watery way,
To wring from toil want's worthless bread :
No ills they know, nor tears they shed,

But with the glorious gods below
Ages of peace contented share :
Meanwhile the Bad, in bitterest woe,
Eye-startling tasks and endless tortures bear.

All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood,
Still unsexed, unstained with vice,—
They, by Jove's mysterious road,
Pass to Saturn's realms of rest,
Happy isle, that holds the blest ;
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
Which nature boon from stream or strand
Or goodly tree profusely showers ;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
And braid their locks with never-fading flowers.
A. MOORE.

FROM THE EIGHTH NEMEAN.

Hateful of old the glozing plea,
With bland imposture at his side,
Still meditating guile,
Filled with reproaches vile ;
Who pulls the splendid down,
And bids th' obscure in festering glory shine.
Such temper far remove, O father Jove, from me.
The simple paths of life be mine ;
That, when this being I resign,
I to my children may bequeath
A name they shall not blush to hear.
Others for gold the vow may breathe,
Or lands that see no limit near ;
But fain would I live out my days,

Beloved with those with whom they're passed,
In mine own city, till at last
In earth my limbs are clad ;
Still praising what is worthy praise,
But scattering censure on the bad.
For virtue, by the wise and just
Exalted, grows up like a tree,
That springeth from the dust,
And, by the green dews fed,
Doth raise aloft her head
And in the blithe air waves her branches free.

CARY.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PLUTARCH.

[Plutarch was a native of Chaeronea in Boeotia, where he was born about the middle of the first century A.D. He died some time after 106 A.D. Of his many writings the only one that is now well known is his celebrated "Parallel Lives," the most agreeable and attractive biographical work which the ancient world has left us. It contains biographies of forty-six eminent Greeks and Romans, arranged in pairs, and ending usually with a comparison of the members of each pair. The universal popularity of this work is due to the dramatic vigor with which it is written, and to its wealth of anecdote, which makes it one of our chief authorities for the private lives of the persons treated. His anecdotal method, fine characterization, and great naturalness of description have given Plutarch a wide circle of readers ; while to students of ancient literature his numerous quotations from preceding authors are of great value.

In regard to style the work is by no means a fine example of Attic literature, being faulty and careless in language and lacking in grammatical and rhetorical skill. It has also many errors of statement. But, notwithstanding all this, its vivacity, its sensible reflections, and its high standard of morality give it great value. We select for illustration

the story of Antony's infatuation with Cleopatra. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, Antony was left in control of Greece and the Asiatic provinces.]

ANTONY'S behavior was at first very acceptable to the Grecians. He attended the disputes of their logicians, their public diversions and religious ceremonies. He was mild in the administration of justice, and affected to be called the friend of Greece, but particularly the friend of Athens, to which he made considerable presents. The Megarensians, vying with the Athenians in exhibiting something curious, invited him to see their senate-house; and when they asked him how he liked it, he told them it was little and ruinous. He took the dimensions of the temple of Apollo Pythius, as if he had intended to repair it; and, indeed, he promised as much to the senate.

But when, leaving Lucius Censorinus in Greece, he once more passed into Asia; when he had enriched himself with the wealth of the country; when his house was the resort of obsequious kings, and queens contending for his favor by their beauty and munificence; then, whilst Caesar was harassed with seditions at Rome, Antony once more gave up his soul to luxury, and fell into all the dissipation of his former life. The Anaxenores and the Zuthi, the harpers and the pipers, Metrodorus the dancer, the whole corps of the Asiatic drama, who far outdid in buffoonery the poor wretches of Italy,—these were the people of the court, the folk that carried all before them. In short, all was riot and disorder; and Asia, in some measure, resembled the city mentioned by Sophocles, and was at once filled with the perfumes of sacrifices, songs, and groans.

When Antony entered Ephesus, the women in the dress of Bacchanals, and men and boys habited like Pan and the satyrs, marched before him. Nothing was to be seen through the whole city but ivy crowns, and spears wreathed

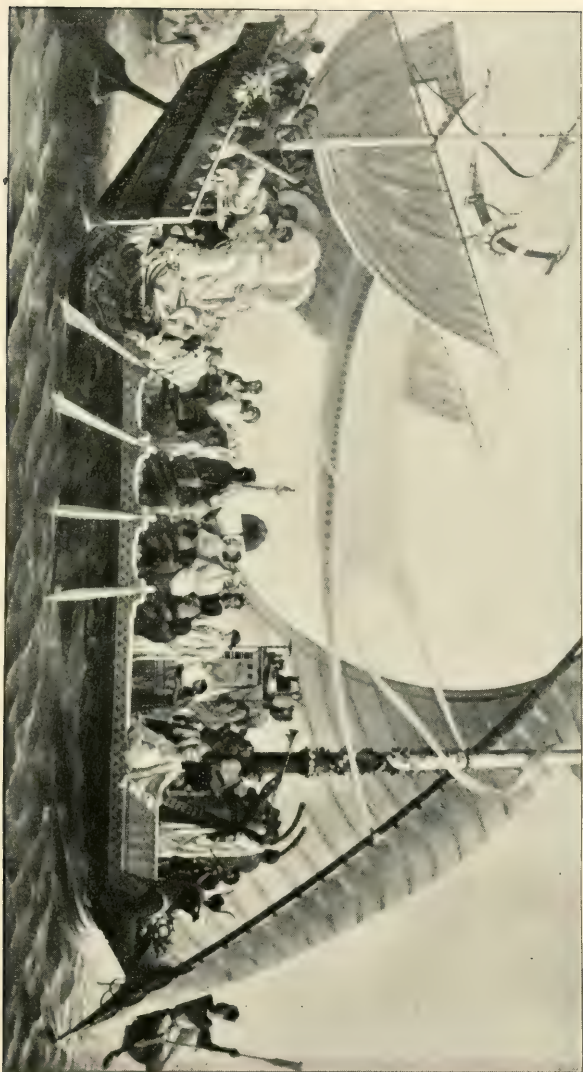
with ivy, harps, flutes, and pipes, while Antony was hailed by the name of Bacchus :

Bacchus ! ever kind and free !

And such, indeed, he was to some ; but to others he was savage and severe. He deprived many noble families of their fortunes and bestowed them on sycophants and parasites. Many were represented to be dead who were still living, and commissions were given to his knaves for seizing their estates. He gave his cook the estate of a Magnesian citizen for dressing one supper to his taste ; but when he laid a double impost on Asia, Hybrias, the agent for the people, told him, with a pleasantry that was agreeable to his humor, that “if he doubled the taxes he ought to double the seasons too, and supply the people with two summers and two winters.” He added at the same time, with a little more asperity, that “as Asia had already raised two hundred thousand talents, if he had not received it, he should demand it of those who had ; but,” said he, “if you received it, and yet have it not, we are undone.” This touched him sensibly, for he was ignorant of many things that were transacted under his authority ; not that he was indolent, but unsuspecting. He had a simplicity in his nature, without much penetration ; but when he found that faults had been committed he expressed the greatest concern and acknowledgment to the sufferers. He was prodigal in his rewards and severe in his punishments ; but the excess was rather in the former than in the latter. The insulting raillery of his conversation carried its remedy along with it, for he was perfectly liberal in allowing the retort, and gave and took with the same good humor. This, however, had a bad effect on his affairs. He imagined that those who treated him with freedom in conversation would not be insincere in business. He did not perceive

that his sycophants were artful in their freedom, that they used it as a kind of poignant sauce to prevent the satiety of flattery, and that, by taking these liberties with him at table, they knew well that when they complied with his opinions in business he would not think it the effect of complaisance, but a conviction of his superior judgment.

Such was the frail, the flexible Antony, when the love of Cleopatra came in to the completion of his ruin. This awakened every dormant vice, inflamed every guilty passion, and totally extinguished the gleams of remaining virtue. It began in this manner. When he first set out on his expedition against the Parthians, he sent orders to Cleopatra to meet him in Cilicia, that she might answer some accusations which had been laid against her of assisting Cassius in the war. Dellius, who went on this message, no sooner observed the beauty and address of Cleopatra than he concluded that such a woman, far from having anything to apprehend from the resentment of Antony, would certainly have great influence over him. He therefore paid his court to the amiable Egyptian, and solicited her to go, as Homer says, "in her best attire," into Cilicia, assuring her that she had nothing to fear from Antony, who was the most courtly general in the world. Induced by his invitation, and in the confidence of that beauty which had before touched the hearts of Cæsar and young Pompey, she entertained no doubt of the conquest of Antony. When Cæsar and Pompey had her favors, she was young and inexperienced; but she was to meet Antony at an age when beauty in its full perfection called in the maturity of the understanding to its aid. Prepared, therefore, with such treasures, ornaments, and presents as were suitable to the dignity and affluence of her kingdom, but chiefly relying on her personal charms, she set off for Cilicia.



THE GALLEY OF CLEOPATRA.



Though she had received many pressing letters of invitation from Antony and his friends, she held him in such contempt that she by no means took the most expeditious method of travelling. She sailed along the river Cydnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, and the oars were silver. These, in their motion, kept time to the music of flutes and pipes and harps. The queen, in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold, of the most exquisite workmanship, while boys like painted Cupids stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty, and, habited like the Nereids and the Graces, assisted in the steerage and conduct of the vessel. The fragrance of burning incense was diffused along the shores, which were covered with multitudes of people. Some followed the procession, and such numbers went down from the city to see it that Antony was at last left alone on the tribunal. A rumor was soon spread that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus for the benefit of Asia. Antony sent to invite her to supper; but she thought it his duty to wait upon her and to show his politeness on her arrival. He complied. He was astonished at the magnificence of the preparations, but particularly at that multitude of lights, which were raised or let down together, and disposed in such a variety of square and circular figures that they afforded one of the most pleasing spectacles that has been recorded in history. The day following, Antony invited her to sup with him, and was ambitious to outdo her in the elegance and magnificence of the entertainment. But he was soon convinced that he came short of her in both, and was the first to ridicule the meanness and vulgarity of his treat. As she found that Antony's humor savored more of the camp than of the court, she fell into the same coarse vein,

and played upon him without the least reserve. Such was the variety of her powers in conversation; her beauty, it is said, was neither astonishing nor inimitable; but it derived a force from her wit, and her fascinating manner, which was absolutely irresistible. Her voice was delightfully melodious, and had the same variety of modulation as an instrument of many strings. She spoke most languages; and there were but few of the foreign ambassadors whom she answered by an interpreter. She gave audience herself to the Ethiopians, the Troglodytes, the Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians. Nor were these all the languages she understood, though the kings of Egypt, her predecessors, could hardly ever attain to the Egyptian, and some of them forgot even their original Macedonian.

Antony was so wholly engrossed with her charms that while his wife Fulvia was maintaining his interest at Rome against Caesar, and the Parthian forces, assembled under the conduct of Labienus in Mesopotamia, were ready to enter Syria, she led her amorous captive in triumph to Alexandria. There the veteran warrior fell into every idle excess of puerile amusement, and offered at the shrine of luxury what Antipho calls the greatest of all sacrifices,—the sacrifice of time. This mode of life they called the inimitable. They visited each other alternately every day; and the profusion of their entertainments is almost incredible. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time pursuing his studies in Alexandria, told my grandfather Lamprias that, being acquainted with one of Antony's cooks, he was invited to see the preparations for supper. When he came into the kitchen, besides an infinite variety of other provisions, he observed eight wild boars roasting whole, and expressed his surprise at the number of the company for whom this enormous provision

must have been made. The cook laughed, and said that the company did not exceed twelve, but that, as every dish was to be roasted to a single turn, and as Antony was uncertain as to the time when he would sup, particularly if an extraordinary bottle or an extraordinary vein of conversation was going round, it was necessary to have a succession of suppers. Philotas added that being afterwards in the service of Antony's eldest son by Fulvia, he was admitted to sup with him when he did not sup with his father; and it once happened that, when another physician at table had tired the company with his noise and impertinence, he silenced him with the following sophism: "There are some degrees of a fever in which cold water is good for a man; every man who has a fever has it in some degree; and therefore cold water is good for every man in a fever." The impertinent was struck dumb with this syllogism; and Antony's son, who laughed at his distress, to reward Philotas for his good offices, pointing to a magnificent sideboard full of plate, said, "All that, Philotas, is yours!" Philotas acknowledged the kind offer, but thought it too much for such a boy to give. And afterwards, when a servant brought the plate to him in a chest, that he might put his seal upon it, he refused, and, indeed, was afraid to accept it. Upon which the servant said, "What are you afraid of? Do not you consider that this is a present from the son of Antony, who could easily give you its weight in gold? However, I would recommend it to you to take the value of it in money. In this plate there may be some curious pieces of ancient workmanship that Antony may set a value on." Such are the anecdotes that my grandfather told me he had from Philotas.

Cleopatra was not limited to Plato's four kinds of flattery. She had an infinite variety of it. Whether Antony were in the gay or the serious humor, still she had some-

thing ready for his amusement. She was with him night and day. She gamed, she drank, she hunted, she reviewed with him. In his night rambles, when he was reconnoitring the doors and windows of the citizens and throwing out his jests upon them, she attended him in the habit of a servant, which he also, on such occasions, affected to wear. From these expeditions he frequently returned a sufferer both in person and character. But though some of the Alexandrians were displeased with this whimsical humor, others enjoyed it, and said that "Antony presented his comic parts in Alexandria, and reserved the tragic for Rome." To mention all his follies would be too trifling; but his fishing-story must not be omitted. He was fishing one day with Cleopatra, and had ill success, which, in the presence of his mistress, he looked upon as a disgrace; he therefore ordered one of his assistants to dive and put on his hook such as had been taken before. This scheme he put in practice three or four times, and Cleopatra perceived it. She affected, however, to be surprised at his success, expressed her wonder to the people about her, and, the day following, invited them to see fresh proofs of it. When the day following came, the vessel was crowded with people; and as soon as Antony had let down his line she ordered one of her divers immediately to put a salt fish on his hook. When Antony found he had caught his fish, he drew up his line; and this, as may be supposed, occasioned no small mirth amongst the spectators. "Go, general," said Cleopatra, "leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharus and Canopus: your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces."

[Antony subsequently married Octavia, a sister of Octavius, but several years afterwards his infatuation for Cleopatra returned, and he rejoined her in Egypt. Hostilities resulted, Antony was defeated and fled to Egypt, and on pursuit by Octavius killed himself. Cleopatra

tried to gain an influence over the conqueror, but, finding that she had failed in this, she resolved on self-destruction. She had previously experimented with poisons, trying them on various persons, and had found that the bite of the asp gave the most painless death. Plutarch thus describes the final scene.]

There was in Cæsar's train a young nobleman whose name was Cornelius Dolabella. He was smitten with the charms of Cleopatra, and, having engaged to communicate to her everything that passed, he sent her private notice that Cæsar was about to return into Syria, and that within three days she would be sent away with her children. When she was informed of this, she requested of Cæsar permission to make her last oblations to Antony. This being granted, she was conveyed to the place where he was buried; and, kneeling at his tomb, with her women, she thus addressed the manes of the dead: "It is not long, my Antony, since with these hands I buried thee. Alas! they then were free; but thy Cleopatra is now a prisoner, attended by a guard, lest in the transports of her grief she should disfigure this captive body, which is reserved to adorn the triumph over thee. These are the last offerings, the last honors, she can pay thee; for she is now to be conveyed to a distant country. Nothing could part us while we lived; but in death we are to be divided. Thou, though a Roman, liest buried in Egypt; and I, an Egyptian, must be interred in Italy, the only favor I shall receive from thy country. Yet, if the gods of Rome have power or mercy left (for surely those of Egypt have forsaken us), let them not suffer me to be led in living triumph to thy disgrace! No!—hide me, hide me with thee in the grave; for life, since thou hast left it, has been misery to me."

Thus the unhappy queen bewailed her misfortunes; and, after she had crowned the tomb with flowers, and kissed

it, she ordered her bath to be prepared. When she had bathed, she sat down to a magnificent supper; soon after which, a peasant came to the gate with a small basket. The guards inquired what it contained; and the man who brought it, putting by the leaves which lay uppermost, showed them a parcel of figs. As they admired their size and beauty, he smiled, and bade them take some, but they refused; and, not suspecting that the basket contained anything else, it was carried in. After supper Cleopatra sent a letter to Cæsar, and, ordering everybody out of the monument except her two women, she made fast the door. When Cæsar opened the letter, the plaintive style in which it was written, and the strong request that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, made him suspect her design. At first he was for hastening to her himself, but he changed his mind, and despatched others. Her death, however, was so sudden that, though they who were sent ran the whole way, alarmed the guards with their apprehensions, and immediately broke open the doors, they found her quite dead, lying on her golden bed, and dressed in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dead at her feet, and Charmion, hardly able to support herself, was adjusting her mistress's diadem. One of Cæsar's messengers said, angrily, "Charmion, was this well done?" "Perfectly well," said she, "and worthy a descendant of the kings of Egypt." She had no sooner said this than she fell down dead.

It is related by some that an asp was brought in amongst the figs and hid under the leaves, and that Cleopatra had ordered it so that she might be bit without seeing it; that, however, upon removing the leaves she perceived it, and said, "This is what I wanted." Upon which she immediately held out her arm to it. Others say that the asp was kept in a water-vessel, and that she vexed and pricked

it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. Nothing of this, however, could be ascertained; for it was reported likewise that she carried about with her a certain poison in a hollow bodkin that she wore in her hair; yet there was neither any mark of poison on her body, nor was there any serpent found in the monument, though the track of a reptile was said to have been discovered on the sea-sands opposite to the windows of Cleopatra's apartment. Others again have affirmed that she had two small punctures on her arm, apparently occasioned by the sting of the asp; and it is clear that Cæsar gave credit to this; for her effigy, which he carried in triumph, had an asp on the arm.

Such are the accounts we have of the death of Cleopatra; and, though Cæsar was much disappointed by it, he admired her fortitude, and ordered her to be buried in the tomb of Antony, with all the magnificence due to her quality. Her women, too, were, by his orders, interred with great funeral pomp. Cleopatra died at the age of thirty-nine, after having reigned twenty-two years, the fourteen last in conjunction with Antony. Antony was fifty-three, some say fifty-six, when he died. His statues were all demolished, but Cleopatra's remain untouched; for Archibius, a friend of hers, gave Cæsar a thousand talents for their redemption.

COMEDY REMNANTS.

VARIOUS.

[Each of the three schools of Greek comedy, the Old, the Middle, and the New, was represented by numerous writers, though of these Aristophanes alone has left us any complete works. Fragments alone

exist of the works of the others. It may be said here that the sharp personal satire of Aristophanes and his contemporaries does not appear in the later Comedy. The satire of the Middle Comedy is devoted to the vices and follies of classes instead of persons. The New Comedy makes an approach to the modern drama. The wild spirit of mirth is restrained, and more earnestness of tone introduced, a combination of sport and earnest replacing the bubbling fun and overflowing satire of the earlier comedians. The New Comedy school is perhaps best represented in the works of the Roman authors Plautus and Terence, whose comedies are but "adaptations" of those of Greece. A few of the more striking fragments of the Greek authors are here appended. The first given is from the "Miners" of Pherecrates, one of the "Old" comedians.]

THE DAYS OF PLUTUS.

A. The days of Plutus were the days of gold ;
The season of high feasting and good cheer :
Rivers of goodly beef and brewis ran
Boiling and bubbling through the steaming streets,
With islands of fat dumplings, cut in sops
And slippery gobbets, moulded into mouthfuls
That dead men might have swallowed ; floating tripes
And fleets of sausages in luscious morsels
Stuck to the banks like oysters ; here and there,
For relishes, a salt fish, seasoned high,
Swam down the savory tide ; when soon, behold !
The portly gammon, sailing in full state
Upon his smoking platter, heaves in sight,
Encompassed with his bandoliers like guards,
And convoyed by huge bowls of frumenty,
That with their generous odors scent the air.

B. You stagger me to tell of those good days,
And yet to live with us on our hard fare,
When death's a deed as easy as to drink.

A. If your mouth waters now, what had it done
Could you have seen our delicate fine thrushes,

Hot from the spit, with myrtle-berries crammed,
And larded well with celandine and parsley,
Bob at your hungry lips, crying, Come, eat me!
Nor was this all; for pendent overhead
The fairest, choicest fruits in clusters hung;
Girls too, young girls, just budding into bloom,
Clad in transparent vests, stood near at hand,
To serve us with fresh roses and full cups
Of rich and fragrant wine, of which one glass
No sooner was despatched than straight, behold!
Two goblets, fresh and sparkling as the first,
Provoked us to repeat the increasing draught.
Away then with your ploughs, we need them not,
Your scythes, your sickles, and your pruning-hooks!
Away with all your trumpery at once!
Seed-time, and harvest-home, and vintage-wakes—
Your holidays are nothing worth to us.
Our rivers roll with luxury; our vats
O'erflow with nectar, which providing Jove
Showers down by cataracts; the very gutters
From our house-tops spout wine, vast forests wave
Whose very leaves drop fatness, smoking viands
Like mountains rise, all nature's one great feast.

CUMBERLAND.

[Antiphanes, of the Middle Comedy, furnishes us the following well-drawn picture of a character not confined to Greece.]

THE PARASITE.

What art, vocation, trade, or mystery
Can match with your fine Parasite? The painter?
He! a mere dauber: a vile drudge, the farmer:
Their business is to labor, ours to laugh,
To jeer, to quibble, 'faith, sirs! and to drink.

Ay, and to drink lustily. Is not this rare?
'Tis life, my life at least: the first of pleasure
Were to be rich myself; but next to this
I hold it best to be a parasite
And feed upon the rich. Now, mark me right!
Set down my virtues one by one: imprimis,
Good will to all men. Would they were all rich,
So might I gull them all: malice to none;
I envy no man's fortune—all I wish
Is but to share it: would you have a friend,
A gallant, steady friend? I am your man:
No striker I, no swaggerer, no defamer,
But one to bear all these and still forbear;
If you insult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,
Invincibly good-humored, still I laugh:
A stout good soldier I, valorous to a fault,
When once my stomach's up and supper's served:
You know my humor, not one spark of pride,
Such and the same forever to my friends:
If cudgelled, molten iron to the hammer
Is not so malleable; but if I cudgel,
Bold as the thunder: is one to be blinded?
I am the lightning's flash: to be puffed up?
I am the wind to blow him to the bursting:
Choked, strangled? I can do't and save a halter:
Would you break down his doors? Behold an earthquake:
Open and enter them? A battering-ram:
Will you sit down to supper? I'm your guest,
Your very *fly*, to enter without bidding:
Would you move off? You'll move as well as soon:
I'm for all work, and though the job were stabbing,
Betraying, false accusing, only say,
Do this, and it is done! I stick at nothing;
They call me thunderbolt for my despatch:

Friend of my friends am I : let actions speak me :
I'm much too modest to commend myself.

CUMBERLAND.

[Love and matrimony, rarely dealt with in the Old Comedy, are important subjects of the Middle. Love is thus satirically dealt with by Aristophon.]

Love, the disturber of the peace of heaven,
And grand fomentor of Olympian feuds,
Was banished from the synod of the gods :
They drove him down to earth at the expense
Of us poor mortals, and curtailed his wings
To spoil his soaring, and secure themselves
From his annoyance. Selfish, hard decree !
For ever since he roams th' unquiet world,
The tyrant and despoiler of mankind.

CUMBERLAND.

[Of the New Comedy Menander was the most famous author, and was classed by all antiquity at the head of the comedy-writers of his age. Unfortunately, of his works only a few short fragments have survived. Some of these are pithy sentences, full of that world-wisdom which indicates the man of genius. We give a few of these.]

WORDS OF WISDOM.

You say, not always wisely, *Know thyself* :
Know others, ofttimes is the better maxim.

Of all bad things with which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise ;
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth : A heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

If you would know of what frail stuff you're made,
Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead ;
There rest the bones of kings, there tyrants rot ;
There sleep the rich, the noble, and the wise ;
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form—
All dust alike—compound one common mass :
Reflect on these, and in them see yourself.

[In the longer fragments of Menander we possess none of the sprightly sallies native to comedy, none of the voluptuous descriptions imputed to him by Pliny, none of the love-scenes mentioned by Ovid, but instead some melancholy remarks upon the miseries and repinings of mankind. He must, however, like his fellows, have his fling at woman, as in the following neat bit of satire.]

If such the sex, was not the sentence just
That riveted Prometheus to his rock ?
Why ? For what crime ? A spark, a little spark,
But oh, ye gods ! how infinite the mischief !—
That little spark gave being to a woman,
And let in a new race of plagues to curse us.

[Another fragment, of more comic tone than usual in his relics, is the following.]

Ne'er trust me, Phantias, but I thought till now
That you rich fellows had the knack of sleeping
A good sound nap, that held you for the night ;
And not like us poor rogues, who toss and turn,
Sighing, *Ah me !* and grumbling at our duns :
But now I find, in spite of all your money,
You rest no better than your needy neighbors,
And sorrow is the common lot of all.

[Of his misanthropic philosophy we quote one example.]

The lot of all most fortunate is his
Who, having stayed just long enough on earth

To feast his sight with the fair face of Nature,
Sun, sea, and clouds, and heaven's bright starry fires,
Drops without pain into an early grave.
For what is life, the longest life of man,
But the same scene repeated o'er and o'er?
A few more lingering days to be consumed
In throngs and crowds, with sharpers, knaves, and thieves:—
From such the speediest riddance is the best.

CUMBERLAND.

PHILOSOPHICAL WISDOM.

EPICTETUS.

[Of the Stoical school of philosophy one of the most illustrious advocates was Epictetus, a native of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, who was brought, while young, to Rome, and became the slave of one Epaphroditus, a personage of gross tastes and habits. Epictetus was a slave in body only, never in mind, and so great was his philosophic equanimity of character that nothing could disturb it. It is said that Epaphroditus one day amused himself with twisting the leg of his slave, to see how far he could twist it without breaking it. "You will break it," said Epictetus. The moment after he did break it. "I told you so," said the philosopher, without changing a muscle of his countenance.

By some means he obtained his freedom, and, retiring to a small hut within the city of Rome, he studied philosophy and became a popular teacher of morality. His life was distinguished for the severity of its stoicism, its sobriety and virtue. Yet neither virtue nor humility saved him from banishment with the other philosophers, by Domitian, about 90 A.D. He retired to Epirus, where he spent the rest of his life engaged in the teaching of philosophy. He himself wrote nothing, but many of his wise sayings were collected by Arrian and other of his disciples, and published by the former in two works, entitled the "Enchiridion" and the "Dissertations." We select from these a few examples of the condensed wisdom of the great philosopher.]

HUMAN SUPREMACY.

When a person is possessed of some either real or imaginary superiority, unless he has been well instructed he will be puffed up with it. A tyrant, for instance, says, "I am supreme over all." And what can you do for *me*? Can you exempt my desires from disappointment? How should you? For do you never incur your own aversions? Are your own pursuits infallible? Whence should *you* come by that privilege? Pray, on shipboard, do you trust to yourself, or the pilot? In a chariot, to whom but to the driver? And to whom in all other arts? Just the same. In what, then, does your power consist?

"All men pay regard to me." So do I to my desk. I wash it, and wipe it, and drive a nail for the service of my oil-flask. "What, then! are these things to be valued beyond *me*?" No: but they are of some use to me, and therefore I pay regard to them. Why, do not I pay regard to an ass? Do I not wash his feet? Do I not clean him? Do not you know that every one pays regard to himself, and to you, just as he does to an ass? For who pays regard to you as a man? Show that. Who would wish to be like *you*? Who would desire to imitate *you*, as he would Socrates? "But I can take off your head." You say right. I had forgot that one is to pay regard to you as to a fever, or the colic, and that there should be an altar erected to you, as there is to the goddess Fever at Rome.

What is it, then, that disturbs and strikes terror into the multitude? The tyrant and his guards? By no means. What is by nature free cannot be disturbed or restrained by anything but itself. But its own principles disturb it. Thus, when the tyrant says to any one, "I will chain your leg," he who values his leg cries out for pity, while he who sets the whole value on his will and choice says, "If you imagine it for your interest, chain it." "What! do not

you care?" No: I do not care. "I will show you that I am master." *You?* How should *you?* Jupiter has set me free. What! do you think he would suffer his own son to be enslaved? You are master of my carcass. Take it.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

As in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water, you may amuse yourself with picking up a shell-fish, or an onion, in your way, but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship, and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call; and then you must leave all these things, that you may not be thrown into the vessel, bound neck and heels, like a sheep: thus likewise in life, if, instead of an onion or shell-fish, such a thing as a wife or child be granted you, there is no objection; but if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, regard none of them. But, if you are old, never go far from the ship, lest, when you are called, you should be unable to come in time.

PROPERTY AND PERSONALITY.

These reasonings are unconnected: "I am richer than you; therefore I am better: I am more eloquent than you; therefore I am better." The connection is rather this: "I am richer than you; therefore my property is greater than yours: I am more eloquent than you; therefore my style is better than yours." But *you*, after all, are neither property nor style.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

As it is better to lie straitened for room upon a little couch in health than to toss upon a wide bed in sickness, so it is better to contract yourself within the compass of a small fortune and be happy, than to have a great one and be wretched.

OUR ACTIONS.

Our actions depend on ourselves; all other things are independent of us: let us, therefore, devote our whole attention to the correction and amendment of the first; but it is madness to make any effort to avoid the other, for they are entirely beyond our control.

THE GUESTS.

In every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the body and the soul, and that what you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains forever.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed on to rise, but immediately shines forth, and is received with universal salutation, so neither do you wait for applauses, and shouts, and praises, in order to do good, but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.

THE BEST LEGACY.

Choose rather to leave your children well instructed than rich. For the hopes of the learned are better than the riches of the ignorant.

[To these moral axioms of Epictetus we may add some thoughts from another celebrated moral philosopher of the ancient world, Marcus Aurelius, the wisest, and one of the noblest and most virtuous, of the Roman emperors. He belonged to the Stoic sect in philosophy, and has recorded his doctrines and sentiments in a Greek work called "*Meditations*," of which a good English translation, called "*The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*," has been made by George Long. From this we give a few extracts.]

Some things are hurrying into existence, and others are hurrying out of it; and of that which is coming into ex

istence part is already extinguished. Motions and changes are continually renewing the world, just as the uninterrupted course of time is always renewing the infinite duration of ages. In this flowing stream, then, on which there is no abiding, what is there of the things which hurry by on which a man would set a high price? It would be just as if a man should fall in love with one of the sparrows which fly by, but it has already passed out of sight.

How strangely men act! They will not praise those who are living at the same time and living with themselves; but to be themselves praised by posterity, by those whom they have never seen nor ever will see, this they set much value on. But this is very much the same as if thou shouldst be grieved because those who have lived before thee did not praise thee.

If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth, by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance.

A cucumber is bitter—throw it away.—There are briers in the road—turn aside from them.—This is enough. Do not add, And why were such things made in the world? For thou wilt be ridiculed by a man who is acquainted with nature, as thou wouldst be ridiculed by a carpenter and shoemaker if thou shouldst find fault because thou seest in their workshop shavings and cuttings from the things which they make. And yet they have places into which they can throw these shavings and cuttings, and the universal nature has no external space; but the wondrous part of her art is that though she has circumscribed herself, everything within her which appears to decay and to grow old and to be useless she changes into herself, and

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again makes other new things from these very same, so that she requires neither substance from without nor wants a place into which she may cast that which decays. She is content, then, with her own space, and her own matter, and her own art.

Suppose that men kill thee, cut thee in pieces, curse thee. What, then, can these things do to prevent thy mind from remaining pure, wise, sober, just? For instance, if a man should stand by a limpid pure spring and curse it, the spring never ceases sending up potable water; and if he should cast clay into it, or filth, it will speedily disperse them and wash them out, and will not be at all polluted. How, then, shalt thou possess a perpetual fountain? By forming thyself hourly to freedom conjoined with contentment, simplicity, and modesty.

Everything exists for some end,—a horse, a vine. Why dost thou wonder? Even the sun will say, I am for some purpose; and the rest of the gods will say the same. For what purpose, then, art thou? To enjoy pleasure? See if common sense allows this.

He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.

No longer talk at all about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such.

That which is not good for the swarm, neither is it good for the bee.

THE GROWTH OF LUXURY.

JUVENAL.

[Of the various forms of poetry which were cultivated in ancient literature, Rome can claim the invention of one only,—that of satire. This, indeed, was not quite neglected in Greece, but in no extant relics of the Greek authors do we find that tone of stern and uncompromising invective which marks the great Roman satirists. By far the greatest of these latter was he from whom we make our present selection, Decimus Junius Juvenalis, the son of a freedman, born at Aquinum, a Volscian town, about 100 A.D. Of his history we know but little, except that he is supposed to have offended Domitian by satirizing his favorite actor Paris, for which he was sent in command of a cohort to the frontiers of Egypt,—a mild form of banishment. He did not appear as a satirist till middle age, and died about eighty.

At no time in the history of the world was satire more needed than in the days of Juvenal. The corruption of imperial Rome had culminated. There was no religion, no justice, no morality. Wealth alone was respected; poverty simply excited contempt. The grave reserve of the old Romans was lost, and emperors and empresses led the way in scenes of folly, profligacy, and indecency. Philosophy was a cheat, morality a pretence; gambling, gluttony, and far worse crimes everywhere prevailed; the morals of men and of women were alike depraved; the streets were never safe from robbers and assassins; and not even in the private recesses of his house could a man safely venture to speak his true sentiments; a mere thought adverse to the ruling favorite was dangerous.

It was in such a Rome that Juvenal wrote, and such are the public and private manners which are revealed on his burning pages. He was not a man of amiable temperament, but a stern moralist and a rigid critic, who grasped the vices of his day with ungloved hands and unyielding nerves. The ridicule of Horace is replaced by him with burning indignation, and the humor which here and there appears on his pages is of a scornful and austere though pungent kind. His language is frequently gross; but he had gross vices to deal with, and he wrote for a public which had no delicate sense of the proprieties of

language. His Satires are sixteen in number, and are written in a clear, powerful style, with a fine power of word-painting. The language is of classic elegance, though he lived in a time of degenerate taste. The selection we give, in Congreve's translation, is from the Eleventh Satire, one of the less vehement of these vigorous poems.]

IF noble Atticus make plenteous feasts,
And with luxurious food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat;
In him nor is it luxury, but state:
But when poor Rutilus spends all his worth
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?

But Rutilus is so notorious grown
That he's the common theme of all the town.
A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms and for his country's good,
Urged by no power, restrained by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice
'Mongst common fencers, practises the trade,
That end debasing for which arms were made;
Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford!
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles, where, with borrowed coin,
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine:
Such, whose sole bliss is eating,—who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous? of these
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tattered fortune needs repair
Would ransack every element for choice

Of every fish and fowl, at any price ;
If brought from far, if very dear has cost,
It has a flavor then which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.
In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And, that exhausted, still new pledges gives,
Till, forced, of mere necessity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat ;
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears ;
The broken relic he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of 's ancestors,
If wrought in gold, or if exposed to sale
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The stings of hunger soon, and want, he feels ;
And thus is he reduced at length to serve
Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a splendid feast :
The question is, at whose expense 'tis dressed.
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize ;
In Rutilus, the vanity despise :
Strange ignorance ! that the same man, who knows
How far yon mount above this mole-hill shows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between small incomes and a vast estate !
From heav'n to mankind, sure, that rule was sent,
Of "know thyself," and by some god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here
Through all the various courses which we steer. . . .
Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support
Ought to be very sure he's able for't,
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence
For harmony of words and force of sense :

Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wise man's power's the limit of his will. . . .

This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive
Whether, myself, I keep those rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evadner's feast revived to-day thou'lt see;
The poor Evadner, I; and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surprised that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm the tenderest kid,
And fattest of my flock,—a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat:
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pulled by some plain but cleanly country maid:
The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
Together with the hens that laid them, dressed;
Clusters of grapes, preserved for half a year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavor, fresh and fair,
Mixed with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellowed by winter from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a Senator;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
With his own hands a few small herbs to dress,
And from his little garden culled a feast
Which fettered slaves would now disdain to taste;

For scarce a slave but has to dinner, now,
The well-dressed paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
On birthdays, festivals, or days of state,
A salt dry flitch of bacon to prepare ;
If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare,
Which rarely happened, and 'twas highly prized
If aught was left of what they sacrificed.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome ;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen
But those who had at least thrice Consuls been,
Or the Dictator's office had discharged,
And now, from honorable toil enlarged,
Retired to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.
Then might y' have seen the good old general
haste,

Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast ;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph, held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway,
When Vice, discouraged, pale and trembling lay,
Our Censors then were subject to the law.
Ev'n Power itself of Justice stood in awe.
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vast expense might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind ;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he dined.
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskilled,
Returning rich with plunder from the field,

If cups of silver or of gold he brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings straight the plate he turned,
And with the glittering spoil his horse adorned,
Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid :
The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, armed with his shield and spear,
Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe.
No use of silver, but in arms, was known ;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No sideboards then with gilded plate were dressed,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes pressed ;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that homely bliss
That sees with shame the luxury of this ? . . .
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave,
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat :
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your venison's rank, or ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expense in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carved on rich pedestals of ivory,
He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet ;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,

As if new vigor to his teeth were sent
By sympathy with those of th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me ;
Riot agrees not with frugality :
Then, that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve, for want of ivory ;
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chess-board ;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade
Or what I carve, nor is there ever left
Any unsavory *haut-gôût* from the heft. . . .

On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver and my Ganymede ;
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by shameful panders taught.
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskilled in any but their mother-tongue ;
Alike in feature both and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurred hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have dressed them both, to wait on thee :
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t'other my shepherd's son ;
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face,
Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy ;
His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return,
Longing to see his tender kids again,

And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain :
A modest blush he wears, not formed by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born ;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,—
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the same vines beneath whose fruitful shade
He and his wanton kids have often played.

THE EMPEROR TITUS.

SÜETONIUS.

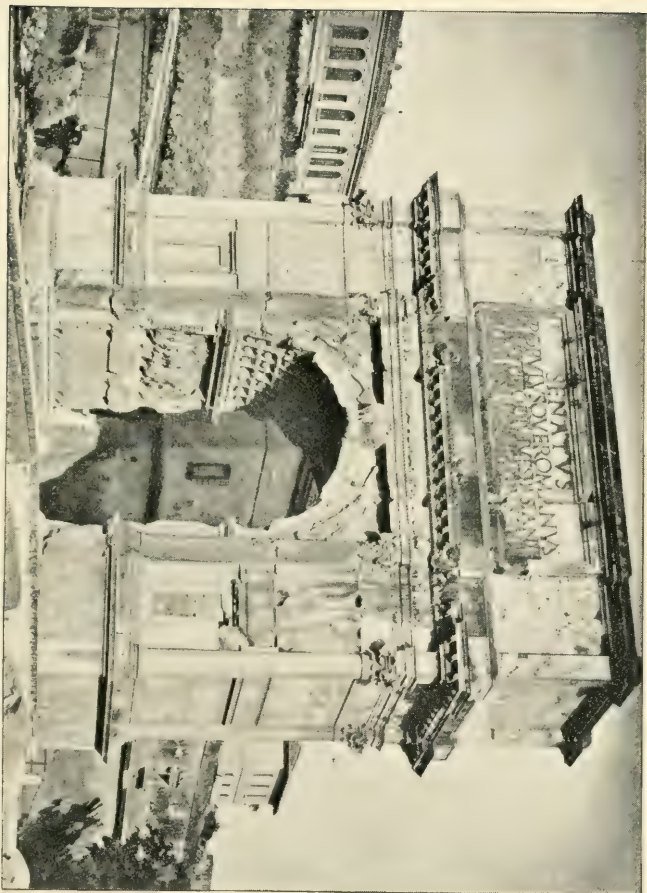
[C. Suetonius Tranquillus, born about 75 A.D., was a warm friend of the younger Pliny, who highly praises him, and through whose influence he gained the favor of the emperor Trajan and became secretary to the emperor Adrian. The date of his death is unknown. He wrote some works of importance, those extant being "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars," "Lives of Eminent Grammarians," and "Lives of Eminent Rhetoricians." Of the last-named work we have but a part. It includes lives of the poets Persius, Lucan, Juvenal, Terence, and Horace. His best-known work is that first named. It contains lives of the Cæsars from Julius to Domitian, and is full of information to be had nowhere else, as he had access to abundant materials which no longer exist. Its wealth of anecdote proves at once the profligacy of most of his characters and his own impartiality as a chronicler. He draws a terrible picture of the times, not surpassed by those of Juvenal and Tacitus. We give, in Thompson's translation, the concluding portion of the biography of the emperor Titus. After the well-known exploits of this personage in the taking of Jerusalem, he returned to Rome, then governed by his father, Vespasian.]

FROM that time he constantly acted as colleague with his father, and, indeed, as regent of the empire. He triumphed with his father, bore jointly with him the office of censor, and was, besides, his colleague not only in the tribunitian authority, but in seven consulships. Taking upon himself the care and inspection of all offices, he dictated letters, wrote proclamations in his father's name, and pronounced his speeches in the senate, in place of the quæstor. He likewise assumed the command of the prætorian guards, although no one but a Roman knight had ever before been their prefect. In this he conducted himself with great haughtiness and violence, taking off, without scruple or delay, all those he had most reason to suspect, after he had secretly sent his emissaries into the theatres and camps to demand, as if by general consent, that the suspected persons should be delivered up to punishment. Among these he invited to supper A. Cæcina, a man of consular rank, whom he ordered to be stabbed on his departure, immediately after he had gone out of the room. To this act, indeed, he was provoked by an imminent danger; for he had discovered a writing under the hand of Cæcina, containing an account of a plot hatched among the soldiers. By these acts, though he provided for his future security, yet for the present he so much incurred the hatred • of the people that scarcely any one came to the empire with a more odious character or more universally disliked.

Besides his cruelty, he lay under the suspicion of giving way to habits of luxury, as he often prolonged his revels till midnight with the most riotous of his acquaintance. He was supposed, besides, to be of a rapacious disposition; for it is certain that in causes which came before his father he used to offer his interest for sale and take bribes. In short, people publicly expressed an unfavorable opinion of him, and said he would prove another Nero. This preju-

dice, however, turned out, in the end, to his advantage, and enhanced his praises to the highest pitch when he was found to possess no vicious propensities, but, on the contrary, the noblest virtues. His entertainments were agreeable rather than extravagant; and he surrounded himself with such excellent friends that the succeeding princes adopted them as most serviceable to themselves and the state. He immediately sent away Berenice from the city, much against both their inclinations. Some of his old eunuchs, though such accomplished dancers that they bore an uncontrollable sway upon the stage, he was so far from treating with any extraordinary kindness that he would not so much as witness their performances in the crowded theatre. He violated no private right; and if ever man refrained from injustice, he did; nay, he would not accept of the customary and allowable offerings. Yet in munificence he was inferior to none of the princes before him. Having dedicated his amphitheatre [the Colosseum], and built some warm baths close by it with great expedition, he entertained the people with most magnificent spectacles. He likewise exhibited a naval fight in the old Naumachia, besides a combat of gladiators, and in one day brought into the theatre five thousand wild beasts of all kinds.

He was by nature extremely benevolent; for whereas all the emperors after Tiberius, according to the example he had set them, would not admit the grants made by former princes to be valid unless they received their own sanction, he confirmed them all, by one common edict, without waiting for any applications respecting them. Of all who petitioned for any favor he sent none away without hopes. And when his ministers represented to him that he promised more than he could perform, he replied, "No one ought to go away downcast from an audience with his prince." Once at supper, recollecting he had done nothing



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

for any one that day, he broke out with that memorable and justly-admired saying, "My friends, I have lost a day." More particularly, he treated the people on all occasions with such courtesy that on his presenting them with a show of gladiators he declared "he should manage it, not according to his own fancy, but that of the spectators," and did accordingly. He denied them nothing, and very frankly encouraged them to ask what they pleased. Espousing the cause of the Thracian party among the gladiators, he frequently joined in the popular demonstrations in their favor, but without compromising his dignity or doing injustice. To omit no opportunity of acquiring popularity, he sometimes made use himself of the baths he had erected, without excluding the common people.

There happened in his reign some dreadful accidents,—an eruption of Mount Vesuvius* in Campania, and a fire in Rome, which continued three days and three nights, besides a plague such as was scarcely ever known before. Amidst these many great disasters, he not only manifested the concern which might be expected from a prince, but even the affection of a father for his people,—one while comforting them by his proclamations, and another while relieving them to the utmost of his power. He chose by lot, from amongst the men of consular rank, commissioners for repairing the losses in Campania. The estates of those who had perished by the eruption of Vesuvius, and who had left no heirs, he applied to the repair of the ruined cities. With regard to the public buildings destroyed by fire in the city, he declared that nobody should be a loser but himself. Accordingly, he applied all the ornaments of his palace to the decoration of the temples and purposes of public utility, and appointed several men of the eques-

* That in which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed.

trian order to superintend the work. For the relief of the people during the plague he employed, in the way of sacrifice and medicine, all means both human and divine. Amongst the calamities of the times were informers and their agents, a tribe of miscreants who had grown up under the license of former reigns. These he often ordered to be scourged or beaten with sticks in the forum, and then, after he had obliged them to pass through the amphitheatre as a public spectacle, commanded them to be sold as slaves, or else banished them to rocky islands. And, to discourage such practices for the future, amongst other things he prohibited actions to be successively brought under different laws for the same cause, or the state of affairs of deceased persons to be inquired into after a certain number of years.

Having declared that he accepted the office of Pontifex Maximus for the purpose of preserving his hands undefiled, he faithfully adhered to his promise. For after that time he was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in the death of any person; though he sometimes was justly irritated. He swore "that he would perish himself rather than prove the destruction of any man." Two men of patrician rank being convicted of aspiring to the empire, he only advised them to desist, saying "that the sovereign power was disposed of by fate," and promised them that if there was anything else they desired of him he would grant it. He also immediately sent messengers to the mother of one of them, who was at a great distance, and in deep anxiety about her son, to assure her of his safety. Nay, he not only invited them to sup with him, but next day, at a show of gladiators, purposely placed them close by him, and handed to them the arms of the combatants for their inspection. It is said likewise that, having had their nati-
vities cast, he assured them "that a great calamity was im-
pending on both of them, but from another hand, and not

from his." Though his brother was continually plotting against him, almost openly stirring up the armies to rebellion, and contriving to get away, yet he could not endure to put him to death, or to banish him from his presence; nor did he treat him with less respect than before, but from his first accession to the empire he constantly declared him his partner in it, and that he should be his successor, begging of him sometimes in private, with tears in his eyes, "to return the affection he had for him."

Amidst all these favorable circumstances, he was cut off by an untimely death, more to the loss of mankind than himself. At the close of the public spectacles he wept bitterly in the presence of the people, and then retired into the Sabine country, rather melancholy because a victim had made its escape while he was sacrificing, and loud thunder had been heard while the atmosphere was serene. At the first resting-place on the road he was seized with a fever, and, being carried forward in a litter, they say that he drew back the curtains, and looked up to heaven, complaining heavily "that his life was taken from him, though he had done nothing to deserve it; for there was no action he had occasion to repent of but one." What that was, he neither disclosed himself, nor is it easy for us to conjecture. . . .

He died . . . two years, two months, and twenty days after he had succeeded his father, and in the one-and-fortieth year of his age. As soon as the news of his death was published, all the people mourned for him as for the loss of some near relative. The senate assembled in haste, before they could be summoned by proclamation, and, locking the doors of their house at first, but afterwards opening them, gave him such thanks and heaped on him such praises, now he was dead, as they had never done whilst he was alive and present amongst them.

ROMAN LYRICS.

VARIOUS.

[Catullus, born in 87 B.C., stands far the highest in the second rank of Roman poets, and in certain graces of lyrical poetry is unsurpassed in skill and merit. He borrowed both style and material from the Greeks, but applied the ideal of Grecian love and beauty to Roman themes with an art and ability that made him a favorite during all the days of the Roman empire. His poems are still admired for their exquisite grace and beauty of style, despite the impure voluptuousness of many of them. His playfulness and petulance, his childlike vivacity and simplicity, are combined with the greatest melody and tenderness; while with these he unites passion and vehemence and a biting satiric wit. We select a few illustrative examples of his lyric art.]

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Sparrow! my nymph's delicious pleasure!
Who with thee, her pretty treasure,
Fanciful in frolic, plays
Thousand, thousand wanton ways;
Thy beak with finger-tip incites,
And dallies with thy becks and bites;
When my beauty, my desire,
Feels her darling whim inspire,
With nameless triflings, such as these,
To snatch, I trow, a tiny ease
For some keen fever of the breast,
While passion toys itself to rest;
I would that happy lady be,
And so in pastime sport with thee,
And lighten love's soft agony.

ELTON.

ELEGY ON THE SPARROW.

Loves and Graces, mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow, that was all her bliss;
Than her very eyes more dear,—
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother,—never strayed
From her lap, but still would go
Hopping round her to and fro,
And to her, and none but she,
Piped and chirruped prettily.
Now he treads that gloomy track
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Oh, vilely done! Oh, dismal shades!
On you I charge it that my maid's
Dear little eyes are swollen and red
With weeping for her darling dead.

MARTIN.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

(ON HIS RETURN THERE TO HIS COUNTRY-HOUSE.)

Sweet Sirmio! Thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep enwreathed by Neptune's smiles,

How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking, Can it be

That I have left Bithynia's sky
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh, what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past,
When, anxious long, the lightened mind
Lays down its load of care at last;

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wished-for bed once more?

This, this it is that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track;
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou, fair lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heaven, like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice! let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out with me!

T. MOORE.

TO HIMSELF.

Then didst thou freely taste the bliss
On which impassioned lovers feed;
When she repaid thee kiss for kiss,
Oh, life was then a heaven indeed!

'Tis past! Forget as she forgot!
Lament no more,—but let her go!
Tear from thy heart each tender thought
That round her image there did grow!

Girl, fare thee well! Catullus ne'er
Will sue where love is met with scorn;

But, false one, thou, with none to care
For thee, on thy lone couch shalt mourn.

Think what a waste thy life shall be !
Who'll woo thee now ? who praise thy charms ?
Who shall be all in all to thee,
Thy heart's love nestling in thy arms ?

Who now will give thee kiss for kiss ?
Whose lips shalt thou in rapture bite ?
And in thy lone hours think of this,
My heart has cast thee from it quite.

MARTIN.

[Albius Tibullus, born about 54 B.C., was a warm friend of the poet Horace. His poems are love-elegies, and in that species of poetry he is confessedly a master. His style is easy and flowing, with soft touches of sentiment and expression, while his language is free from the gross license of many of his contemporaries. We subjoin a characteristic example.]

TO DELIA.

Let others boast of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labor still for more ;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms ;
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure and indolently blest ;
Warmed by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth ;
In summer pleased attend the harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid or lamb which wants its mother's care :
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay ;

With her, new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripened fruit Pomona's bower.
At night how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near,
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber, assisted by the beating shower!
Oh, how much happier than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains, shun the Dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could fortune give
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils,
Me beauty holds in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous wars and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy would I think the woodland bed!
Hard were his heart who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honors prosperous war can give;
Though through the vanquished east he spreads his fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;
Though bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
With martial pride he press the foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!

Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow ;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But oh, fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breast and loose dishevelled hair ;
Wound not thy form, lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy :
We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give :
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest ;
This hour is Love's : be Fortune's all the rest.

LORD LYTTLETON.

HOPE.

Thousands in death would seek an end of woe,
But hope, deceitful hope, prevents the blow !
Hope plants the forest, and she sows the plain,
And feeds with future granaries the swain :
Hope snares the wingéd vagrants of the sky ;
Hope cheats in reedy brooks the scaly fry ;
By hope, the fettered slave, the drudge of fate,
Sings, shakes his irons, and forgets his state.

GRAINGER.

[Sextus Aurelius Propertius, born about 52 B.C., shared with Horace and Virgil the friendship of Mæcenas, the celebrated patron of literature in the reign of Augustus. As an amatory elegiac poet he was of high rank, being considered by some of the ancients superior to Tibullus. He lacks, indeed, the unstudied elegance of the latter, his works displaying more labor, and having an ostentation of learning ; but they are distinguished for vehemence of feeling, while they possess a vein of

irony which aids to give them more spirit and variety than we find in the smooth-flowing poems of Tibullus. His poems are chiefly addresses to a lady with whom he was at first infatuated, but whom he afterwards bitterly reproached. We give an attractive example of these.]

TO CYNTHIA.

Why to walk forth, sweet life, thy tresses braid ?
Why in the Coan garb's thin folds arrayed ?
Why with Orontes' myrrh thy locks imbue,
Thy beauty's price enhance by foreign show ?
Oh, mark what blooms the painted earth displays ;
How of themselves best climb the ivy sprays ;
How in lone caves arbutus lovelier grows ;
Through untaught channels how the streamlet flows ;
How native gems deckt shores spontaneous yield,
And sweeter notes by untamed birds are trilled !

Leucippus' daughter, beauteous Phœbe, fired
Young Castor's bosom, with no gauds attired ;
And her fair sister Hilaira too,
As unadorned, delighted Pollux' view.
No ostentatious ornaments could boast
Evenus' offspring, on her native coast ;
When once the nymph the cause of discord proved
'Twixt Idas and the god who fondly loved.
Nor Hippodamia, when the stranger's car
In triumph bore away the virgin fair,
By beauties borrowed from the stores of art
Subdued to love her Phrygian husband's heart ;
No jewels heightened her bright face, that showed
Such tints as in Apelles' pictures glowed.
These heroines strove not various loves to win ;
Enough for them by chastity to shine.
Yet sure in virtue thou canst vie with these :
She wants no charms who can one lover please.

NOTT.

LOVE'S EFFIGY.

Had he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose, while lightest cares employ.

Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead fly;
For we are tossed upon a wavering main;
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor without cause he grasps those barbéd darts,
The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast:
Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts;
And those inflicted wounds forever last.

In me are fixed those arrows, in my breast;
But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains;
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.

In those scorched vitals dost thou joy to dwell?
Oh, shame! to others let thy arrows flee;
Let veins untouched with all thy venom swell;
Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.

Destroy me—who shall then describe the fair?
This my light muse to thee high glory brings,
When the nymph's tapering fingers, flowing hair,
And eyes of jet, and gliding feet, she sings.

ELTON.

THE ORATION "FOR THE CROWN."

ÆSCHINES AND DEMOSTHENES.

[The life and character of Demosthenes we have already described. To those of his rival Æschines a brief reference is due. This orator, whose fame is mainly based on his oration assailing Demosthenes, was a native of Attica, where he was born in 389 B.C. Though he lacked the supreme ability and the severe study of Demosthenes, he had excellent natural powers of oratory, of which his few extant orations contain abundant evidence. The celebrated oration "For the Crown" had the following origin. After the death of Philip of Macedonia, Ktesiphon proposed to reward Demosthenes, for the services he had rendered his country, with a golden crown, to be given in the theatre, at the festival of Dionysos. This was bitterly opposed by Æschines, who was an adherent of the party of Philip, and had already been charged by Demosthenes with lack of patriotism. Several years elapsed before the question came before the Athenian tribunal. The speeches that followed were the most eloquent efforts of the two orators. They ended in a complete triumph for Demosthenes. We select, from Jebb's translation of these celebrated orations, some of the more striking passages. Æschines, as accuser of Ktesiphon, opens the case. He claims that the giving of a crown to Demosthenes is illegal, and proceeds to declare that the man who is to be crowned for his public services is not a public benefactor, but has injured rather than aided his country by his actions. Then he continues in the following strain of invective.]

BUT in his private life, what is he? The trierarch sank, to rise a pettifogger, a spendthrift ruined by his own follies. Then, having gotten a bad name in this trade too by showing his speeches to the other side, he bounded on the stage of public life, where his profits out of the city were as enormous as his savings were small. Now, however, the flood of royal gold has floated his extravagance. But not

even this will suffice. No wealth could ever hold out long against vice. In a word, he draws his livelihood not from his own resources but from your dangers. What, however, are his qualifications in respect to sagacity and to power of speech? A clever speaker, an evil liver. And what is the result to Athens? The speeches are fair, the deeds are vile. Then, as to courage, I have a word to say. If he denied his cowardice, or if you were not aware of it, the topic might have called for discussion; but since he himself admits it in the assemblies,* and you know it, it remains only to remind you of the laws on the subject. Solon, our ancient lawgiver, thought that the coward should be liable to the same penalties as the man who refuses to serve, or who has quitted his post. Cowardice, like other offences, is indictable. Some of you will perhaps ask, in amazement, Is a man to be indicted for his temperament? He is. And why? In order that every one of us, fearing the penalties of the law more than the enemy, may be the better champion of his country. Accordingly, the lawgiver excludes alike the man who declines service, the coward, and the deserter of his post, from the lustral limits of the market-place, and suffers no such person to receive a wreath of honor or to enter places of public worship. But you, Ktesiphon, exhort us to set a crown on the head to which the laws refuse it; you, by your private edict, call a forbidden guest into the forefront of our solemn festival, and invite into the temple of Dionysos that dastard by whom all temples have been betrayed!

[The peroration of this oration is notable in the history of oratory for its vigorous strength, and for the weakness of its anticlimax.]

* Demosthenes freely admitted that he had fled from the battle of Chæronea.

Remember, then, that the city whose fate rests with you is no alien city, but your own. Give the prizes of ambition by merit, not by chance; reserve your rewards for those whose manhood is truer and whose characters are worthier; look at each other and judge, not only with your ears, but with your eyes, who of your number are likely to support Demosthenes. His youthful companions in the chase or in the gymnasium? No, by the Olympian Zeus! He has not spent his life in hunting or in any healthful exercise, but in cultivating rhetoric to be used against men of property. Think of his boastfulness, when he claims by his embassy to have snatched Byzantium out of the hands of Philip, to have thrown the Acharnians into revolt, to have astonished the Thebans with his harangue! He thinks that you have reached a point of fatuity at which you can be made to believe even this,—as if your fellow-citizen were the goddess of Persuasion, instead of a pettifogging mortal. And when, at the end of his speech, he calls as his advocates those who shared his bribes, imagine that you see on this platform, where I now speak before you, an array drawn up to confront their profligacy—the benefactors of Athens: Solon, who ordered the democracy by his glorious laws, the philosopher, the good legislator, entreating you, with that gravity which so well became him, never to set the rhetoric of Demosthenes above your oaths and above the law; Aristides, who assessed the tribute of the Confederacy, and whose daughters, after his death, were dowered by the state, indignant at the contumely threatened to justice, and asking, “Are you not ashamed? When Arthmios of Zeleia brought Persian gold to Greece, and visited Athens, our fathers wellnigh put him to death, though he was our public guest, and proclaimed him expelled from Athens and from all territory that the Athenians rule; while

Demosthenes, who has not brought us Persian gold, but has taken bribes for himself, and has kept them to this day,* is about to receive a golden wreath from you!" And Themistokles, and they who died at Marathon and Plataea, ay, and the very graves of our forefathers—do you not think that they will utter a voice of lamentation, if he who covenants with barbarians to work against Greece shall be crowned?

O Earth and Sunlight! O ye influences of Goodness, of Intelligence, of that Culture by which we learn to distinguish things beautiful or shameful—I have done my duty, I have finished. If the part of the accuser has been performed well and adequately to the offence, then I have spoken as I wished; if defectively, yet I have spoken as I could. Judge for yourselves from what has been spoken or from what has been left unsaid, and give your sentence in accordance with justice and with the interests of Athens.

[To this oration, in which was sedulously avoided all display of the real feeling that animated the speaker, friendship to Macedonia, and opposition to Demosthenes as the great opponent of that threatening state, the accused orator responded in the most brilliant effort of his life, and in what is considered by some the supreme effort of oratory in all time. We can give but some short extracts. After pointing out to the judges his actual policy, the orator comes to his leading subject: Has he deserved well of Greece? He describes, concisely but powerfully, the part he had taken in the service of his country, and against Philip, his country's enemy. Having shown that the course which he took was dictated by the highest patriotism, he acknowledges its failure. But is it to be regretted for that? By no other course could the honor of Athens have been saved. This point is handled with remarkable ability.]

* Demosthenes had been accused of receiving a bribe from a Persian refugee.

As, however, he bears so hardly upon the results, I am ready to make a statement which may sound startling. I ask every man, as he fears Zeus and the gods, not to be shocked at my paradox until he has calmly considered my meaning. I say that, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, if all men had been fully aware of it, if you, Æschines, who never opened your lips, had been ever so loud or so shrill in prophecy or in protest, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come. *Now*, of course, she seems to have failed; but failure is for all men when heaven so decrees. In the other case, she, who claims the first place in Greece, would have renounced it, and would have incurred the reproach of having betrayed all Greece to Philip. If she had indeed betrayed without a blow those things for which our ancestors endured every imaginable danger, who would not have spurned, Æschines, at *you*? Not at Athens,—the gods forbid!—nor at me. In the name of Zeus, how could we have looked visitors in the face if, things having come to their present pass,—Philip having been elected leader and lord of all,—the struggle against it had been sustained by others without our help, and this, though never once in her past history our city had preferred inglorious safety to the perilous vindication of honor? What Greek, what barbarian, does not know that the Thebans, and their predecessors in power, the Lacedæmonians, and the Persian king, would have been glad and thankful to let Athens take anything that she liked, besides keeping what she had got, if she would only have done what she was told, and allowed some other Power to lead Greece? Such a bargain, however, was for the Athenians of those days neither traditional nor congenial nor supportable. In the whole course of her annals, no one could ever persuade Athens to side

with dishonest strength, to accept a secure slavery, or to desist, at any moment in her career, from doing battle and braving danger for pre-eminence, for honor, and for renown.

You, Athenians, find these principles so worthy of veneration, so accordant with your own character, that you praise none of your ancestors so highly as those who put them into action. You are right. Who must not admire the spirit of men who were content to quit their country, and to exchange their city for their triremes, in the cause of resistance to dictation? who put Themistokles, the author of this course, at their head, while as for Kyrtilos, the man who gave his voice for accepting the enemy's terms, they stoned him to death, yes, and his wife was stoned by the women of Athens? The Athenians of those days were not in search of an orator or a general who should help them to an agreeable servitude. No. They would not hear of life itself if they were not to live free. Each one of them held that he had been born the son not only of his father and his mother, but of his country also. And wherein is the difference? It is here. He that recognizes no debt of piety save to his parents awaits his death in the course of destiny and of nature. But he that deems himself the son of his country also will be ready to die sooner than see her enslaved. In his estimate those insults, those dishonors, which must be suffered in his city when she has lost her freedom, will be accounted more terrible than death.

If I presume to say that it was *I* who thus inspired you with a spirit worthy of your ancestors, there is not a man present who might not properly rebuke me. What I do maintain is that those principles of conduct were your own; that this spirit existed in the city before my intervention, but that in the successive chapters of events I had my share of merit as your servant. Æschines, on the

contrary, denounces our policy as a whole, invokes your resentment against me as the author of the city's terrors and dangers, and, in his anxiety to wrest from me the distinction of the hour, robs you of glories which will be celebrated as long as time endures. For if you condemn Ktesiphon on the ground that my public course was misdirected, then you will be adjudged guilty of error: you will no longer appear as sufferers by the perversity of fortune.

But never, Athenians, never can it be said that you erred when you took upon you that peril for the freedom and the safety of all! No, by our fathers who met the danger at Marathon! no, by our fathers who stood in the ranks at Plataea! no, by our fathers who did battle on the waters of Salamis and Artemision! no, by all the brave who sleep in tombs at which their country paid those last honors which she had awarded, Æschines, to all of them alike, not alone to the successful or the victorious! And her award was just. The part of brave men had been done by all. The fortune experienced by the individual among them had been allotted by a Power above man.

[We may follow this effective outburst of eloquence by a crushing arraignment of Æschines, who had excused himself for speaking but seldom, and accused his adversary, in the following pithy sentences, of confining himself to words while others were proving their patriotism by deeds: "Yet when a man made up altogether of words—bitter and superfluously elaborate words—comes back to the simplicity of facts, who can tolerate it?—a man whose tongue, like that of the flageolet, if you remove, the rest is nothing." We give Owgan's version of the answer of Demosthenes to this attack.]

There is indeed, there is a silence that is sincere and serviceable to the state, such as you, the body of the citizens, innocently maintain. Such, however, is not the silence which he maintains; far from it; but, abandoning the public service when he chooses,—and he often does so

choose,—he watches the moment when you are tired of a constant speaker, or some reverse of fortune happens, or some other untoward event occurs,—and many such are incident to humanity,—and then, on that opportunity, the orator suddenly springs up from his silence like a storm, and after preparatory declamation, and a making up of phrases and arguments, he delivers these with precision and fluency, though producing no benefit nor the certainty of any advantage, but ruin to the average of citizens, and national disgrace.

And yet, Æschines, of all this diligence and preparation, if it proceeded from an upright heart, whose object was the good of his country, the fruits should be noble and creditable and universally beneficial; such as the alliances of cities, the raising of subsidies, the establishment of trade, the passing of salutary laws, and opposition to our declared enemies. For in past years all these were in request, and the time gone by offered many openings to an honorable man, in which you will be found to have been neither first, nor second, nor third, nor fourth, nor fifth, nor sixth, nor anywhere; never, of course, where your country would have been advanced.

What alliance, by your agency, has been secured for the city? what service by which the city became more respected? What domestic, or Grecian, or foreign relation, directed by you, has been successfully conducted? what fleets? what armories? what arsenals? what construction of walls? what cavalry? Where have you been useful in anything? What public or national pecuniary relief has been afforded by you, either to rich or poor? None! But then, sir, if there be none of this, there is at least loyalty and zeal? Where? When?—Thou most disgraced of men?—who not even when all that ever spoke on the platform contributed for our safety, and at last Aristoni-

cus contributed the money collected for his enfranchisement—who did not even then come forward, nor bestow anything. Not, indeed, through want. How could it be? for you inherited more than five talents from Philo, your relative. That it was not from want of means, therefore, that you did not contribute, but from an anxiety that no obstruction should be made on your part to that party whom you serve politically, is evident from these facts.

Wherein, then, have you been active, or when distinguished? Whenever it was necessary to speak against this people, there you were most melodiously clamorous, most retentive in memory, a consummate actor, a Theokrines of the stage!

[In the peroration of this great speech Demosthenes displays nothing of the weakness of that of his competitor. In a storm of accusation and appeal he rouses the feelings of his hearers to the highest point of emotion, and there leaves them, without heed to the Attic rule of oratory, that a calm must follow the storm, harmony smooth down the stirred-up waves of feeling.]

Here is the proof. Not when my extradition was demanded, not when they sought to arraign me before the Amphictyonic Council, not for all their menaces or their offers, not when they set these villains like wild beasts upon me, have I ever been untrue to the loyalty I bear you. From the outset, I chose the path of a straightforward and righteous statesmanship, to cherish the dignities, the prerogatives, the glories, of my country; to exalt them; to stand by their cause. I do not go about the marketplace radiant with joy at my country's disasters, holding out my hand and telling my good news to any one who I think is likely to report it in Macedon; I do not hear of my country's successes with a shudder and a groan and a head bent to earth, like the bad men who pull Athens to

pieces, as if in so doing they were not tearing their own reputation to shreds, who turn their faces to foreign lands, and, when an alien has triumphed by the ruin of the Greeks, give their praises to that exploit, and vow that vigilance must be used to render that triumph eternal.

Never, Powers of Heaven, may any brow of the Immortals be bent in approval of that prayer! Rather, if it may be, breathe even into these men a better mind and heart; but if so it is that to these can come no healing, then grant that these, and these alone, may perish utterly and early on land and on the deep; and to us, the remnant, send the swiftest deliverance from the terrors gathered above our heads, send us the salvation that stands fast perpetually.

SCENE FROM THE "ORESTES."

EURIPIDES.

[This famous dramatist was born on the island of Salamis, at about the time of the great sea-battle which destroyed the Persian fleet and made the name of the island immortal. He was first trained as a gymnast, but, failing in this, he tried other arts, and finally came forward as a candidate for the tragic crown, in the very year in which Æschylus, the first famous tragic poet of Greece, died. In his old age Euripides left Athens, and retired to Pella, the capital of Macedonia. There he died in his seventy-fifth year. It is fabled that he was torn to pieces by mastiffs, set upon him by two rival poets.]

In the day of Euripides the belief of the Greeks in their mythologic gods had greatly declined, and philosophic doubts were common. This state of feeling among the learned is strongly shown in his plays, which, instead of displaying the unquestioning faith and the devotion to the gods of Æschylus, are full of heretical expressions. Their great popu-

larity was largely due to their naturalness, their elegance of language, and the unrivalled sweetness and beauty of their lyrical portions. Their talk was not that of the superhuman heroes of Æschylus, nor of the ideal men and women of Sophocles, but of living Athenians. They were essentially plays of the passions, and, while dealing with the mythological tales so familiar to Greek audiences, did so from a modernized stand-point. Of the plays of Euripides we possess seventeen complete, with fragments of others. We quote from Potter's translation of the "Orestes" the following dramatically effective scene.—Orestes is pursued by the Furies, in punishment for the murder of his mother Clytemnestra. While he sleeps, his sister Electra watches over him, and the Chorus approach.]

Elect. Softly, softly, fall the sound
Of thy footsteps on the ground!
Gently, gently, like the breath
Of a lute-song in its death;
Like the sighing of a reed,
Faintly murmuring to be freed,
So softly let thy whispers flow.

Chorus. Like a reed, as soft and low.

Elect. Ay, low, low! but tell me why,
Damsels, ye are lingering by?
Long has sorrow torn his breast;
Now his weary eyes have rest.

Ch. How fares it with him? dearest, say.

Elect. Sad and tearful is my lay.
Breathing on his couch he lieth,
Still he suffereth, still he sigheth.

Ch. What say'st thou, mourner?

Elect. Woe to thee,
If the dewy slumber flee!

Ch. Yet wail I his unhappy state;
Abhorred deeds of deadly hate,
Rage of vindictive, torturing woes,
Which the relentless powers of heaven impose.

Elect. Unjust, unjust the stern command,
The stern command Apollo gave
From Themis' seat, his ruthless hand
In blood, in mother's blood, to lave.

Ch. He stirs, he moves his covering vest.

Elect. Wretch, thy voice has broke his rest.

Ch. And yet, I think, sleep locks his eye.

Elect. Wilt thou begone? Hence wilt thou fly,
That quiet here again may dwell?

Ch. Hush, hush! he sleeps again——

Elect. 'Tis well.

Ch. Awful queen, whose gentle power
Brings sweet oblivion of our woes,
And in the calm and silent hour,
Distils the blessings of repose,—
Come, awful Night!

Elect. Softly let your warblings flow;
Farther, a farther distance keep:
The far-off cadence, sweet and low,
Charms his repose, and aids his sleep.

Ch. Tell us what end
Awaits his miseries?

Elect. Death! that end I fear.
He tastes no food.

Ch. Death then indeed is near.

Elect. When Phœbus gave the dire command
To bathe in mother's blood his hand,
By whom the father sank in dust,
He doomed us victims.

Ch. Dire these deeds, but just.

Orest. (waking). O gentle sleep, whose lenient power thus
soothes

Disease and pain, how sweet thy visit to me,
Who wanted thy soft aid! Blessing divine,

That to the wretched givest wished repose.

Steeping their senses in forgetfulness.

Where have I been? Where am I? How brought hither?

My late distraction blots remembrance out.

Elect. What heart-felt joy to see thee thus composed!

Wilt thou I touch thee? Shall I raise thee up?

Orest. Assist me, then, assist me; from my mouth
Wipe off the clotted foam; wipe my moist eyes.

Elect. Delightful office, for a sister's hand
To minister relief to a sick brother!

Orest. Lie by my side, and from my face remove
These squalid locks: they blind my darkened eyes.

Elect. How tangled are the ringlets of thy hair!

Orest. Pray, lay me down again; when this ill frenzy
Leaves me, I am feeble, very faint.

Elect. There, there; the bed is grateful to the sick.

Orest. Raise me again, more upright; bend me forward.

Ch. The sick are wayward through their restlessness.

Elect. Or wilt thou try with slow steps on the ground
To fix thy feet? Variety is sweet.

Orest. Most willingly; it hath the show of health:
The seeming hath some good, though void of truth.

Elect. Now, my loved brother, hear me while the Furies
Permit thy sense thus clear and undisturbed.

Orest. Hast thou aught new? If good, I thank thee
for it;
If ill, I have enough of ill already.

Elect. Thy father's brother, Menelaus, arrives;
His fleet lies anchored in the Nauplian bay.

Orest. Comes he, then? Light on our afflictions dawns;
Much to my father's kindness doth he owe.

Elect. He comes; and, to confirm what now I say,
Brings Helena from Ilium's ruined walls.

Orest. More to be envied were he saved alone;
Bringing his wife, he brings a mighty ill.

Elect. The female race of Tyndarus was born
To deep disgrace, and infamous through Greece.

Orest. Be thou unlike them, then; 'tis in thy power;
And further than in words thy virtue prove.

Elect. Alas, my brother, wildly rolls thine eye:
So quickly changed! The frantic fit returns.

Orest. Ah, mother! do not set thy furies on me!
See how their fiery eyeballs glare in blood,
And wreathing snakes hiss in their horrid hair!
There, there they stand, ready to leap upon me!

Elect. Rest thee, poor brother, rest upon thy bed:
Thou seest them not; 'tis fancy coinage all.

Orest. O Phœbus, they will kill me! these dire forms,
These Gorgon-visaged ministers of hell!

Elect. Thus will I hold thee, round thee throw my arms,
And check the unhappy force of thy wild starts.

Orest. Off! Let me go! I know thee who thou art,—
One of the Furies,—and thou grapplest with me,
To whirl me into Tartarus. Avaunt!

Elect. What shall I do? Ah me! where shall I seek
Assistance, since the once friendly god frowns on us?

Orest. Bring me the bow and horn which Phœbus gave
me,

And with it bade me drive these fiends away,
Should they affright me with their maddening terrors.

Elect. Can any god by mortal hands be wounded?

Orest. Should she not instant vanish from my sight—
Heard you the clang; saw you the wingéd shaft
Bound from the distant-wounding bow? Ha, ha!
Hear yet! On swift wings mount the ethereal air,
And there impeach the oracle of Phœbus!—
Whence this disquiet? Why thus pants my breath?

Ah, whither have I wandered from my bed ?
Why dost thou weep, my sister ? Why decline
Thy drooping head and hide it in thy vest ?
I blush to give thee part in my disease,
And wound with grief thy virgin tenderness.
Let not my life be thus infectious to thee ;
Thou barely didst assent : I did the deed ;
I shed her blood. But Phœbus I must name
Who urged me to this most unholy act ;
Then, save with soothing words, assist me not.
Had these eyes seen my father, had I asked him
In duty if I ought to slay my mother,
I think he would have prayed me not to plunge
My murdering sword in her who gave me birth,
Since he could not revisit heaven's sweet light,
And I must suffer all these miseries.
But now unveil thy face and dry thy tears,
My sister, though afflictions press us sore ;
And when thou seest me in these fitful moods,
Soothe my disordered sense, and let thy voice
Speak peace to my distraction ; when the sigh
Swells in thy bosom, 'tis a brother's part
With tender sympathies to calm thy griefs ;
These are the blessed offices of friends.—
But to thy chamber go, afflicted maid,
There seek repose, close thy long-sleepless eyes,
With food refresh thee, and the enlivening bath.
Shouldst thou forsake me, or with too close tendance
Impair thy delicate and tender health,
Then were I lost indeed ; for thou alone,
Abandoned as I am, art all my comfort.

Elect. Should I forsake thee ! No ; my choice is fixed ;
And I will die with thee, or with thee live.

THE DEFENCE OF SYRACUSE BY ARCHIMEDES.

POLYBIUS.

Of the later Greek historians, Polybius—born about 204 B.C., at Megalopolis, in Arcadia—was much the most meritorious. He was thoroughly instructed in politics and the science of war by his father, a general of the Achæan League, and became himself so influential that he was taken, with others, as a hostage to Rome, and held in Italy for seventeen years. At Rome he gained the friendship of Scipio, whom he accompanied in his African campaign, and was present at the taking of Carthage. Polybius died in his eighty-second year, after rendering valuable services to his native country.

The principal subjects of his great historical work are the Second Punic War and the Social War with Greece, in the preparation of which he was given free access to the public documents of Rome. As an historian he ranks high among ancient authors, the merit of his work lying in its unity of plan and well-defined purpose, the love of truth and the sound judgment of the author, his knowledge of political and military affairs, and the care with which he has collected his material. But as a literary production it is marred by such serious faults that it is little read. The author was devoid of imagination, and paid no attention to style, his rhetoric being careless, his sentences slipshod, and his dialect the corrupt Greek of his time. Much the most attractive portion of the work consists in its descriptions of military movements and battles. We select, from Hampton's translation, the account of the siege of Syracuse by the Romans, in which the remarkable defensive mechanical devices of Archimedes are clearly delineated.]

THE consul Appius, having taken upon himself the command of the land-forces, and stationed the army round the Scythian portico, from whence the wall was continued along the shore even to the mole of the harbor, resolved to make his approaches on that side. As the number of his artificers was very great, he prepared, in five days only,

a sufficient quantity of blinds and darts, with everything besides that was proper for the siege, and was persuaded that by this celerity he should be able to attack the enemy before they had made the necessary preparations for their defence. He had not at that time made due reflection upon the great skill of Archimedes, nor considered that the mind of a single man is, on some occasions, far superior to the force of many hands. But this truth was soon discovered to him by the event. For Syracuse was in itself a place of very great strength,—the wall that surrounded it being built upon lofty hills, whose tops hanging over the plains rendered all approach from without, except in certain parts, extremely difficult. . . .

So great a quantity of instruments of defence had been contrived by the person just now mentioned, that the besieged were at no time idle, but were ready at every new attack to meet the motions and repel the efforts of the enemy. Appius, however, advancing with his blinds and ladders, endeavored to approach that part of the wall which was joined to the *Hexapylum*, on the eastern side of the city. At the same time Marcellus directed his course towards *Achradina*, with a fleet of sixty *quinqueremes* [vessels with five ranks of rowers], all filled with soldiers who were armed with bows, slings, and javelins, in order to drive the enemy from the walls. There were also eight other *quinqueremes*, from one side of which the benches of the rowers had been removed,—from the right side of some and from the left side of others. These vessels, being joined two and two together on the sides from which the benches had been taken, were rowed by the oars on the opposite sides, and carried to the walls certain machines called *sackbuts*, the construction and use of which may be thus described.

A ladder is made which has four feet in breadth, and

such a length as, when raised, shall make it equal to the height of the walls. On either side of it is a high breast-work in the form of a balustrade. This ladder is laid at length upon the sides in which the two vessels are joined, but extending far beyond the prows; and at the top of the masts of the vessel are fixed pulleys and ropes. At the proper time the ropes are fastened to the top of the machine; and while some, standing on the stern of the vessels, draw the ladder upwards by the pulleys, others on the prow at the same time assist in raising it with bars and levers. The vessel being then rowed near to the shore, endeavors are made to fix the machine against the walls. At the top of the ladder is a little stage, guarded on three sides with blinds, and containing four men upon it, who engage with those upon the walls who attempt to prevent the fixing of the machine. When the machine is fixed, these men, being now raised above the top of the wall, throw down the blinds on either side, and advance to attack the battlements and towers. The rest at the same time ascend the ladder, without any fear that it should fall, because it is strongly fastened with ropes to the two vessels. The name of sackbut is not improperly bestowed upon this machine; for, when it is raised, the appearance of the ladder and the vessels, joined thus together, very much resembles the figure of that instrument.

In this manner, then, when all things were ready, the Romans designed to attack the towers. But Archimedes had prepared machines that were fitted to every distance. While the vessels were yet far removed from the walls, employing catapults and balistæ that were of the largest size and worked by the strongest springs, he wounded the enemy with his darts and stones, and threw them into great disorder. When the darts passed beyond them, he then used other machines, of a smaller size, and propor-

tioned to the distance. By these means the Romans were so effectually repulsed that it was not possible for them to approach. Marcellus, therefore, perplexed with this resistance, was forced to advance silently with his vessels in the night. But when they came so near to the land as to be within the reach of darts, they were exposed to a new danger, which Archimedes had contrived. He had caused openings to be made in many parts of the wall, equal in height to the stature of a man, and to the palm of the hand in breadth. Then, having planted on the inside archers and little scorpions, he discharged a multitude of arrows through the openings, and disabled the soldiers that were on board. In this manner, whether the Romans were at a great distance or whether they were near, he not only rendered useless all their efforts, but destroyed also many of their men. When they attempted also to raise the sackbuts, certain machines which he had erected along the whole wall inside, and which were before concealed from view, suddenly appeared above the wall and stretched their long beaks far beyond the battlements. Some of these machines carried masses of lead and stone not less than ten talents [about eight hundred pounds] in weight. Accordingly, when the vessels with the sackbuts came near, the beaks, being first turned by ropes and pulleys to the proper point, let fall their stones, which broke not only the sackbuts but the vessels likewise, and threw all those who were on board into the greatest danger. In the same manner also the rest of the machines, as often as the enemy approached under cover of their blinds and had secured themselves by that protection against the darts that were discharged through the openings in the wall, let fall upon them stones of so large a size that all the combatants on the prow were forced to retire from their station.

He invented, likewise, a hand of iron, hanging by a chain from the beak of a machine, which was used in the following manner. The person who, like a pilot, guided the beak, having let fall the hand and caught hold of the prow of any vessel, drew down the opposite end of the machine, that was inside of the walls. When the vessel was thus raised erect upon its stern, the machine itself was held immovable; but the chain being suddenly loosened from the beak by means of pulleys, some of the vessels were thrown upon their sides, others turned with their bottoms upward, and the greatest part, as the prows were plunged from a considerable height into the sea, were filled with water, and all that were on board thrown into tumult and disorder.

Marcellus was in no small degree embarrassed when he found himself encountered in every attempt by such resistance. He perceived that all his efforts were defeated with loss, and were even derided by the enemy. But, amidst all the anxiety that he suffered, he could not help jesting upon the inventions of Archimedes. "This man," says he, "employs our ships as buckets to draw water, and, boxing about our sackbuts, as if they were unworthy to be associated with him, drives them from his company with disgrace." Such was the success of the siege on the side of the sea.

Appius also, on his part, having met with the same obstacles in his approaches, was in like manner forced to abandon his design. For, while he was yet at a considerable distance, great numbers of his men were destroyed by the balistæ and the catapults, so wonderful was the quantity of stones and darts, and so astonishing the force with which they were thrown. The means, indeed, were worthy of Hiero, who had furnished the expense, and of Archimedes, who designed them, and by whose directions they

were made. If the troops advanced nearer to the city, they either were stopped in their approach by the arrows that were discharged through the openings in the walls, or, if they attempted to force their way under cover of their bucklers, they were destroyed by stones and beams that were let fall upon their heads. Great mischief also was occasioned by those hands of iron that have been mentioned; for they lifted men with their armor into the air and dashed them upon the ground. Appius therefore was at last constrained to return back again into his camp. Here, when he had held a consultation with the tribunes, it was, with one consent, determined by them that every other method should be tried to obtain possession of Syracuse, but that they would no more attempt to take it by assault. Nor did they afterwards depart from this resolution; for, though they remained eight months before the city, and during that time invented various stratagems and carried into execution many bold designs, they never had courage to attack the place in the regular forms. So wonderful, and of such importance on some occasions, is the power of a single man, and the force of science properly employed. With so great armies both by land and sea, the Romans could scarcely have failed to take the city, if one old man had been removed. But while he is present they do not even dare to make the attempt, in the manner, at least, which Archimedes was able to oppose. Being persuaded, therefore, that as the city was crowded with inhabitants it might at last be most easily reduced by famine, they resolved to have recourse to this as their only hope, and to intercept by their fleet the provisions that should be brought by sea, while the army cut off all approach on the side of the land. And, that the time employed in the siege might not pass wholly without action, but be attended with advantage in some other place, the consuls

divided the army. And thus, while Appius, with two parts of the forces, invested the city, Marcellus, with the rest, advancing through the country, wasted the lands of those Sicilians who had joined the Carthaginians in the war.

[We may briefly state the conclusion of this remarkable defence, and the fate of the man who conducted it. The Romans finally took the city by surprise. According to tradition, Archimedes was found by the assailants sitting in the public square, with a number of geometrical figures drawn before him in the sand. As a Roman soldier rushed upon him, he called out to the rude warrior not to spoil the circle. But the soldier cut him down.]

JASON AND MEDEA.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

[The author with whom we are now concerned, a native of Naucratis, in Egypt, where he was born probably in 235 B.C., was a pupil of Callimachus, the celebrated poet and critic of Alexandria. His first poetic venture was the "*Argonautica*," a hastily-written epic, which was offered in competition with a poetical production by Callimachus. It proved a failure, and the mortified author left Egypt and proceeded to the island of Rhodes, whose name became afterwards attached, as a distinguishing appellation, to his own. Here, though young, his reputation as a scholar had preceded him, and the school of rhetoric which he opened soon became flourishing. During this period he revised and greatly improved the "*Argonautica*." After a long residence in Rhodes, he returned to Alexandria, where he was made royal librarian, which important post he filled till his death.

The "*Argonautica*," which gives a simple and direct account of the expedition of the Argonauts, is strictly epic in treatment, and, though it lacks grandeur and sublimity, it possesses tenderness, the second characteristic of the epic. It is a work of art and labor, and in strong contrast to the natural movement of Homer's poems, whose language it imitates. The episodes are often very beautiful, and give life and color

to the poem. The character of Medea is charmingly drawn, and the growth of her love for Jason is artistically delineated. We select, from Elton's translation, some of the passages in which Medea's growing passion is described.]

AMIDST them all, the son of Æson, chief
Shone forth divinely in his comeliness
And graces of his form. On him the maid
Held still her eyes askance, and gazed him o'er
Through her transparent glistening veil ; while grief
Consumed her heart, her mind, as in a dream,
Slid stealthily away, and hovering hung
On his departing footsteps. Sorrowing they
Went from the palace forth. Chalciope,
Dreading Æetes' anger, hastening passed
Within her secret chamber, with her sons ;
And thus Medea went, her soul absorbed
In many musings, such as love incites,
Thoughts of deep care. Now all remembered things
In apparition rose before her eyes :
What was his aspect ; what the robe he wore ;
What words he uttered ; in what posture placed
He on the couch reclined ; and with what air
He from the porch passed forth. Then red the blush
Burned on her cheek ; while in her soul she thought
No other man existed like to him :
His voice was murmuring in her ears, and all
The charming words he uttered. Now, disturbed,
She trembled for his life, lest the fierce bulls,
Or lest Æetes should, himself, destroy
The man she loved ; and she bewailed him now
As if already dead, and down her cheeks,
In deep commiseration, the soft tear
Flowed anxiously. With piercing tone of grief
Her voice found utterance : " Why, unhappy one,

Am I thus wretched ? what concerns it me
Whether this paragon of heroes die
The death, or flee discomfited ? And yet
He should depart unharmed. Dread Hecate,
Be it thy pleasure ! let him homeward pass
And 'scape his threatened fate ; or, if his fate
Beneath the bulls have destined him to fall,
First let him know that in his wretched end
Medea does not glory !" So, disturbed,
Mused the sad virgin in her anguished thoughts.

[The mission of Jason, as most readers know, was to obtain the golden fleece that hung in the temple of Colchis and was magically guarded by the fire-breathing bulls. For this purpose he had proceeded thither, with his hero companions, in the ship *Argo*, and had now won Medea, the daughter of the Colchian king, through love, to favor his enterprise. During the night she anxiously deliberates.]

No bay of dogs,
No noise of tumult, stirred the city streets,
All hushed in stillest darkness. But sweet sleep
Soothed not Medea. Many a busy thought,
For love of Jason, strained her wakeful eyes.
She feared the bulls, by whose o'ermastering strength
He, on the battle-field, must haply meet
Dishonorable death. With feverous throbs
The heart within her bosom restless heaved.
As when the glitter of the sun, that springs
From water in some caldron freshly poured,
Or milk-pail brandished, quivers on the walls,
Darts in quick rings, and vibrates round and round ;
So was the virgin's heart within her breast
Turned to and fro. The tear, compassionate,
Stole trickling from her eyes, and inward grief
Played with slow wasting on her pining frame :

Such weight of suffering did her sleepless love
Lay on her bosom. Now her will resolves
To gift the chief with drugs of charming power ;
Now she abjures the thought, and she will die
Together with the man she loves. Anon
Her resolutions change ; nor will she die
With him she loves, nor yield the charming drugs,
But calm, with unresisting apathy,
Bear with his fate.

[The deliberations of Medea ended in her putting into effect the power of magic she possessed, and preparing a charm which would carry her lover safely through the perils of his projected enterprise. She met him the next morning, and her fears and doubts were soothed by his soft words and warm entreaties.]

So said the youth, with admiration high
Gilding his speech ; but she, her eyes cast down,
Smiled with enchanting sweetness : all her soul
Melted within her, of his words of praise
Enamoured. Then she fixed full opposite
Her eyes upon him, at a loss what word
She first should speak, yet wishing in a breath
To utter all her fond, impetuous thoughts.
And with spontaneous act she took the drug
From forth her fragrant girdle's folds, and he
Received it from her hands, elate with joy ;
And she had drawn the spirit from her breast,
Had he but asked it, sighing out her soul
Into his bosom. So from Jason's head,
Waving with yellow locks, Jove lightened forth
A lambent flame, and snatched the darted rays
That trembled from his eyes. Her inmost soul
Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away,
As dew on roses in the morning's beam

Evaporating melts. So stood they both,
And bent, in bashfulness, their eyes on earth,
Then glanced them on each other, while their brows
Smiled joyous, in serenity of love.

At length the virgin, half inaudible,
Addressed him thus: "Learn now my purposed means
To aid thee. When thou comest, and my sire
Gives thee to sow the serpent's mortal teeth,
Watch when the midnight parts the sky, and bathe
In the perennial river's flowing stream.
Then, wrapt in sable garments, dig a trench
In hollow circle: slay a lamb therein,
And, fresh and undivided, lay the lamb
Upon the altar. When thy hand has heaped
Within the circled trench the fueled fire,
Then soothe with prayers the one dread Hecate,
And from a goblet in libation shed
The honey of the hive. The goddess thus
Duly appeased, recede, and quit the pile;
Nor let the tramp of footsteps make thee turn,
Nor yell of dogs, lest all should be undone;
Nor thou from this emprise, as meet it is,
Greet thy companions. Liquefy this drug
By glimmer of the dawn, and, naked, spread
The slippery ointment o'er thy shining limbs.
A mighty force shall instantly pervade
Thy body, and immensity of strength,
And thou wouldst say thou wert a match in fight,
Not for men only, but immortal gods;
And let thy spear, thy buckler, and thy sword
Be thus anointed. Not the lances, then,
Of earth-born hosts can wound thee, nor the flame,
Resistless darted, of the deadly bulls.
Not thus invulnerable in thy strength

Wilt thou remain, but only on that day.
Go boldly to the combat; draw not back,
For I have other aid. When thou hast yoked
The sturdy bulls, and ploughed with hands of strength
The furrowed fallow, and the giants rise,
Sprung from the serpent's teeth, which thou hast thrown
'Midst the dark glebe; when thou shalt mark them rise
Thick o'er the field, then cast, with wily throw,
A heavy stone. They for the prize, like dogs
That ravening fight for food, shall turn and slay
Each other. Thou thyself impetuous rush,
And charge amidst the battle. So shalt thou
Bear from *Ætæa's* isle the fleece away
To distant Greece; and thou shalt hence depart
Whene'er it please thee,—should it please thee hence
So to depart." She said, and silently
Low towards her feet bent sad her sorrowing eyes,
And bathed her cheek with scalding tears, and mourned
That he should wander on the seas, far off,
Away from her. Then, careless of reserve,
Again with plaintive speech addressing him,
She caught him with her hand; for now her eyes
Had lost their bashful shame: "Remember yet,
If to thy home thou ever shouldst return,
Medea's name. When thou art far away
I shall remember thee."

[What followed—how Jason carried away both the fleece and the maid, how he afterwards deserted her for a new bride, and how fearfully she revenged herself—is fully told in the heroic legends of Greece. The most admired tragedy of Euripides is devoted to this hapless story.]

PHILOSOPHICAL CONSOLATIONS.

VARIOUS.

[Lucius Apuleius, who flourished about 160 A.D., was a Platonic philosopher, a native of Madaura, in Africa. He studied philosophy in Carthage and Athens, and wrote works on a great variety of subjects. His best-known work, the "*Metamorphosis*," better known as the "*Golden Ass*," is a collection of ancient tales, largely borrowed from Lucian, and put together with little skill or art, its best portion being the beautiful poetical legend of Cupid and Psyche, which has been admired in all subsequent ages. Apuleius gained fortune by marriage with a rich widow. For this marriage he was put on trial, charged with having won his wife's affections by magic. Some of the grounds of this charge were oddly puerile. Poverty was one of them. This he answered in his defence in the following skilful manner.]

HE has even gone so far as to reproach me with my poverty,—a charge truly acceptable to a philosopher, and one to which I readily plead guilty. For Poverty has long been the handmaid of Philosophy; frugal, temperate, contented with little, eager for praise, averse from the things sought by wealth, safe in her ways, simple in her requirements, in her counsels a promoter of what is right. No one has she ever puffed up with pride, no one has she corrupted by the enjoyment of power, no one has she maddened with tyrannical ambition; for no pampering of the appetite or of the passions does she sigh, nor can she indulge it. But it is your fosterlings of wealth who are in the habit of perpetrating these disgraceful excesses, and others of a kindred nature. If you review all the greatest enormities that have been committed in the memory of mankind, you will not find a single poor man among the perpetrators; whilst, on the other hand, in the number of

illustrious men hardly any of the rich are to be found; Poverty has nurtured from his very cradle every individual in whom we find anything to admire and commend,—Poverty, I say,—she who in former ages was the foundress of all cities, the inventress of all arts, she who is guiltless of all offence, who is lavish of all glory, who has been honored with every praise among all nations. For this same Poverty it was that, among the Greeks, showed herself just in Aristides, humane in Phocion, resolute in Epaminondas, wise in Socrates, and eloquent in Homer. It was this same Poverty, too, that for the Roman people laid the very earliest foundations of their sway, and that offers sacrifice to the immortal gods in their behalf, with the ladle and the dish of clay, even to this day.

If there were now sitting as judges at this trial C. Fabricius, Cneius Scipio, and Manius Curius, whose daughters, by reason of their poverty, went home to their husbands portioned at the public expense, carrying with them the glories of their family and the money of the public; if Publicola, the expeller of the kings, and Agrippa, the reconciler of the people, the expense of whose funeral was, in consequence of their limited fortunes, defrayed by the Roman people, by contributions of the smallest coins; if Attilius Regulus, whose little field was, in consequence of a like poverty, cultivated at the public expense; if, in fine, all those ancient families, ennobled by consulships, censorships, and triumphs, could obtain a short respite, and return to light, and take part in this trial, would you then have dared to reproach a philosopher for his poverty, in the presence of so many consuls distinguished for theirs? . . .

I could, indeed, raise an argument with you about the very name itself, and I could show that none of us are poor who do not wish for superfluities, and who possess the things which are necessary, which, by nature, are but few

indeed. For he has the most who desires the least; he who wants but little is most likely to have as much as he wants. It is with the mind just as it is with the body: in a healthy state it is lightly clad, but in sickness it is wrapped in cumbrous clothing; and it is a sure sign of infirmity to have many wants. It is with life just as with swimming: the man is the most expert who is the most disengaged from all encumbrances. For my part, I have learned that in this especially the gods surpass mankind, that they have to satisfy no necessities. Hence it is that him among us who has the fewest possible necessities I consider most strongly to resemble a god.

[We offer another extract, inculcating the same general moral as that just given, from the work of Aulus Gellius, a contemporary of Apuleius. Of the history of this writer we know little, but he has left us a valuable legacy in his "*Noctes Atticæ*" ("*Attic Nights*"), so called from having been principally composed during the winter nights in a country-house of Attica. The value of this book consists in its containing numerous extracts from writers whose works are now lost, and many curious facts concerning ancient times, not elsewhere recorded. We select the following example of a philosopher's wit and wisdom.]

In our way from Cassopia to Brundisium we passed through the Ionian, a sea violent, vast, and agitated with storms. During the whole first night of our voyage a very stormy side-wind filled our vessel with water. At length, after much complaining, and sufficient employment at the pump, daylight appeared, but brought no diminution of our danger, nor cessation of the storm; but the whirlwinds seemed increasing, and the black sky, and the balls of fire, and the clouds, forming themselves into frightful shapes (which they called Typhons), appeared hanging over us ready to overwhelm the ship. In the company was a celebrated philosopher of the Stoic school, whom I

had known at Athens, a man of some consequence, and rather distinguished for the good order in which he kept his pupils. Amidst all these dangers, and this tumult of sea and sky, I watched this man attentively, anxious to know the state of his mind, whether he was dauntless and unalarmed. I observed that he expressed no fear nor apprehensions, uttered no complaints like the rest, nor gave in to their way of exclaiming, but in paleness and terror of countenance he differed but little from his neighbors.

When the sky grew clear, and the sea became calm, a certain rich Greek from Asia approached the Stoic; his wealth was proved from his expensive appearance, his quantity of baggage, and his train of attendants. "What is the reason," said he, in a bantering tone, "that, when we were in danger, you, who are a philosopher, were afraid, and looked pale, while I was neither afraid nor pale?" The philosopher doubting a little whether it was worth while to make any answer, "If," said he, "in so violent a storm I did discover a little fear, you are not worthy of being told the reason; but that follower of Aristippus shall give you an answer for me, who upon a similar occasion, being asked by a man much like yourself why, as a philosopher, he was afraid, while he feared nothing, replied that there was not the same cause for fear in one as in the other, for the preservation of a worthless coxcomb was not an object worthy of much anxiety, but that he was concerned for the safety of an Aristippus." With this reply the Stoic got rid of the rich Asiatic.

[The writer who is usually classed as the latest of ancient authors, Boethius, a Roman statesman, prose-writer, and poet, born about 472 A.D., gives us, in his "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," a series of excellent philosophical arguments in the same general strain as the foregoing, and full of that wisdom which leads men to condemn the gifts of fortune. He was himself wealthy and highly educated, and held

important offices in the state, which he filled with the greatest wisdom and fidelity. But virtue flourished poorly in the soil of Rome, and the integrity of Boethius made him enemies, who finally succeeded in having him condemned and executed.

His best-known work, "*On the Consolation of Philosophy*," was composed during the two years he lay in prison before his execution. It is an imaginary conversation between the author and personified Philosophy, its doctrines inclining towards those of the Stoics. The work was highly popular during the Middle Ages, and had the fortune to be translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, so that we possess the work of the last of the ancient authors in the version of one of the first of the modern. We give, in a modernized form, the following selection from King Alfred's translation.]

THE INSTABILITY OF FAME.

And ye nevertheless care not whether ye do any good, on any other account than for the little praise of the people, and for the short fame which we before have spoken of. Ye labor for this, and despise the excellencies of your mind and of your understanding and of your reason, and would have the reward of your good works from other men's report.

Ye look thereto for the reward which ye should seek from God. But thou hast heard what long ago happened; that a very wise man and very noble began to try a philosopher, and scoffed at him because he so arrogantly lifted himself up and proclaimed this, that he was a philosopher. He did not make it known by any talents, but by false and proud boasting. Then the wise man was disposed to prove him, whether he was so wise as he himself thought he was. He therefore began to revile and speak ill of him.

Then the philosopher heard the wise man's words very patiently for some time. But after he had heard his revilings he then retorted with great impatience (though he had before pretended that he was a philosopher), and again

asked him whether he considered him to be a philosopher or not. Then answered the wise man to him and said,—

“I would say that thou wert a philosopher if thou wert patient and able to be silent.”

How long was to him the fame which he before falsely sought? How did he not immediately burst because of one answer? What has it then profited the best men who were before us that they so greatly desired vain glory and fame after their death? Or what does it profit those who now are? Therefore it were to every man more needful that he were desirous of good actions than of deceitful fame. What has he from this fame after the separation of the body and the soul? Do we not know that all men bodily die, and yet the soul is living? But the soul goes very freely to the heavens after it is set loose and is liberated from the prison of the body. It then despises all these earthly things, and rejoices in this, that it may enjoy the heavenly after it is taken away from the earthly. Then the mind will itself be witness of God's will.

WEALTH IS NOT WORTH.

It is the condition of the life of men that they then only are before all other creatures when they know themselves what they are and whence they are; and they are worse than cattle when they will not know what they are or whence they are. It is, therefore, very plain that ye are in error when ye think that any one can be made honorable by external riches.

If any one is made honorable with any riches, and endowed with any valuable possessions, does not the honor then belong to that which makes him honorable? That which is adorned with anything else is not therefore fairer, though the ornaments be fair which it is adorned with. If it before was vile, it is not on that account fairer. Know

thou assuredly that no good hurteth him who possesseth it. Thou knowest that I lie not, and also know that riches often hurt them who possess them.

THE REPROACH OF IDLENESS.

PERSIUS.

[Juvenal, the greatest of Roman satirists, was preceded by Aulus Persius Flaccus, a satirical writer of marked ability, born in 34 A.D. This writer, who had been well educated by the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, and was on terms of close intimacy with the most distinguished literary celebrities of his time, died in his twenty-eighth year, leaving as his legacy to posterity the six short satiric poems which are known under his name. In character he was marked by purity and virtue and by modest and gentle manners, and his castigation of the vices of his age lacks the biting severity of Lucilius and the fierce indignation of Juvenal, but is marked rather by a caustic irony similar to that of the Greek comedians. He avoids the grosser sins prevalent among his contemporaries, and lashes wickedness in the abstract, and with a degree of amiability which has made his satires always popular. The language is terse and sometimes obscure, but the dialogues are marked by excellent dramatic power. The selection here given constitutes the essential portions of the Third Satire, as translated by Dryden.]

Is this thy daily course? the glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink; the cattle run
To shades, and noontide rays of summer shine,
Yet plunged in sloth we lie, and snore supine,
As filled with fumes of undigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears,
And loudly rings it in his fellows' ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise,

Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate,
And cries, "I thought it had not been so late :
My clothes! make haste! why, when?—" If none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear,
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment, with the smoother side displayed,
He takes the papers, lays 'em down again,
And with unwilling fingers tries the pen :
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick ;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick :
Infuse more water ; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day !
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away ?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man :
Eat pap and spoon-meat ; for thy gewgaws cry :
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen, but charge the crime
On native sloth and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat ?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town ;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-baked vessel found ;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet thy moist clay is pliant to command,
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand :
Now take the mould ; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land ; a country-seat, secure
By a just title ; costly furniture ;

A fuming-pan thy lares to appease :
What need of learning when a man's at ease ?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree,
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree,
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet,
And loudly call him "cousin" in the street.

Such pageantry be to the people shown ;
Then boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own :
I know thee to thy bottom,—from within
Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin :
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely dressed ?

But 'tis in vain : the wretch is drenched too deep ;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep ;
Fattened in vice, so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not, senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskilled to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up and reach the water's brim.

Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times,
Some tyrant king, the terror of his age,
The type and true vicegerent of thy rage,
Thus punish him : Set Virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorned, with all her graces bright ;
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweighed by lost felicity !

* * * * *

Hast thou not yet proposed some certain end
To which thy life, thy every act, may tend ?
Hast thou no mark at which to bend thy bow ?
Or, like a boy, pursu'st the carrion crow

With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree,
 A fruitless toil, and liv'st extempore ? . . .
 Study thyself; what rank, or what degree,
 The wise Creator has ordained for thee;
 And all the offices of that estate
 Perform, and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
 Pray justly, to be heard, nor more desire
 Than what the decencies of life require.
 Learn what thou owest thy country and thy friend,—
 What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
 Learn this; and after envy not the store
 Of the greased advocate, that grinds the poor,
 Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws,
 And only gains the wealthy client's cause.

* * * * * *

But here some captain of the land or fleet,
 Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,
 Cries, "I have sense to serve my turn, in store,
 And he's a rascal that pretends to more.
 Damme, whate'er those book-learned blockheads say,
 Solon's the veriest fool in all the play,
 Top-heavy drones, and always looking down
 (As over-ballasted within the crown),
 Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
 Which, well examined, is flat conjuring,—
 Mere madmen's dreams. For what the schools have taught
 Is only this,—that nothing can be brought
 From nothing; and what is can ne'er be turned to naught.
 Is it for this they study ? to grow pale,
 And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal ?
 For this, in rags accoutred, are they seen,
 And made the may-game of the public spleen ?"

Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
 A story which is just thy parallel.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said :
"Methinks I am not right in every part ;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart ;
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong ;
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue."
The doctor heard him, exercised his skill,
And after bade him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man :
The fourth, he could not hold from drink, but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends,
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flagon of his healing wine.
He drinks a swilling draught, and, lined within,
Will supple, in the bath, his outward skin :
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware :
"Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath ;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death."
"'Tis nothing," says the fool ; but says the friend,
"This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end :
Do I not see your dropsy belly swell ?
Your yellow skin ?"—"No more of that ; I'm well.
I have already buried two or three
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me I look ill ; and thou look'st worse."
"I've done," says the physician ; "take your course."
The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk,—then bathes and drinks again,
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching steam ;

Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seized,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseased,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl,
And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs roll,
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul.
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretched out and pointing to the gate;
And slaves, now manumized, on their dead master wait:
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.

“But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free;
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet;
These are not cold, nor those oppressed with heat;
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.”

I grant this true: but still the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.

* * * * *

Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind,
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfined,
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears;
And when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips, and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise,
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

EVERY-DAY CHARACTERS.

THEOPHRASTUS.

[Theophrastus, a disciple of Plato, and afterwards of Aristotle, and the most noted of Athenian scientists after the death of the latter, was a native of Eresus, in Lesbos, where he was born 374 B.C. He died 287 B.C. After the death of Aristotle he opened a school, which was highly successful, having at one time as many as two thousand pupils, among them the dramatist Menander. He wrote many treatises on scientific and other subjects, very few of which are extant. Besides his treatises on Natural History we possess only his book of "Characters," and some fragments. It is to him we owe the early preservation of the works of Aristotle, who bequeathed to him his library and his original manuscripts. From the "Characters," which are written with wit and judgment and display much knowledge of human nature, we select some examples.]

THE PARSIMONIOUS MAN.

Parsimony is an excessive and unreasonable saving of expense. The parsimonious man calls at the house of his debtor to demand a halfpenny of interest, left over in the last month's payment. At a banquet he carefully notes how many cups of wine are drunk by each guest; and of all the offerings to Diana usual on such occasions his will be the least. If the smallest article be purchased for his use, however low may be the price, he will say it is too dear. When a servant breaks a pot or a pan, he deducts the value of it from his daily allowance; or if his wife chances to lose a brass button or a farthing, he causes tables, chairs, beds, boxes, to be moved, and the wardrobe to be hunted over, in search of it. Whoever would deal with him must be content to lose by the transaction. He suffers no one to taste a fig from his garden, nor even to

pass through his fields, no, nor to gather a fallen date or olive from the ground. He inspects the boundaries of his farm every day, to assure himself that the hedges and fences remain in their places. He demands interest on interest, if payment is delayed a day beyond the appointed time. If he gives a public dinner to his ward, he carves out a scanty portion for each, and himself places his allowance before every guest. He goes to market, and often returns without having purchased an article. He strictly charges his wife to lend nothing to her neighbors; no, not even a little salt, nor a wick for a lamp, nor a bit of cummin, nor a sprig of marjoram, nor a barley-cake, nor a fillet for the victim, nor a wafer for the altar; "for," saith he, "these little things put together make a great sum in the year."

In a word, you may see the coffers of such a fellow covered with mould, and himself with a bunch of rusty keys at his girdle, clad in a scanty garb, sparingly anointed, shorn to the scalp, and slipshod at noon. And you may find him in the shop of the fuller, whom he is charging not to spare earth in cleaning his cloak, that it may not so soon require dressing again.

ON FLATTERY.

One may consider flattery to be a base sort of an intercourse designed to promote the interests of the flatterer. The flatterer himself is one who, when he walks in company with you, says, "Do you take notice how all the people are gazing at you? There is no other person in this city so honored as yourself. Yesterday you were spoken very highly of at the Portico; for when there were more than thirty of us sitting around, the question being accidentally started, who has the most eminent character in the whole city, all beginning with your very name

unanimously concluded upon the same." A thousand such things as these he is constantly telling you. Then he begins to pick the lint from your clothes; and if by chance any straw be wafted by the wind upon the curls of your head, he carefully takes it off, and, laughing, says, "Do you see? because I have not met you for two days, you have a beard full of gray hairs; whereas if any person has black hair, you surely have for your years!" When you are making any observation, he commands all those present to be silent, and commends him who listens; and when you stop speaking he applauds what you have said: "Very fine, very fine!"

When you utter a jest he laughs most heartily, and thrusts his coat into his mouth, as if he could not suppress his laughter. He says to those that meet you in the streets, "Stop!—wait till *HE* has gone by." He buys apples and pears for your children, and, carrying them into your house, distributes them, while you are looking on, and, kissing the little ones, exclaims, "Darling offspring of an incomparable father!" When you are purchasing shoes in company with him, he says that your own foot is of a far handsomer shape than any shoe can be. When you are about to pay a visit to any of your friends, the flatterer runs on before, and says, "The great man is coming;" and then, turning back, says, "I have announced you." Nay, he can even serve you, at a breath, with any trifle from the woman's market. He is the first of your guests to praise the wine, and, keeping close at your side, says, "How delicately you eat!" then, taking something from the table and holding it up to the company, says, "How very fine this is!" Then he asks you if you be not cold, and if he shall not put something more over you, at the same time covering you with some garment. Then, stooping forward, he whispers into your

ear, and, even while conversing with others, keeps his eyes fixed upon you. In the theatre he takes the cushions from the servant and spreads them under you himself. He says that your house is finely built, your garden beautifully laid out, and that your picture is most beautiful and just like you. In short, the flatterer is continually saying and doing those things by which he thinks he shall gain favor.

THE OSTENTATIOUS.

The absurd vanity of the purse-proud man leads him to make as many false pretensions to wealth as the veriest knave who lives by seeming to be what he is not. A boaster of this sort frequents the Exchange, and, while he gathers strangers around him, talks of the rich cargoes which he pretends to have on the seas; then he tells what loans he has abroad, and what is the amount of interest upon them. Or you may see him stalking along the road, while he leans on the arm of a chance companion, whom he informs that he was one of those who served in the expedition into Asia under Alexander, and that in the spoil that fell to his share there were many costly vessels studded with gems. This leads him to talk of Eastern magnificence, and he stoutly contends that the artificers of Asia are incomparably superior to those of Europe. He pretends to have received letters from Antipater, stating that the victorious king had just returned to Macedonia. He declares that, although he possesses the costly license for exporting timber, he has forborne to make use of it, lest he should give occasion to the malicious remarks of some who would envy him his privilege. In a company of strangers he recounts that during the late scarcity he expended more than five talents in corn, to be distributed among the poorer citizens; and, doubting whether he may not have underrated the sum, he requests one of the company to assist

him in going through a calculation, by making a list of those who were the objects of his munificence, and the relief afforded to each; when, pretending to name above six hundred persons, the result proves that instead of five he must actually have expended not less than ten talents on the occasion. Nor does he include in this computation the maintenance of his galleys, nor sundry disbursements consequent on the gratuitous discharge of public business. He goes to the stalls where the finest horses are exposed for sale, and pretends to bid for them; or at the shop of the robe-maker he requests a cloak to be shown him of the value of two talents, and then takes occasion to reprove his attendant for not being furnished with gold. He lives in a hired house, yet he assures a visitor ignorant of his affairs that he inherited the house from his father, but that, finding it too small for the entertainment of his friends, he intends to sell it.

THE BUSYBODY.

In the proffered services of the busybody there is much of the affectation of kind-heartedness, and little efficient aid. When the execution of some project is in agitation, he will undertake a part that greatly exceeds his ability. After a point in dispute has been settled to the satisfaction of all parties, he starts up and insists on some trivial objection. He directs the waiter at a banquet to mix more liquor than the company present can possibly drink. He interferes in a quarrel between parties of whom he knows nothing. He offers to be guide in a forest, and presently he is bewildered and obliged to confess that he is ignorant of the way. He will accost a general at the head of his troops, and inquire when battle is to be given, or what orders he intends to issue for the next day. He is wont to give his father information of his mother's movements. Although the physician has forbidden wine to his patient, he will never-

theless administer some,—just, as he says, by way of making an experiment. When his wife dies he inscribes on her monument not only her name and quality, but those also of her husband, father, and mother, and adds, “All these were persons of extraordinary virtue.” He cannot take an oath in court without informing the bystanders that it is not the first time his evidence has been called for.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BION.

MOSCHUS.

[Moschus, the third of the famous Sicilian trio of poets, was a native of Syracuse, and a contemporary of Bion (about 300 B.C.) We know nothing of his life. The idyls of Moschus seem patterned after those of Bion, and resemble them in beauty of style, luxuriance of imagery, and graceful softness of sentiment. They are somewhat overloaded with ornament, yet the beauty of their language has few rivals. His “Elegy on the Death of Bion” is the best-known of his works. We subjoin a portion of this, in Fawkes’s translation.]

YE woods, with grief your waving summits bow ;
Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow,
From weeping urns your copious sorrows shed,
And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead.
Ye shady groves, in robes of sable hue
Bewail ; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew ;
Ye drooping flowers, diffuse a languid breath,
And die with sorrow at sweet Bion’s death.
Ye roses, change from red to sickly pale,
And all ye bright anemones bewail.
Now, Hyacinth, thy doleful letters show,
Inscribed in larger characters of woe,*

* The letters Ai, the Greek exclamation for woe, were supposed to be seen on the leaves of the hyacinth.

For Bion dead, the sweetest shepherd swain.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Ye nightingales, that perch among the sprays,
Tune to melodious elegy your lays,
And bid the streams of Arethuse deplore
Bion's sad fate; loved Bion is no more!
Nor verse nor music would his life prolong;
He died, and with him died the Doric song. . . .

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful lay!
Alas! the meanest flowers which gardens yield,
The vilest weeds which flourish in the field,
Which dead in wintry sepulchres appear,
Revive in spring, and bloom another year.
But we, the great, the brave, the learned, the wise,
Soon as the hand of death has closed our eyes,
In tombs forgotten lie; no suns restore;
We sleep, forever sleep, to wake no more.
Thou too liest buried with the silent dead:
Fate spares the witlings, but thy vital thread
Snapped cruel Chance! and now 'tis my hard lot
To hear the dull bards (but I envy not)
Grate their harsh sonnets, flashy, rude, and vain.

[Shelley's translation of two short poems of Moschus are so gracefully done that we here append them. Of the first of these Edwin Arnold says, "This sonnet or little idyl of his has been famous ever since the poet made it, lying amid the asphodel by Arethusa."]

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more:
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind. But when the roar
Of ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from that drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,

When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody :
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wandering fish—an evil lot
Hath chosen. But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

[The second of these poems, "a pretty, sparkling piece of Greek," is thus, says Arnold, "rendered note by note throughout its playful music by the same delicate English voice."

Pan loved his neighbor Echo, but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping ;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness blind
The bright nymph Lyda : so the three went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr,
The Satyr Lyda,—and so love consumed them.
And so to each, which was a woful matter,
To bear what they inflicted Justice doomed them :
For inasmuch as each might hate the lover,
Each loving, so was hated. Ye that love not,
Be warned ; in thought turn this example over,
That when ye love the like return ye prove not !

THE FALL OF NERO.

TACITUS.

[Gaius Cornelius Tacitus, who ranks among the greatest historians either of ancient or of modern times, has left us scarcely any record of his personal history. Even of his parentage, and of the time and place of his birth and death, we are in doubt, though it is believed he was born about 54 A.D. He received marks of favor from the

emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, under whom he held important public offices, was very intimate with the younger Pliny, and probably lived till after the death of Trajan, 117 A.D. The age in which he lived and wrote was a happier one, and more favorable to literature, than that of his predecessors. The shameless licentiousness of Rome became, under Trajan, measurably checked, while the city was relieved of the terrible tyranny under which it had so long groaned. Tacitus was among the first of Roman historians who dared to speak freely concerning the deeds of the tyrannous emperors, and he has left on record a startling picture of their reigns.

Tacitus in some respects stands at the head of Roman prose-writers, among whom he occupies the same position as Thucydides did among the Greeks. For love of truth, power of condensation, sagacious observation, wise reflection, and picturesque description, his works are of the highest value, while his characters are drawn with a dramatic vigor which is highly effective. We select, from Murphy's translation, the author's dramatic story of the death of Nero, one of the most impressive pictures ever drawn of the fate of a tyrant and coward.]

NERO was now at the summit of his wishes. He triumphed in the pride of his imagination over all his enemies. He had seen on his way from Naples a monumental sculpture representing a Gaul overcome by a Roman soldier and dragged along the ground by the hair of his head. The gods, he said, presented that object to him as an omen of victory, and their decree was happily fulfilled. Amidst all his frantic joy, his worst enemies were in his own breast. His vices were undermining him with the army as well as the people. He raised immoderate supplies of money, and squandered the whole with wild profusion. An occurrence happened by which the city was thrown into a violent ferment. A ship arrived from Alexandria, supposed to be loaded with corn, and therefore matter of joy to the populace, who dreaded a dearth of provisions. It may easily be imagined what a turn their passions took when it was known that the vessel brought a freight of sand from the banks of the Nile, to smooth the arena for

wrestlers and gladiators. The disappointment excited at first a laugh of scorn and indignation; vulgar wit and scurrilous jests made Nero an object of contempt; and from contempt the transition to hatred, rage, and fury is always sure, and often instantaneous. The public clamor was loud and violent: the people with one voice wished to be delivered from a monster; they lamented the loss of Vindex; and the pretorian guards, who had been the support of a pernicious reign, began to murmur discontent and to show manifest symptoms of dissatisfaction.

[At this juncture Nymphidius and Tigellinus, two of Nero's vicious associates, and joint prefects of the pretorian camp, turned traitor to him.]

They began by bribes to insinuate themselves into the affections of the pretorian guards, and, when they had sufficiently prepared them for a revolt, whispered to the senate that Nero was deserted on every side; that he had not a friend left; and that, by consequence, the whole legislative authority was in the hands of the fathers. That assembly remained for some time in suspense, timid, wavering, and irresolute. The conjuncture was dark and gloomy. Nero was alarmed: he paused from his pleasures, and saw that some deep design was in agitation. To prevent it by one bold effort, he formed a resolution to massacre the senate, and, after setting fire to the city a second time, to let loose his whole collection of wild beasts to devour the people in the general consternation, and save himself by flying into Egypt. This horrible scheme was no sooner conceived than brought to light by one of his favorite eunuchs. This miscreant had been for some time subservient to the vices of his master, and lived with him in the dearest intimacy. From a person so beloved nothing was concealed. He was the confidential friend of the

emperor, not only in scenes of riot, but also in the most important counsels. But the jealousy of an upstart, raised above his base condition, is easily alarmed. The favorite thought himself slighted. His pride was roused, and, to revenge the injury, he discovered the particulars of the intended massacre.

A design so black and horrible raised the general indignation. The fathers trembled for themselves; but the habit of slavery had debased their faculties. They saw that no time was to be lost, and yet could not resolve to act with vigor.

[Nymphidius tried to inspire them with courage. To the pretorian guards he promised, in Galba's name, immense rewards, a promise which afterwards proved fatal to Galba. Then he went with his confederate to Nero, and, with an air of deep affliction, told him that all was lost, and counselled him to fly to Egypt.]

Nero saw the sad reverse of his affairs. From his armies he could expect no support. The troops on their march towards the Caspian Sea had been recalled, but a long repose was necessary to revive the spirits of men wellnigh exhausted by incessant fatigue. The legions from Illyricum returned with alienated minds. Scorning to disguise their sentiments, they sent a deputation to Virginius on the Upper Rhine, expressing their ardent desire that he would yield to the request of the legions under his command, and accept the imperial dignity. Eight Batavian cohorts had shown a spirit of dissatisfaction, and the pretorian guards were under the influence of Nymphidius.

In this desperate situation Nero looked round for assistance; but he looked in vain. He wandered through the apartments of his palace, and all was solitude. He, who but a few days before was the god of the senate and the

people, was now in dread of being their victim. Conscience began to exercise her rights. Her voice was heard. Nero reviewed his crimes, and shuddered with horror and remorse. He repeated in despair and anguish of heart a line which, when personating Œdipus, he had often declaimed on the public stage: "My wife, my father, and my mother doom me dead." Of all his courtier-fry, and all his instruments of guilt, not one adhered to him in the hour of distress, except Sporus the eunuch, Phaon, an enfranchised slave, and Epaphroditus, his secretary. He gave orders to his soldiers on duty to proceed with all expedition to Ostia and prepare a ship, that he might embark for Egypt. The men were not willing to obey. One of them asked him, in half a line from Virgil, "Is it then so wretched a thing to die?" He went to the Servilian gardens, carrying with him a phial of swift-speeding poison which had been prepared by the well-known Locusta; but his resolution failed. He returned to his chamber, and threw himself on his bed. The agitations of his mind allowed no rest. He started up, and called for some friendly hand to end his wretched being. That office no one was willing to perform, and he himself wanted fortitude. Driven to the last despair, and frantic with remorse and fear, he cried out, in doleful accents, "My friends desert me, and I cannot find an enemy."

He rushed forth from his palace, as if with intent to throw himself into the Tiber. He changed his mind, and thought of flying into Spain, there to surrender at discretion to the mercy of Galba. But no ship was ready at Ostia. Various projects presented themselves to his mind in quick succession, increasing the tumult of his passions, and serving only to distract him more. To try his powers of eloquence was another expedient that occurred to him. For that purpose he proposed to go forth in a mourning

garb to the forum, and there, by a pathetic speech, obtain his pardon from the people. Should their obdurate hearts remain impenetrable to the soft influence of persuasive oratory, and refuse to reinstate their emperor in the full enjoyment of his prerogative, he had no doubt but he could, at the worst, wring from them the government of Egypt, where, in the character of prefect, he might give free scope to his inordinate passions. This project seemed to promise success; but a ray of reflection struck him with sudden horror. The populace, without waiting to hear the divine accents of that harmonious voice, might break out into open sedition, and in their fury tear their prince limb from limb. What course could he pursue? Where could he hide himself? He looked round in wild despair, and asked his remaining companions, "Is there no lurking-place, no safe recess, where I may have time to consider what is to be done?" Phaon, his freedman, proposed to conduct him to an obscure villa which he held in his possession, at the distance of about four miles from Rome.

Nero embraced the offer. There was no time to be lost. He went forth in all his wretchedness, without a shoe to his feet, nothing on him but his close tunic, no outside garment, and no imperial robe. In order to disguise himself, he snatched an old rusty cloak, and, throwing it over his shoulders, covered his head, and held a handkerchief before his face. In that condition he mounted his horse, submitting with a dastard spirit to an ignominious flight, without any attendants except Phaon, the freedman, Epaphroditus, the secretary, and Sporus, the eunuch, with another, whose name Aurelius Victor says was Neophytus. In this manner Nero passed the last of his nights. At the dawn of day the pretorian guards deserted their station at the palace and joined their comrades in the camp, where, by the influence and direction of Nymphidius, Galba was

proclaimed emperor. The senate met, and after a short debate confirmed the nomination of the pretorian guards. The time was at length arrived when that assembly could act with authority. They resolved to mark the day by a decree worthy of a Roman senate. With one voice they declared the tyrant who had trampled on all laws human and divine a public enemy, and by their sentence condemned him to suffer death according to the rigor of ancient laws and the practice of the old republic.

Nero, in the mean time, made the best of his way towards the freedman's villa. He heard the pretorian camp ring with acclamations, and the name of Galba sounded in his ear. A man at work in a field adjoining to the road started up at the sound of horsemen pressing forward with expedition, and, "Behold!" he said, "those people are in pursuit of Nero." Another asked, "What do they say of Nero in the city?" As they drew near to Phaon's house Nero was alarmed by a sudden accident. His horse started at a dead carcass that lay on the side of the road; and the veil, in consequence of the violent motion, falling from his face, a veteran, who had been dismissed from the service, knew his master, and saluted him by his name. The fear of being detected made the fugitive prince and his followers push forward with their utmost speed. Being arrived at a small distance from the house, they did not think it safe to enter it in a public manner. Nero dismounted and crossed a field overgrown with reeds. Phaon advised him to lie concealed in a sand-pit till he prepared a subterraneous passage into the house. "That," said Nero, "were to bury myself alive." He scooped up some water out of a muddy ditch, and, having allayed his thirst, asked, in a doleful tone, "Is that the beverage to which Nero has been used?" An opening was made in the wall on one side of the mansion, and Nero crept through it. He was conducted to a

chamber, where he saw nothing but wretchedness. In that mean room he threw himself on a meaner bed, and asked for some nourishment. They offered him bread; but it was so black that his stomach sickened at the sight. The water was foul; but thirst obliged him to swallow the nauseous draught. His friends saw that no hope was left: they dreaded his impending ruin, and advised him to rescue himself by one manly deed from an ignominious death. Nero signified his assent; but he studied delay, fond to linger still in life. Preparations for his funeral were necessary. He ordered a trench to be dug, suited to the dimensions of his body, a quantity of wood to be collected for the funeral pile, and pieces of marble to be brought to form a decent covering for his grave. He bewailed his unhappy lot: tears gushed at intervals: he heaved a piteous sigh, and said to his friends, "What a musician the world will lose!"

During this scene of delay and cowardice a messenger, according to Phaon's orders, arrived with papers from Rome. Nero seized the packet. He read with eagerness, and found himself not only declared a public enemy, but condemned to suffer death with the rigor of ancient usage. He asked, "What kind of death is that? and what is ancient usage?" He was told that, by the law of the old republic, every traitor, with his head fastened between two stakes, and his body entirely naked, suffered the pains of a slow death under the licitor's rod. The fear of that ignominious punishment inspired Nero with a short-lived passion, which for the moment had the appearance of courage. He drew two daggers which he had brought with him, and, as if meditating some prodigious deed, tried the points of both, then calmly replaced them in their scabbards, saying, "The fatal moment is not yet come." He turned to Sporus, and requested him to begin the funeral lamentation. "Sing the melancholy dirge; and

offer the last obsequies to your friend." He cast his eyes around him: "And why," he said, "why will not some one despatch himself, and teach me how to die?" He paused for a moment, and shed a flood of tears. He started up and cried out, in a tone of wild despair, "Nero, this is infamy; you linger in disgrace: this is no time for dejected passions; the moment calls for manly fortitude."

These words were no sooner uttered than he heard the sound of horses advancing with speed towards the house. This he signified by repeating a line from Homer. The fact was, the senate had given orders that he should be brought back to Rome to undergo the judgment which they had pronounced; and the officers charged with that commission were near at hand. Nero seized his dagger and stabbed himself in the throat. The stroke was too feeble. Epaphroditus lent his assistance, and the next blow was a mortal wound. A centurion entered the room, and, seeing Nero in a mangled condition, ran immediately to his assistance, pretending that he came with a friendly hand to bind the wound and save the emperor's life. Nero had not breathed his last. He raised his languid eyes, and faintly said, "You come too late: is this your fidelity?" He spoke, and expired. The ferocity of his nature was still visible in his countenance. His eyes fixed and glaring, and every feature swelled with warring passions, he looked more stern, more grim and terrible, than ever.

Nero died in the thirty-second year of his age, on the eleventh day of June, after a reign of thirteen years, seven months, and twenty-eight days. The news was received at Rome with all demonstrations of joy. The populace ran wild about the streets with the cap of liberty on their heads. The forum sounded with acclamations. Icelus, a freedman, who managed Galba's affairs at Rome, had been thrown into prison by Nero; but on the sudden ac-

cession of his master he was now become a man in power and high authority. He consented that Nero's body should be committed to the flames at the place where he died. The funeral rites were performed without delay and without pomp. His remains were conveyed to the monumental vault of the Domitian family, his paternal ancestors. The urn was carried by two female servants, and Acte, the famous concubine. The secrecy with which the obsequies were performed was the cause of some untoward consequences that afterwards disturbed the commonwealth. A doubt remained in the minds of many whether Nero had not made his escape into Asia or Egypt. The men who, under a corrupt and profligate reign, had led a life of pleasure, and were by consequence enamoured of Nero's vices, paid every mark of respect to his memory, willing at the same time to believe that he still survived. They raised a tomb, and for several years dressed it with the flowers of spring and summer. The Parthians honored his memory, and, being afterwards deluded by an impostor who assumed the name of Nero, were ready with the strength of their nation to espouse his cause. The race of Cæsars ended with Nero: he was the last and perhaps the worst of that illustrious house.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

VARIOUS.

[In addition to the collected works of the poets of Greece, there are many fugitive poems, usually brief, but often of much merit, extending over a wide range of time, and the work of distinguished men, which have been preserved in the several collections known as Anthologies,

or poetic Garlands. The earliest of these collections is that made by Meleager, a Syrian, born about 96 B.C. He was himself an able poet, and contributed many fine epigrams to his collection. Similar anthologies were made at later periods. The verses thus preserved have been praised by some and decried by others. They are not epigrams in the modern sense, but are rather short poems on various subjects, with only occasionally the pungency and wit of the modern epigram. We select some examples from the more witty of these poems.]

GRAY HAIRS.

A hoary head with sense combined
 Claims veneration from mankind;
 But if with folly joined, it bears
 The badge of ignominious years.

Gray hairs will pass for sapience well
 Until your tongue dissolve the spell;
 Then, as in youth, 'twill all appear
 No longer sense, but merely hair.

PHILO.

DISCONTENT.

Young, I was poor; when old, I wealthy grew;
 Unblest, alas! in want and plenty too.
 When I could all enjoy, Fate nothing gave;
 Now I can naught enjoy, I all things have.

ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE THINGS.

Why should little things be blamed?
 Little things for grace are famed.
 Love, the wingéd and the wild,—
 Love is but a little child.

DAMOCHARIS.

DEATH.

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead;
 The path before you lies,—

It is not hard to find, nor tread ;
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread ;
But broad and straight and even still,
And ever gently slopes down-hill :
You cannot miss it though you shut your eyes.

LEONIDAS.

THE FRENZY OF LOVE.

Haste thee, Dorcas, haste, and bear
This message to thy lady fair ;
And say besides,—nay, pray begone !
Tell, tell her all ! Run, Dorcas, run !
Whither so fast ? a moment stay ;
Don't run with half your tale away ;
I've more to tell. Alas ! I rave ;
I know not what to do or have.
Go, tell her all, whate'er you know,
Whate'er you think ; go, Dorcas, go !
But why a message send before
When we're together at her door ?

MELEAGER.

ANCESTRY.

Good gossip, if you love me, prate no more :
What are your genealogies to me ?
Away to those who have more need of them !
Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,
Dig up dead honor from their fathers' tombs
And boast it for their own. Vain, empty boast,
When every common fellow that they meet,
If accident had not cut off the scroll,
Could show a line of ancestry as long.

EPICARMUS.

ON A FOWLER.

With reeds and birdlime, from the desert air
Eumelus gathered free though scanty fare.

No lordly patron's hand he deigned to kiss;
No luxury knew save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
Bequeathed his reeds, his birdlime, and his snares.

ISODORUS.

[Of the dedicatory poems the following is the most celebrated. It is ascribed to Plato.]

Venus, take this votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What I shall hereafter be,
Venus, let me never see.

[This idea was thus expanded by Julian, the Egyptian.]

I, Lais, who on conquered Greece looked down with
 haughty pride,
I, to whose courts, in other days, a swarm of lovers hied,
O ever lovely Venus, now this mirror give to thee,
For my present self I would not, and my past I cannot,
 see.

[From the celebrated poetess Erinna we select the following sepulchral ode, one of the few remains of her verses.]

The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I:

Creep softly to the pillared mount of woe,

And whisper to the grave, in earth below,

“Grave, thou art envious in thy cruelty!”

The very torch that laughing Hymen bore

To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door,

With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire

That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.

Thou, too, O Hymen, bidd'st the nuptial ray

In elegiac moanings die away.

DIDACTIC.

All say that you are rich ; I say, not so ;
You're poor ; wealth only by its use we know.
What you enjoy is yours ; what for your heirs
You hoard, already is not yours, but theirs.

ANONYMOUS.

AMATORY.

But I would be a mirror,
So thou mayst pleased behold me ;
Or robe, with close embraces
About thy limbs to fold me ;
A crystal fount, to lave thee ;
Sweet oils, thy hair to deck ;
Azure, to press thy bosom ;
Or pearl, to gem thy neck ;
Or, might I worship at thy feet,
A sandal to thy feet I'd be ;
E'en to be trodden on were sweet,
If to be trodden on by thee.

ANACREON.

HOMER.

Seven Grecian cities vied for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

ANONYMOUS.

ARISTOTLE.

Here, from one mould, a statue we erect
To Aristotle—and to Intellect.

ANONYMOUS.

[Of the humorous and satirical poems of the Anthology the following specimens may be given.]

Dick cannot blow his nose whene'er he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short ;
Nor ever cries, " God bless me !" when he sneezes,—
He cannot hear so distant a report.

ANONYMOUS.

Asclepiades, the miser, in his house
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse :
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?"
The mouse said, smiling, "Fear not for your hoard :
I come, my friend, to lodge, and not to board."

LUCILIUS.

A rich man's purse, a poor man's soul, is thine,—
Starving thy body that thy heirs may dine.

LUCILIUS.

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly ;
But to the wretch one night's eternity.

LUCIAN.

THE MURDERER'S DOOM.

A murderer sleeping by a tottering wall
Saw in a dream Serapis' awful face,
And "Hlo ! thou sleeper, rise," he heard him call,
"Go take thy slumber in some other place."
The murderer woke ; departed ; and, behold,
Straight to the earth the tottering fabric rolled.

The wretch next morning offerings brought, as fain
To think himself to great Serapis dear ;
But the god came by night and spoke again :
"Wretch, dost thou think the like of thee my care ?
To avert a painless death I bade thee wake ;
But learn that heaven reserves thee for the stake."

PALLADAS.

CRETAN WARRIOR'S SONG.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield !
With these I till, with these I sow,
With these I reap my harvest-field,—
No other wealth the gods bestow ;

With these I plant the fertile vine ;
With these I press the luscious wine.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield,—
They make me lord of all below ;
For those who dread my spear to wield
Before my shaggy shield must bow :
Their fields, their vineyards, they resign,
And all that cowards have is mine.

THE FOLLY OF ANGER.

SENECA.

[There were two Roman writers of the name of Seneca, father and son, though only the latter deserves to be named among classical authors. The father, M. Annaeus Seneca, was celebrated for his wonderful memory, he being able to repeat two thousand disconnected words after once hearing them. His two extant rhetorical works are of little value. His son, L. Annaeus Seneca, was born about 4 B.C. He studied oratory, but gave his principal attention to philosophy. After varied fortunes in public life, and eight years spent in exile, he became tutor to young Nero. When Nero, as emperor, displayed his cruel disposition, Seneca lost all control over him, and even consented to his murder of his mother. Through the bounty of the emperor Seneca became enormously rich, his wealth being so great as finally to excite the envy of Nero. The philosopher, perceiving his danger, offered to present his wealth to the emperor and retire on a small allowance. This Nero declined, and Seneca, pretending illness, shut himself up, and ceased to appear in public. Nero, however, had determined on his death, and, after an ineffectual effort to have him poisoned, had him accused of taking part in a conspiracy against his life, and condemned him to put himself to death. His noble wife, Paulina, determined to die with him, but was prevented by the emperor ; and the old philosopher was

suffocated by the vapors of a stove, after vainly seeking death through bleeding and poison. He died in the year 65 A.D.

The philosophical views of Seneca are those of the Stoical school, so predominant in Rome. They are clear and practical, and devoid of speculation, which indeed was foreign to the Roman temperament. His "Epistles" are his most interesting works, and are rich in varied thought and natural reflection, teaching that the great end of science is to learn how to live and die. The style of Seneca is florid and affected, attending more to expression than to thought, and lacks the repose and simplicity essential to true art. The selection we give is from the close of his treatise "On Anger." The quaintly-rendered translation is that of Thomas Lodge, a scholar of the Shakespearian era. The treatise in question is addressed to a friend of the writer. It defines anger in its various aspects, and then goes on to suggest remedies.]

A GOOD man rejoiceth when he is admonished ; a wicked man cannot brook a reprovcr. At a banquet some men's bitter jests and intemperate words have touched thee to the quick : remember to avoid the vulgar company : after wine men's words are too lavish, and they that are most sober in their discourses are scarce modest. Thou sawest thy friends displeased with the porter of a counsellor's chamber, or some rich man, because he would not suffer him to enter ; and thou thyself, being angry for this cause, growest in choler with the cullion. Wilt thou therefore be angry with a chained dog, who when he hath barked much will be satisfied with a piece of bread ?—get farther off him, and laugh. He that keepeth his master's door, and seeth the threshold besieged by a troop of solicitors, thinketh himself no small bug ; and he that is the client thinketh himself happy in his own opinion, and believeth that so hard an access into the chamber is an evident testimony that the master of the same is a man of great quality, and a favorite of fortune. But he remembereth not himself that the entry of a prison is as difficult likewise.

Presume with thyself that thou art to endure much. If a man be cold in winter, if he vomit at sea, if he be shaken in a coach, shall he marvel hereat? The mind is strong, and may endure all that whereunto he is prepared. If thou hast been seated in a place scarce answerable to thine honor, thou hast been angry with him that stood next thee, or with him that invited thee, or with him that was preferred before thee. Fool as thou art, what matter is it in what place thou art set at the table?—a cushion cannot make thee more or less honest. Thou wert displeased to see such a one, because he spake ill of thy behavior. By this reckoning, then, Ennius, in whose poetry thou art noways delighted, should hate thee, and Hortensius should denounce war against thee, and Cicero, if thou shouldst mock his verses, should be at odds with thee. When thou suest for an office, dost thou not peaceably entertain those that give their voices to the election, although they nominate not thyself?

Some man hath disgraced thee: what more than Diogenes the Stoic was, who, discoursing one day very effectually upon the subject of anger, was scornfully spat upon by a froward young man? This injury entertained he both mildly and wisely: "Truly (saith he), I am not angry, yet doubt I whether I ought to be angry." But our friend Cato demeaned himself better, whom, as he pleaded a cause, Lentulus, that factious and seditious fellow in the time of our forefathers, similarly insulted. For in wiping his face he said no other thing but this: "Truly, Lentulus, I will now maintain it against all men that they are deceived who say thou hast no mouth."

Now, my Novatus, we are already instructed how to govern our minds, either to feel not wrath, or be superiors over it. Let us now see how we may temper other men's ire; for not only desire we to be healthful ourselves, but to

heal others. We dare not attempt to moderate and pacify the first anger by persuasion, for she is deaf and mad; we will give her some time: remedies are best in the declination of fevers. Neither will we attempt her when she is inflamed and in fury, for fear lest in striving to quench we enkindle the same. . . . To check him that is angry, and to oppose thyself against him, is to cast oil on the fire. Thou shalt attempt him divers ways, and after a friendly manner, except haply it be so great a personage that thou mayest diminish his wrath as Augustus Cæsar did when he supped with Vedius Pollio. One of the servants had broken a crystal glass, whom Vedius commanded to be carried away and to be punished by no ordinary death; for he commanded him to be thrown amongst his lampreys, which were kept in a great fish-pond. The boy escaped out of their hands, and fled to Cæsar's feet, desiring nothing else but that he might die otherwise, and not be made meat for fishes. Cæsar was moved with the novelty of the cruelty, and commanded him to be carried away, yet gave orders that all the crystal vessels should be broken in his presence, and that the fish-pond should be filled up. So thought Cæsar good to chastise his friend, and well did he use his power. Commandest thou me to be dragged from the banquet and to be tortured by new kinds of punishment? If thy cup be broken, shall men's bowels be rent in pieces? Wilt thou please thyself so much as to command any man to death where Cæsar is present?

Let us give repose unto our minds, which we shall do if we dilate continually upon the precepts of wisdom and the acts of virtue, and likewise whilst our thoughts desire nothing but that which is honest. Let us satisfy our conscience; let us do nothing for vainglory sake; let thy fortune be evil so thine actions be good. But (sayest thou) the world admireth those that attempt mighty matters,

and audacious men are reported honorable, and peaceable are esteemed sluggards. It may be, upon the first sight; but as soon as a well-governed mind showeth that it proceedeth not from the weakness, but the moderation, of the mind, the people regard and reverence it. So, then, this cruel and bloody passion is not profitable in any sort, but contrariwise; all evils, fire and blood, feed her; she treadeth all modesty under foot, embreatheth her hands with infinite murders; she it is that teareth children in sunder and scattereth their limbs here and there. She hath left no place void of heinous villanies, neither respecting glory nor fearing infamy; incurable, when of wrath she is hardened and converted into hatred.

Let us abstain wholly from this vice; let us purge our mind and pull up those passions that are rooted in it, whose holdfast, be it never so little, will spring again wheresoever it is fastened; and let us not only moderate our anger, but wholly root it out and drive it from us. We may, if so be we will endeavor; neither will anything profit us more than the thought of mortality. Let every one say unto himself, as if it were unto another, What helpeth it us, as if we were born to live ever, to proclaim our hatred, and misspend so short a life? What profiteth it us to transfer those days which we might spend in honest pleasure, in plotting another man's misery and torment? These things of so short continuance should not be hazarded, neither have we any leisure to lose time. Why rush we forward to fight?—why beget we quarrels against ourselves?—why, being forgetful of our weakness, embrace we excessive hatreds, and, being ready to break, ourselves rise up to break others? It will not be long but either a fever, or some other infirmity of the body, will prevent those hatreds which we hatch up in our implacable minds. Behold Death at hand, that will part these

two mortal enemies. Why storm we?—why so seditiously trouble we our life? Death hangeth over our heads, and daily more and more lays hold on him that is dying. The very time which thou destinest to another man's death shall be the nearest to thine own.

Why rather makest thou not use of this short time of thy life, by making it peaceable both to thyself and others? Why rather endearest thou not thyself in all men's love while thou livest, to the end that when thou diest thy loss may be lamented? And why desirest thou to put him lower, whose authority is too great for thee to contend against? Why seekest thou to crush and terrify that base and contemptible fellow that barketh at thee, and who is so bitter and troublesome to his superiors? Why frettest thou at thy servant? thy lord? thy king?—why art thou angry with thy client? Bear with him a little: behold, Death is at hand, which shall make us equals. We were wont to laugh, in beholding the combats which are performed on the sands in the morning, to mark the conflict of the bull and the bear when they are tied one to another: after they have tired one another, the butcher attendeth for them both to drive them to the slaughter-house. The like do we; we challenge him that is coupled with us; we charge him on every side: meanwhile both the conquered and the conqueror are near unto their ruin. Rather let us finish that little remainder of our life in quiet and peace, and let not our death be a pleasure to any man. Ofttimes those that were together by the ears have forsaken their strife, because that during their debate some one hath cried fire that was kindled in a neighbor's house; and the interview of a wild beast hath divided the thief and the merchant. We have no leisure to wrestle with lesser evils when greater fear appeareth. What have we to do with fighting and ambushes? Doest thou with him

with whom thou art displeased any more than Death? Although thou sayest nothing to him, he shall die; thou losest thy labor; thou wilt do that which will be done. I will not (sayest thou) forthwith kill him, but banish, disgrace, or punish him. I pardon him, rather, that desireth his enemy should be wounded, than scarred; for this man is not only badly but basely minded. Whether it be that thou thinkest of death, or any one more slight evil, there is but a very little difference betwixt the day of thy desire, until the punishment which such a one shall endure, or till the time that thou shalt rejoice with an evil conscience at the miseries of another man; for even now, while we draw our breath, we drive our spirit from us. Whilst we are amongst men, let us embrace humanity; let us be dreadful or dangerous to no man; let us contemn detriments, injuries, and slanders, and with great minds suffer short incommodities. Whilst we look behind us (as they say) and turn ourselves, behold Death doth presently attend us.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OVID.

[P. Ovidius Naso, a native of Sulmo, a town about ninety miles from Rome, was born 43 B.C., of a family that had been noble for some generations. After a period of study at Athens, and a tour in Asia and Sicily, he returned to Rome, to pursue the life of an indolent and licentious man of letters. Here his rank, fortune, and poetical ability made him highly popular, and for years he lived a life of luxury, in the possession of a beautiful mansion in Rome and of an estate in his native town. His dissolute enjoyment, however, was destined to come to an unfortunate end. From some unknown cause, possibly

an intrigue with some member of the imperial family, he incurred the anger of Augustus, and in his fiftieth year was banished to Tomi, a town of a rude, inhospitable country near the mouth of the Danube. Here the devotee of pleasure languished for ten years, the prey of anxiety, loss of sleep and of appetite, and general hopelessness. He died in his sixtieth year, the Tomitæ, who had learned to honor and respect him, erecting a tomb to his memory.

As a poet Ovid has always been admired, especially for his facility of composition, his lively fancy, and his musical versification. His most valuable production is that known as the "*Metamorphoses*." This he had just finished at the time of his exile, and in his despair he burned it, but fortunately some copies escaped this fate. It is comprised in fifteen books, and embraces a series of mythological narratives, from the earliest times to the translation of the soul of Julius Cæsar and his metamorphosis into a star, and yields us a fuller knowledge of the Greek mythology than we possess in any extant works of the Greeks themselves. He wrote several other works, some of them very licentious in character, yet all displaying the beauty of thought and grace of language of their author.

From the many interesting narratives of the "*Metamorphoses*" we select one of the most neatly told, the story of Baucis and Philemon, as translated by Dryden, a poet excellently adapted by nature to render Ovid's Latin into graceful English.]

IN Phrygian ground
Two neighboring trees, with walls encompassed round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,—
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place, and them, by Pitheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant.
Here Jove with Hermes came, but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities;
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod,
And many toilsome steps together trod:
For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked;

Not one of all the thousand but was locked.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed ; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatched with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair :
Now old in love, though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call
Were all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, entered through the little door :
The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But, ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise,—
Coarse, but the best she had,—then rakes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals ; and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire.
It smokes ; and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on
(Like burnished gold the little seether shone),
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small, well-watered spot) ;
She stripped the stalks of all their leaves ; the best
She culled, and them with handy care she dressed.

High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung ;
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one,
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wished were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail :
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests ; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed,
Sallow the feet, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
But coarse old garments ; yet such robes as these
They laid alone at feasts on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets ; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,—
So was the mended board exactly reared,—
Then rubbed it o'er with newly-gathered mint,
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The parti-colored olive, black and green :
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved :
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory :

Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthen-ware were served to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought; like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared
And to the table sent the smoking lard,
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that served to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
The second course succeeds like that before;
Plums, apples, nuts; and of their wintry store
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled grapes were set
In canisters to enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observed to fill,—
Filled without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.

One goose they had ('twas all they could allow),
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow.
Her with malicious zeal the couple viewed ;
She ran for life, and limping they pursued :
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment,
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And saved her life ; then what he was declared,
And owned the god. "The neighborhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety ;
You stand alone exempted ; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way.
Leave these accursed, and to the mountain's height
Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."

They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop,
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes.
Lost in a lake the floated level lies ;
A watery desert covers all the plains ;
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
Wondering, with weeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbors' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems from the ground increased in height and bulk to
grow :

A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise ;
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene :
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men ;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."

Awhile they whisper ; then, to Jove addressed,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request :
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altar rites divine ;
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death, that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."
The godheads sign their suit. They run the race
In the same tenor all the appointed space :
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green ;
Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood ;
New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind ;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu.
At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said ;
At once the enroaching rinds their closing lips invade.

E'en yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows ;
The neighborhood confirm the prodigy,—
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows ;

And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
"The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share."

A SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM.

SALLUST.

[Caius Sallustius Crispus, the earliest Roman writer of history in the modern sense of the word, was born at Amiternum, in the Sabine territory, in the year 86 B.C. He was of plebeian rank, but attained to the senatorial dignity. In the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey he joined Cæsar's army, and at its close was made governor of Numidia, where, by extortion, he acquired great wealth. His enormous fortune was expended in building himself a superb mansion, surrounded by magnificent grounds, in whose enjoyment he passed the remainder of his life, occupying his time in historical composition. He died in the year 34 B.C.]

Several historical works yet extant are ascribed to Sallust, but only two of these, the "*Jugurtha*" and the "*Bellum Catilinarium*," are clearly authentic. His works have the high merit of being always written with a clearly-defined purpose. In the story of the conspiracy of Catiline the depravity of the new nobility is vividly shown. In the *Jugurthine War* the unworthiness of the foreign policy of Rome at that period is clearly pointed out. As a writer Sallust, though frequently inexact, especially in the "*Jugurtha*," is vigorous, animated, and of excellent literary merit. His characters are naturally drawn, and his works combine the charm of the historical romance with the value of the political treatise. His style resembles that of Thucydides, though it lacks its wonderful power of condensation, and is artificial where Thucydides is natural. But his analysis of the motives of parties, and display of the secret springs of action of historical personages, give his works great historical value. From Murphy's translation of the "*Jugurtha*" we select an interesting incident of the Numidian war.]

AT a small distance from the river Mulucha, which formed a boundary between the territories of Bocchus and Jugurtha, there was an extensive plain, in the middle of which stood a mountainous rock, of a prodigious height, broad at top, with a small castle erected upon it; on one side only there was a difficult and narrow ascent; in every other part it was as steep and rugged as the labor of man could have made it. Marius knew that this fortress was the depository of Jugurtha's treasure, and therefore applied himself strenuously to the reduction of it. The enterprise succeeded, but more by a lucky incident than the operations of the general. The place was well garrisoned, and sufficiently provided with arms and necessaries of every kind; a spring within their walls supplied them with water; mounds, and moving towers, and other machinations of a siege, could not be advanced against the castle with any advantage; the road to the top was, as already mentioned, close and narrow, between two steep precipices; the covered galleries could not be brought forward without extreme danger; as soon as they approached the works they were either crushed by a weight of stones, or destroyed by fire. Before a place so inaccessible, the Romans could neither stand to their work, nor show themselves in the moving galleries. The bravest soldiers were either slain, or disabled by their wounds, and the rest were struck with a general panic.

Marius saw with considerable anxiety that his time and his labor were wasted ineffectually, and began to deliberate whether he should raise the siege, or wait for the interference of that fortune which had so often seconded his endeavors. In this state of doubt and anxiety he had passed several days and nights, when the following incident occurred. A Ligurian, who served as a common soldier in the auxiliary cohorts, happening to go forth from the camp

in the search for water, went to the side of the castle opposite to that where the siege was carried on, and there took notice of a number of snails crawling among the rocks: he picked up one, then another, and, still wishing to gather more, mounted by degrees, till he almost reached the summit of the rock, where, a scene of profound solitude presenting itself, he was led by that love of discovery so natural to the human mind, to explore farther and indulge his curiosity. He soon perceived a large oak that had forced its way through many stones, and, at first inclining downwards near the root, soon shot up, according to the nature of all trees, and grew to an immoderate height.

The Ligurian climbed up the tree, laying hold of the branches, and, at times, planting his foot on the jutting points of the rock. In this manner he gained the summit, and in that situation was able to take a view of the castle without being discovered by the Numidians, whose attention was drawn off to the quarter where the besiegers advanced their works. Having gained a knowledge of everything conducive to his purpose, he descended by the same path, but with more curiosity than at first, examining and exploring everything around him.

His adventure being thus performed, he hastened to give an account of it to Marius. He urged the general to avail himself of the secret path which he had discovered, and assault the castle, offering to be the guide, and the foremost in the post of danger. Marius thought fit to send some of his attendants in company with the Ligurian to reconnoitre the place: their reports were various according to the genius of the men, some representing it as a proper measure, others as a scheme altogether impracticable. The consul, however, was not discouraged; on the contrary, he resolved to try the experiment on the very

next day, and for this purpose selected five of the most alert trumpeters in the army, with four centurions at the head of their companies, and gave them orders to march under the conduct of the Ligurian.

At the hour appointed, all being in readiness, this bold adventurer proceeded to the place. The centurions, by the advice of their leader, laid aside their usual dress and armor, and marched with their heads and their feet uncovered, in order that nothing might obstruct their sight, and, that their ascent among the rocks might be easy and unencumbered, they slung their swords and bucklers on their shoulders. The last were in the Numidian fashion, made of leather, more light and portable, and, if they struck against the rocks, no sound could follow. The Ligurian led the way. He tied cords around the pointed prominences of the rocks, and also around the old roots and branches of trees, that appeared in some places between the stones. By this contrivance the soldiers raised themselves with greater ease. He lent a hand to those whom he saw disheartened by the difficulties which they had to struggle with; and when they came to a spot where the ascent appeared almost impracticable, he directed the men, free from all encumbrance, to climb up before him, and then followed them, loaded with their arms. Where the difficulty appeared insurmountable, he there particularly exerted himself, and, by ascending and descending frequently, animated the men to follow his example. At length, having with infinite toil and labor conquered all these obstacles, they reached the summit of the rock, and found the castle upon that side naked and defenceless; the Numidians, on this as on the preceding days, being all drawn off to attend in the opposite quarter to the operations of the siege.

The Numidians, during all this time, were allowed neither

pause nor respite. Marius, being informed of what was achieved by the Ligurian, pushed the assault with redoubled vigor, and, after exhorting his men, showed himself on the outside of his covered gallery, and ordered the soldiers to form a military shell and advance against the works, while the battering-engines, the archers, and slingers, from their distant station, kept the enemy in constant alarm. The Numidians had often crushed to pieces, or destroyed by fire, the works and machines of the Romans, and now, elated by success, they scorned to remain within their battlements, but had the hardihood to appear on the outside, and there passed whole days and nights, abusing the Romans in the most outrageous manner, railing against Marius as no better than a madman, and endeavoring to intimidate our men by threatening that they should all be reduced to slavery under Jugurtha. Such was the insolence of these people, intoxicated with success.

The conflict was continued on both sides with unremitting fury. The besiegers fought for dominion and glory, and the Numidians for the preservation of themselves and all that was dear to them. In the heat of the action a sudden clangor of trumpets was heard. An uproar so unexpected in the rear of the combatants spread a terrible alarm. The women and children who had issued out to be spectators of the conflict betook themselves to flight; they were followed by such as were near the walls; and at last the whole body, armed and unarmed, fled in one general panic. The Romans, encouraged by this retreat, advanced with increasing ardor, and bore down all before them; some of those who opposed them they merely wounded, and, without stopping to kill them, urged on with rapid fury, trampling the slaughtered bodies under their feet, and, emulous only for the glory of victory, pressed forward to gain possession of the works, without

pausing a moment to think of plunder. Thus did success almost justify the temerity of Marius and confer on him glory where he might have expected censure.

HYMN ON THE BATH OF MINERVA.

CALLIMACHUS.

[The Hymns, Epigrams, and Elegies of Callimachus are among the most valuable of the poetic remains of the literary coterie of Alexandria, whose lack of high genius was in part replaced by learning and labor. The Epigrams of this poet comprise the best specimens of that kind of poetry extant, and were highly esteemed in ancient times. The Hymns are epic rather than lyric in handling, and, though their poetry is of the hot-bed order, they are valuable for the learning they display and the mythologic information they impart. The prose works of Callimachus, which were much more valuable than his poems, are all lost. They were full of curious information concerning mythology, history, and literature. Callimachus was born, of a Greek family, at Cyrene, in Africa, about 295 B.C. He died when about fifty years of age. For years he conducted a noted school in Alexandria, but, having taken part in a poetic contest ordered by Ptolemy Euergetes, he achieved such signal success that he was appointed royal librarian. He was one of the most fertile writers of antiquity, being credited with nearly eight hundred works,—many of them doubtless very brief. The most to be lamented of these lost works was a comprehensive history of Greek literature, said to have been very full and systematic. We select, as an example of his poetic skill, his “Hymn on the Bath of Minerva,” as translated by Elton.]

COME, all ye virgins of the bath! come forth,
 Ye handmaids of Minerva! for I hear
 The neighing of the sacred steeds: e'en now
 The goddess is at hand. Haste, hasten forth,
 Maids of the yellow locks, Pelasgian maids!

Ne'er does Minerva lave her ample limbs,
Till from the loins of these her smoking steeds
She cleanse the dust away; nor yet returns
Her weapons all with dust and gore defiled,
From slaughter of that impious, earth-born brood,
But first, at distance, loosens from the car
Her coursers' necks, and bathes in ocean's waves
Their dropping sweat, and from their bitted mouths
Clears the coagulated foam away.

Go forth, Achæan maids! nor let your hands—
(I hear the rattling sound of ringing wheels)—
Let not your hands bear ointments, nor the vase
Of alabaster: Pallas takes not joy
In mingled ointments. Nor the mirror bring;
For still Minerva's brow is beautiful.

Nor yet, when Paris, on the mount of Ide,
Sat arbiter of beauty, did she look
Upon the polished brass; nor on the stream
Of Simois, in transparent dimples rolled;
Nor Juno sought the mirror, nor the stream;
While Venus took the polished brass, and gazed,
Arranging, o'er and o'er, the self-same locks:
But Pallas, nimbly running in her speed,
Compassed a circuit, like the racing youths,
Twin sons of Sparta, on Eurotas' banks,
Pollux and Castor, then, with practised art,
Her limbs anointed with the fragrant oil
Of her own olive-yards. O virgin! then
The color of the morning flushed once more
Thy cheeks,—the hue that blushes on the rose,
Or tints the peach. Now, now that manlier oil
Bring hither, maidens, such as Castor used,
And Hercules, and bring a golden comb,
That she may draw her lengthening tresses down,

And smooth her glossy hair. Come, goddess, forth!
 A pleasing band awaits thee: virgins sprung
 From great Ancestor's tribe. To thee the shield
 Of Diomed is borne in customed rite,
 Which thy loved priest, Eumedes, taught of yore.
 He, when the plotting multitude devised
 The stratagems of death, fled, clasping close
 Thy hallowed image: to the Crean mount
 He fled, and placed it on the steepy rocks,
 Named thence Palladian. Come, Minerva, forth!
 City-destroyer! golden-helmed! who lovest
 The din of neighing steeds and clashing shields!
 This day, ye water-bearing damsels, draw
 From fountains only, and forbear the streams:
 This day, ye handmaids, dip your urns in springs
 Of Physidea, or the limpid well
 Of Anymone; for from mountains green
 With pasture shall th' Inachian river roll
 A goodly bath for Pallas, mingling gold
 And flowerets with its waters. But beware,
 Pelasgian, lest thy undesigning glance
 Surprise the queen Minerva. He that views
 The naked form of Pallas, with last look
 Hath seen the towns of Argos. Come then forth,
 August Minerva! I meantime address
 These thy fair maids, in legendary lore;
 Not from myself; for others sang the tale.

Maidens, in times of old, Minerva loved
 A fair companion with exceeding love,
 The mother of Tiresias; nor apart
 Lived they a moment. Whether she her steeds
 Drove to the Thespians old, or musky groves
 Of Coroneæ, and Curalius' banks,
 That smoke with fragrant altars, or approached

To Haliartus, and Bœotia's fields,
Still in the chariot by her side she placed
The nymph Chariclo : nor the prattlings sweet,
Nor dances of the nymphs, to her were sweet
Unless Chariclo spoke, or led the dance.
Yet for the nymph Chariclo was reserved
A store of tears,—for her the favored nymph,
The pleasing partner of Minerva's hours.
For once, on Helicon, they loosed the clasps
That held their flowing robes, and bathed their limbs
In Hippocrene, that, beauteous, glided by,
While noonday stillness wrapped the mountain round.
Both laved together ; 'twas the time of noon,
And deep the stilly silence of the mount,
When, with his dogs of chase, Tiresias trod
The sacred haunt. The darkening down just bloomed
Upon his cheek. With thirst unutterable
Panting, he sought that fountain's gushing stream,
Unhappy, and, involuntary, saw
What mortal eyes not blameless may behold.
Minerva, though incensed, thus pitying spoke :
“ Who to this luckless spot conducted thee,
O son of Everus ? who sightless hence
Must needs depart ! ” she said, and darkness fell
On the youth's eyes, astonished where he stood :
A shooting anguish all his nerves benumbed,
And consternation chained his murmuring tongue.
Then shrieked the nymph, “ What, goddess, hast thou done
To this my child ? are these the tender acts
Of goddesses ? thou hast bereaved of eyes
My son. O miserable child ! thy gaze
Has glanced upon the bosom and the shape
Of Pallas, but the sun thou must behold
No more. O miserable me ! O shades

Of Helicon! O mountain that my steps
 Shall ne'er again ascend! for small offence
 Monstrous atonement! thou art well repaid
 For some few straggling goats and hunted deer
 With my son's eyes!" The nymph then folded close,
 With both her arms, her son so dearly loved,
 And uttered lamentation, with shrill voice
 And plaintive, like the mother nightingale.
 The goddess felt compassion for the nymph,
 The partner of her soul, and softly said,
 "Retract, divinest woman, what thy rage,
 Erring, has uttered. 'Tis not I that smite
 Thy son with blindness. Pallas hath no joy
 To rob from youths the lustre of their eyes.
 The laws of Saturn this decree. Whoe'er
 Looks on the being of immortal race,
 Unless the willing god consent, must look
 Thus at his peril, and atoning pay
 The dreadful penalty. This act of fate,
 Divinest woman, may not be recalled.
 So spun the Destinies his mortal thread
 When thou didst bear him. Son of Everus,
 Take then thy portion. But what hecatombs
 Shall Aristæus and Autonoë
 Hereafter on the smoking altars lay,
 So that the youth Actæon, their sad son,
 Might be but blind like thee! for know that youth
 Shall join the great Diana in the chase;
 Yet not the chase, nor darts in common thrown,
 Shall save him, when his undesigning glance
 Discerns the goddess in her loveliness
 Amidst the bath. His own unconscious dogs
 Shall tear their master, and his mother cull
 His scattered bones, wild-wandering through the woods.

That mother, nymph, shall call thee blest, who now
Receivest from the mount thy sightless son.
Oh, weep no more, companion! for thy sake
I yet have ample recompense in store
For this thy son. Behold! I bid him rise
A prophet, far o'er every seer renowned
To future ages. He shall read the flights
Of birds, and know whatever on the wing
Hovers auspicious, or ill-omened flies,
Or void of auspice. Many oracles
To the Bœotians shall his tongue reveal,
To Cadmus, and the great Labdacian tribe.
I will endow him with a mighty staff,
To guide his steps aright; and I will give
A lengthened boundary to his mortal life;
And, when he dies, he only 'midst the dead
Shall dwell inspired, and honored by that king
Who rules the shadowy people of the grave."

She spoke, and gave the nod. What Pallas wills
Is sure; in her, of all his daughters, Jove
Bade all the glories of her father shine.
Maids of the bath, no mother brought her forth;
Sprung from the head of Jove. Whate'er the head
Of Jove, inclining, ratifies, the same
Stands firm; and thus his daughter's nod is fate.

She comes! in very truth, Minerva comes!
Receive the goddess, damsels, ye whose hearts
With tender ties your native Argos binds,
Receive the goddess, with exulting hails,
With vows and shouts. Hail, goddess! oh, protect
Inachian Argos! hail! and when thou turn'st
Thy coursers hence, or hitherward again
Guidest thy chariot-wheels, oh, still preserve
The fortunes of the race from Danaus sprung!

HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.

VARIOUS.

[In addition to the historians from whose works we have offered selections, Greece and Rome produced many others of a lower grade of ability, from some of whom we make brief extracts. One of the most important of them, in a literary sense, was Cornelius Nepos, of whose works we possess the "*Lives of Illustrious Men*," a series of beautifully written biographies, which display admirable power in character-drawing. We offer from this work the following sketch of one of the noblest of the Greeks.]

ARISTIDES.

Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, a native of Athens, was almost of the same age with Themistocles, and contended with him, consequently, for pre-eminence, as they were determined rivals one to the other; and it was seen in their case how much eloquence could prevail over integrity; for, though Aristides was so distinguished for uprightness of conduct that he was the only person in the memory of man (so far at least as I have heard) who was called by the surname of *Just*, yet, being overborne by Themistocles with the ostracism, he was condemned to be banished for ten years.

Aristides, finding that the excited multitude could not be appeased, and noticing, as he yielded to their violence, a person writing that he ought to be banished, is said to have asked him "why he did so, or what Aristides had done, that he should be thought deserving of such a punishment." The person writing replied that "he did not know Aristides, but that he was not pleased that he had labored to be called *Just* beyond other men."

He did not suffer the full sentence of ten years appointed by law, for when Xerxes made a descent upon Greece he was recalled into his country by a decree of the people, about six years after he had been exiled.

He was present, however, in the sea-fight at Salamis, which was fought before he was allowed to return. He was also commander of the Athenians at Plataea, in the battle in which Mardonius was routed and the army of the barbarians was cut off. Nor is there any other celebrated act of his in military affairs recorded, besides the account of this command; but of his justice, equity, and self-control there are many instances. Above all, it was through his integrity, when he was joined in command of the common fleet of Greece with Pausanias, under whose leadership Mardonius had been put to flight, that the supreme authority at sea was transferred from the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians; for before that time the Lacedæmonians had the command both by sea and land. But at this period it happened, through the indiscreet conduct of Pausanias, and the equity of Aristides, that all the states of Greece attached themselves as allies to the Athenians, and chose them as their leaders against the barbarians.

In order that they might repel the barbarians more easily, if perchance they should try to renew the war, Aristides was chosen to settle what sum of money each state should contribute for building fleets and equipping troops. By his appointment four hundred and sixty talents were deposited annually at Delos, which they fixed upon to be the common treasury; but all this money was afterwards removed to Athens.

How great was his integrity there is no more certain proof than that, though he had been at the head of such important affairs, he died in such poverty that he scarcely left money enough to defray the charges of his funeral.

Hence it was that his daughters were brought up at the expense of the country, and were married with dowries given them from the public treasury. He died about four years after Themistocles was banished from Athens.

[Velleius Paterculus, a Roman historian, born in 19 B.C., makes the following trenchant remarks on the baseness of the slaughter of Cicero by Mark Antony.]

CICERO AND ANTONY.

Nothing reflects more disgrace upon that period than that either Cæsar [Octavianus Cæsar, or Augustus] should have been forced to proscribe any person, or that Cicero should have been proscribed by him, and that the advocate of the public should have been cut off by the villany of Antony, no one defending him who for so many years had defended as well the cause of the public as the causes of individuals. But you have gained nothing, Mark Antony (for the indignation bursting from my mind and heart compels me to say what is at variance with the character of this work), you have gained nothing, I say, by paying the hire for closing those divine lips and cutting off that noble head, and by procuring, for a fatal reward, the death of a man once so great as a consul and the preserver of the commonwealth. You deprived Marcus Cicero of a life full of trouble, and of a feeble old age; an existence more unhappy under your ascendancy than death under your triumvirate; but of the fame and glory of his actions and writings you have been so far from despoiling him that you have even increased it. He lives, and will live in the memory of all succeeding ages. And as long as this body of the universe, whether framed by chance, or by wisdom, or by whatever means, which he, almost alone of the Romans, penetrated with his genius,

comprehended in his imagination, and illustrated by his eloquence, shall continue to exist, it will carry the praise of Cicero as its companion in duration. All posterity will admire his writings against you, and execrate your conduct towards him; and sooner shall the race of man fail in the world than his name decay.

[From Quintus Curtius, who wrote a history of the "Achievements of Alexander the Great," we select the following interesting extract, as illustrative of the character of the greatest soldier of the Greek race.]

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN DARIUS AND ALEXANDER.

Here letters were brought to Alexander from Darius at which he was very much incensed, they being written in a very haughty style. But what vexed him most was that Darius therein wrote himself king, without giving Alexander that title, and required, rather than desired, that he would restore to him his mother, wife, and children [whom Alexander had captured after his victory at Issus], promising for their ransom as much money as all Macedonia was worth; and as for the empire, he would try for it again, if he pleased, in a fresh action. At the same time he advised him, if he was still capable of wholesome advice, to be contented with his own dominions, and to retire from that empire he had no right to, and, from being an enemy, to become a friend and ally, he being ready both to give and receive any engagements on that account. To this letter Alexander made answer much after this manner:

"Alexander, King, to Darius:—That prince whose name you have taken, having committed great hostilities upon those Greeks who inhabit the coast of the Hellespont, and also on the Ionian colonies, who are also Greeks, put to sea with a powerful fleet and army, and invaded Macedonia

and Greece. After this, Xerxes, who was a prince of the same family, attacked us with an infinite number of barbarians; and, notwithstanding he was beaten at sea, yet he left Mardonius in Greece, to pillage the cities in his absence and burn the country. Besides all which, who does not know that my father Philip was inhumanly murdered by those you had basely corrupted with your money? You make no scruple to enter upon unjust wars, and, although you do not want arms, you unworthily set a price upon the heads of your enemies, yourself having given a late instance of that in offering a thousand talents to him that would murder me, though you had a mighty army at command. It is plain, therefore, that I am not the aggressor, but repel force by force; and the gods, who always side with the just cause, have already made me master of great part of Asia, and given me a signal victory over you yourself. However, though you have no reason to expect any favor at my hands (since you have not so much as observed the laws of war towards me), yet, if you come to me in a suppliant manner, I promise you you shall receive your mother, wife, and children without any ransom at all. I know how to conquer, and how to use the conquered. If you are afraid to venture your person with me, I am ready to give you sureties for your doing it with safety. But I would have you remember for the future, when you write to me, that you do not only write to a king, but also to your own king."

[L. Annæus Florus, author of a Summary of Roman history, thus happily condenses the story of Hannibal's greatest victory.]

THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

The fourth, and almost mortal, wound of the Roman empire was at Cannæ, an obscure village of Apulia;

which, however, became famous by the greatness of the defeat, its celebrity being acquired by the slaughter of forty thousand men. Here the general, the ground, the face of heaven, the day, indeed all nature, conspired together for the destruction of the unfortunate army. For Hannibal, the most artful of generals, not content with sending pretended deserters among the Romans, who fell upon their rear as they were fighting, but having also noted the nature of the ground in those open plains, where the heat of the sun is extremely violent, the dust very great, and the wind blows constantly, and as it were statedly, from the east, drew up his army in such a position that, while the Romans were exposed to all these inconveniences, he himself, having heaven, as it were, on his side, fought with wind, dust, and sun in his favor. Two vast armies, in consequence, were slaughtered till the enemy were satiated, and till Hannibal said to his soldiers, "Put up your swords." Of the two commanders, one escaped, the other was slain; which of them showed the greater spirit is doubtful. Paulus was ashamed to survive; Varro did not despair. Of the greatness of the slaughter the following proofs may be noticed: that the Aufidus was for some time red with blood; that a bridge was made of dead bodies, by order of Hannibal, over the torrent of Vergellus; and that two *modii* [nearly three and three-quarter gallons] of rings were sent to Carthage, and the equestrian dignity estimated by measure.

It was afterwards not doubted but that Rome might have seen its last day, and that Hannibal, within five days, might have feasted in the Capitol, if (as they say that Adherbal, the Carthaginian, the son of Bomilcar, observed) "he had known as well how to use his victory as how to gain it." But at that crisis, as is generally said, either the fate of the city that was to be empress of the world,

or his own want of judgment, and the influence of deities unfavorable to Carthage, carried him in a different direction. When he might have taken advantage of his victory, he chose rather to seek enjoyment from it, and, leaving Rome, to march into Campania and to Tarentum, where both he and his army soon lost their vigor, so that it was justly remarked that "Capua proved a Cannæ to Hannibal;" since the sunshine of Campania, and the warm springs of Baiaë, subdued (who could have believed it?) him who had been unconquered by the Alps and unshaken in the field. In the mean time the Romans began to recover, and to rise as it were from the dead. They had no arms, but they took them down from the temples; men were wanting, but slaves were freed to take the oath of service; the treasury was exhausted, but the senate willingly offered their wealth for the public service, leaving themselves no gold but what was contained in their children's *bullæ* [neck-ornaments] and in their own belts and rings. The knights followed their example, and the common people that of the knights; so that when the wealth of the private persons was brought to the public treasury (in the consulship of Lævinus and Marcellus) the registers scarcely sufficed to contain the account of it, or the hands of the clerks to record it.

[We shall conclude this series of historical selections with a neatly-rendered contrast of the two great Macedonian monarchs, by Justin, a late Roman writer.]

COMPARISON OF PHILIP AND ALEXANDER.

Philip took more pains and had more pleasure in the preparation of a battle than in the arrangement of a feast. Money was to him only a sinew of war. He knew better how to acquire riches than how to preserve them, and, living on plunder, was always poor. It cost him no more

to pardon than to deceive. His conversation was sweet and alluring. He was prodigal of promises, which he did not keep; and whether he were serious or gay, he had always a design at the bottom. His constant maxim was to caress those whom he hated, to instigate quarrels between those who loved him, and separately to flatter each party, whom he had alienated from the other. He was possessed of eloquence, had a ready apprehension, and a graceful delivery. He had for his successor his son Alexander, who had greater virtues and greater vices than himself. Both triumphed over their enemies, although by different means. The one employed open force only; the other had recourse to artifice. The one congratulated himself when he had deceived his enemies, the other when he had conquered them. Philip had more policy, Alexander more dignity. The father knew how to dissemble his rage, and sometimes to conquer it; the son in his vengeance knew neither delay nor bounds. Both loved wine too well; but drunkenness, which opens the heart, produced different effects in them. Philip, in going from a feast, went to seek for danger, and exposed himself with temerity; Alexander turned his rage against the associates of his revelry. The one often returned from battle covered with wounds received from his enemies; the other rose from table defiled with the blood of his friends. The father wished to be loved; the son desired only to be feared. Both cultivated letters, the former through policy, the latter through taste. The one affected more moderation to his enemies, the other had in reality more clemency and good faith. It was with these different qualities that the father laid the foundation of the empire of the world, and that the son had the glory of completing the illustrious achievement.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

LUCIAN.

[To the extract already made from the writings of Lucian we add some further examples of his pungently-written dialogues. His satire was mainly directed against the fables of mythology, which he handled with a freedom that would have been dangerous had the old faith still possessed any vitality. From the amusing "Dialogues of the Dead," as translated by Francklin, we select some of the more interesting.]

DIALOGUE VII.

MENIPPUS *and* MERCURY.

Men. Where are your beauties of both sexes, Mercury? I am a stranger here, but just arrived, and therefore beg you would conduct me to them.

Mer. Menippus, I have not time for that at present: turn, however, to your right hand, and you will see Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, and Nereus, and Achilles, and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda, and the rest of them, the admiration of former ages.

Men. I see nothing but bones, and skulls without hair: they all look alike.

Mer. Those bones and skulls, which you seem to despise, were the very persons whom the poets so extol.

Men. Show me Helen, I beseech you; for I cannot distinguish her.

Mer. Yonder bald-pate is she.

Men. And were a thousand ships manned from every part of Greece, were so many Greeks and barbarians slain, and so many cities destroyed, for her?

Mer. You never saw her when she was alive: if you had, you would not have wondered. As the poet says,—

“No wonder such celestial charms,
For nine long years, have set the world in arms.”

When the flower is withered, and has lost its color, it becomes disgustful, though whilst it grew and flourished it was universally admired.

Men. All I wonder at, Mercury, is that the Grecians did not consider how ridiculous it was to give themselves so much trouble about an object of such a short-lived and decaying nature.

Mer. I have no leisure time to philosophize with you, Menippus, so repose yourself where you please: I must go and fetch down some more mortals.

DIALOGUE IX.

CHARON, MENIPPUS, and MERCURY.

Char. You rascal, pay me my fare.

Men. Bawl away, Charon, if you like it.

Char. Pay me, I say, for bringing you over.

Men. From him who has nothing, nothing can you receive.

Char. Can a man be without one farthing?

Men. I do not know what others may be, but sure I am I have it not.

Char. Give it me this moment, or I will strangle you.

Men. I will break your head with this stick.

Char. Do you think I will carry you such a voyage for nothing?

Men. Let Mercury pay for me: he brought me to you.

Mer. A fine bargain, indeed, I should have, to pay for all the dead men I bring down!

Char. I shall not let you go.

Men. Haul your boat ashore, then. But how will you take from me what I have not got?

Char. Did not you know you were to bring something for me?

Men. I did; but I had nothing, and for that reason was not I to die?

Char. You will be the only one that could ever boast of being ferried over gratis.

Men. Not so, either: I pumped for you, nay, and handled an oar: besides, I was the only one of your passengers who did not cry and howl.

Char. That is nothing to the fare: you must give me my farthing, it cannot be otherwise.

Men. Carry me back again, then, to the other world.

Char. Thank you for that; and so get well beat by Æacus for it.

Men. Then do not be troublesome.

Char. Show me what you have got in your bag.

Men. There are some lupines for you, if you will: they are Hecate's supper.

Char. Mercury, what did you bring this poor dog here for, to prate all the voyage, and jest upon all the passengers, he laughing and singing, and they crying all the time?

Mer. Do not you know, Charon, who it is you have brought over? a free man, I assure you, and one that cares for nobody. It is Menippus.

Char. If ever I catch him——

Men. But remember, my friend, you cannot catch me twice.

DIALOGUE XVI.

MINOS and SOSTRATUS.

Min. Let this ruffian Sostratus be cast in Phlegethon, and that sacrilegious fellow torn in pieces by the Chimæra; and—do you hear, Mercury?—chain down the tyrant along with Tityus, and let the vultures gnaw his liver: but go,

ye good and virtuous, into the Elysian Fields, inhabit the islands of the blest, as a reward for your piety and virtue whilst on earth.

Sos. Do but hear me first, Minos, whether I am right or not.

Min. What! hear you again? Do you not stand convicted already of being a villain, and killing so many people?

Sos. Granted: but consider whether my punishment is just or not.

Min. Most certainly; if every one should have the reward which they deserve.

Sos. But pray, Minos, answer me one short question.

Min. Ask it; but be brief, that I may have time to hear some other causes.

Sos. Whatever I did whilst on earth, did I do it of my own accord, or was I compelled to it by fate?

Min. By fate; no doubt of it.

Sos. And in obedience to that do we not all act?—those who are called good, and we who seem to do evil?

Min. Most certainly; as Clotho enjoins them, who preordains what every man shall do, from the moment of his birth.

Sos. If a man, therefore, kills another, being obliged to do it by one whom he dare not disobey,—a hangman, for instance, by command of the judge, or an officer, by order of the king,—who is guilty of the murder?

Min. The judge, or the king, undoubtedly; it cannot be the sword, which is no more than an instrument to fulfil the desire of him who directs the use of it.

Sos. Excellent Minos, thus, in support of my axiom, to add a corollary! Again, if any one, sent by his master, brings me gold or silver, whom am I to thank for it? to whom am I indebted for the favor?

Min. To him who sent it: the man who brought it was only agent to the other.

Sos. Do not you perceive, therefore, how unjust it is to punish me, who was only an instrument employed to do those things which Clotho had commanded, and to reward those who only administered the good imparted to them by others? You can never say it was possible to act in opposition to the dictates of necessity.

Min. On a diligent inquiry, Sostratus, you will find out many things of this kind not easily to be accounted for; and all you can gain by your discoveries will be, to the title of thief to add that of sophist also: however, let him go, Mercury, without any further punishment; but take care you do not teach other ghosts to ask the same questions.

DIALOGUE XXII.

CHARON, MERCURY, and DEAD MEN.

Charon. Look ye, gentlemen, thus affairs stand: we have but a small boat, as you see, and that half rotten, and leaky in many places, if you lean it on one side or other we overset, and go to the bottom; and yet so many of you will press in, and every one carrying his baggage with him; if you do not leave it behind I am afraid you will repent it, especially those who cannot swim.

Dead Men. What must we do to get safe over?

Char. I will tell you; you must get in naked, and then my boat will scarce be able to carry you; you, Mercury, must take care and let none come in but those who are stark naked and have left all their trumpery behind them; stand at the head of the boat, and make them strip before they come on board.

Mer. Right, Charon, so I will. Who is this first?

Menippus. I have thrown my pouch and my staff in before me, my coat I did right to leave behind me.

Mer. My honest friend Menippus, come in, take you the first seat at the helm, near the pilot, and observe who comes. But who is this pretty fellow?

Charmoleus. I am the handsome Charmoleus of Megara; a kiss of me sold for two talents.

Mer. Please to part with your beauty, your ponderous head of hair, your sweet kissing lips, rosy cheeks, and fine skin. It is well; you are fit to come in, and may now enter. But there comes a fine fellow, clothed in purple, with a diadem on his head. Who are you?

Lampichus. Lampichus, king of the Geloans.

Mer. What is all that baggage for, you have brought with you?

Lam. Was it fitting that a king should come without anything?

Mer. A king should not, but a dead man should: therefore down with them.

Lam. There; I have thrown away all my riches.

Mer. Throw away your pride and ostentation also, for if you bring them in with you you will sink the boat.

Lam. At least let me keep my diadem and my cloak.

Mer. By no means; off with them immediately.

Lam. Be it so; now I have thrown away everything; what more must I part with?

Mer. Your cruelty, your folly, your insolence, and your anger.

Lam. Now I am stark naked.

Mer. Come in, then. . . . You, Crates, too, must lay aside your riches, your luxury, and effeminacy; nor must you bring the epitaphs made upon you, nor your glory, nor your genealogy, nor the dignity of your ancestors. . . . Even so much as the recollection of these things is enough to weigh the boat down.

Crates. If I must, I must. What is to be done?

Mer. What do you do with armor, and what are these trophies for?

Crates. Because, Mercury, I am a conqueror, and have done noble deeds, therefore did the city reward me with these honors.

Mer. Leave your trophies on earth; here below we have always peace, and arms are of no use. But who is this, in that grave and solemn habit, so proud and haughty, wrapt in meditation, with a long beard, and contracted brow?

Men. Some philosopher, I warrant you, some juggler, full of portents and prodigies. Strip him, by all means: you will find something purely ridiculous under that cloak of his.

Mer. First, then, off with that habit, and then everything else. Oh, Jupiter, what ignorance, impudence, and vainglory, what a heap of ambiguous questions, knotty disputes, and perplexed thoughts, does he carry about him! what a deal of fruitless diligence, solemn trifles, and small talk! Away with your riches, your pleasures, your anger, your luxury, your effeminacy, for I see it all, though you endeavor to conceal it,—your falsehood, pride, and high opinion which you have of yourself: should you come with all these, a five-oared bark would not be sufficient to carry you.

Philosopher. Your commands are obeyed. I have parted with them all. . . .

Men. He has got something monstrous heavy yet under his arm.

Mer. What is it, Menippus?

Men. Flattery,—which, whilst he lived, was of no small service to him.

Phil. Do you, Menippus, lay aside your insolence, your flippant tongue, your mirth, your jests and ridicule: you are the only laughter amongst us.

Mer. On no account, Menippus, part with them ; no, no : keep them by all means, they are light and easily carried ; besides, they may be useful in the voyage : but do you, Mr. Orator, lay by those contradictions in terms, your antitheses, your labored periods, hyperboles, barbarisms, and all that weight of verbosity.

Rhetorician. There ; I have put them down.

Mer. It is well. Now cut your cable, let us weigh anchor and hoist our sails. Charon, mind the helm : away, let us be merry. What do ye cry for, ye fools ? Imprimis, you, Mr. Philosopher, without the beard there ?

Phil. Because, Mercury, I thought the soul had been immortal.

Men. He lies : he grieves for another reason.

Mer. What ?

Men. Because he shall have no more grand suppers.

THE WISDOM OF CYRUS.

XENOPHON.

[Classic literature contains but one prose romance, the "Cyropædia," or "The Institution of Cyrus," by Xenophon. This is in the form of a biography ; but such a monarch as Cyrus is assumed to be never lived upon the earth, and the wisdom that is imputed to him and his friends is of the sort that takes no account of the frailties of human nature, and would be likely not to work very well in practice. We select, from Cooper's translation, some illustrative passages.]

CYRUS is said to have given this noble instance to Cræsus, on a certain time, when Cræsus suggested to him that by the multitude of presents that he made he would be a beggar, when it was in his power to lay up at home mighty

treasures of gold for the use of one. It is said that Cyrus then asked him thus: "What sums do you think I should now have in possession, if I had been hoarding up gold, as you bid me, ever since I have been in power?" and that Cræsus, in reply, named some mighty sum; and that Cyrus to this said, "Well, Cræsus, do you send with Hystaspes here some person that you have most confidence in; and do you, Hystaspes," said he, "go about to my friends, tell them that I am in want of money for a certain affair (and in reality I am in want of it), and bid them furnish me with as much as they are each of them able to do; and that, writing it down and signing it, they deliver the letter to Cræsus's officer to bring me." Then writing down what he had said, and signing it, he gave it to Hystaspes to carry it to his friends, but added in the letter to them all, "That they should receive Hystaspes as his friend." After they had gone round, and Cræsus's officer brought the letters, Hystaspes said, "O Cyrus, my king, you must now make use of me as a rich man, for here do I attend you abounding in presents that have been made me on account of your letter." Cyrus on this said, "This, then, is one treasure to me, Cræsus; but look over the others, and reckon up what riches there are there ready for me, in case I want for my own use." Cræsus on calculating is said to have found many times the sum that he told Cyrus he might now have had in his treasury if he had hoarded. When it appeared to be thus, Cyrus is reported to have said,—

"You see, Cræsus, that I have my treasures too; but you bid me hoard them up, to be envied and hated for them; you bid me place hired guards on them, and in those to put my trust. But I make my friends rich, and reckon them to be treasures to me, and guards both to myself and to all things of value that belong to us, and

such as are more to be trusted than if I set up a guard of hirelings. Besides, there is another thing that I will tell you: what the gods have wrought into the souls of men, and by it have made them all equally indigent, this, Cræsus, I am not able to get the better of; for I am, as others are, insatiably greedy of riches: but I reckon I differ from most others in this, that when they have acquired more than is sufficient for them some of those treasures they bury under ground, and some they let decay and spoil, and others they give themselves a great deal of trouble about, in telling, in measuring, in weighing, airing, and watching them; and, though they have all these things at home, they neither eat more than they are able to bear, for they would burst, nor do they put on more clothes than they can bear, for they would suffocate, but all their superfluous wealth they have only for business and trouble. Whereas I serve the gods, and am ever desirous of more; and when I have acquired it, out of what I find to be more than suffices me I satisfy the wants of my friends; and by enriching men with it, and by doing them kindnesses, I gain their good-will and their friendship, and obtain security and glory, things that do not corrupt and spoil, and do not distress one by overabounding; but glory, the more there is of it, the greater and more noble it is, and the lighter to bear, and those that bear it, it often makes the lighter and easier. And that you may be sensible of this, Cræsus," said he, "they that possess the most, and have most in their custody, I do not reckon the happiest men; for then would guards on the walls be the happiest of all men, for they have the custody of all there is in whole cities; but the person that can acquire the most with justice, and use the most with honor, him do I reckon the happiest man; and this I reckon to be riches."

[There follows the description of a grand procession, in the conduct of which Xenophon takes occasion to show further his conception of the wisdom of Cyrus and his officers.]

Cyrus, taking Pheraulas, one of the inferior degree of people, to be a man of good understanding, a lover of what was beautiful and orderly, and careful to please him,—the same that heretofore spoke of every one being rewarded according to his desert,—and calling this man to him, he advised with him how he might make this procession in a manner that might appear the most beautiful to his friends, the most terrible to those that were disaffected, and when, on joint consideration, they both agreed in the same things, he ordered Pheraulas to take care that the procession should be made the next morning, in the manner that they had thought proper. “I have ordered,” said he, “all to obey you in the disposition and order of this procession. And that they may attend to your orders with the more satisfaction, take these coats,” said he, “and carry them to the commanders of the guards; give these habits for horsemen to the commanders of the horse, and these other coats to the commanders of the chariots.” On this he took them and carried them off. When the commanding officers saw him, they said to him, “You are a great man, Pheraulas, now that you are to order us what we are to do.” “No, not only so, by Jove,” said Pheraulas, “but it seems I am to be a baggage-bearer too: therefore I now bring you these two habits; one of them is for yourself, the other is for somebody else; but do you take which of them you please.” He that received the habit, on this forgot his envy, and presently advised with him which he should take; then, giving his opinion which was the best, he said, “If ever you charge me with having given you the choice when I officiate, another time you shall have me

officiate for you in another manner." Pheraulas, having made this distribution thus, as he was ordered, immediately applied himself to the affairs of the procession, that everything might be settled in the handsomest manner.

[The procession took place on the following day, with great splendor. It was followed by a grand sacrifice to the sun.]

After this, the country thereabouts being very fine, he [Cyrus] appointed a certain limited piece of ground, of about five stadia, and bade them, nation by nation, put their horses to their speed. He himself rode the race with the Persians, and gained the victory, for he was extremely well practised in horsemanship. Among the Medes, Artabates got the victory, for Cyrus had given him a horse. Among the Syrians, their chief got the victory; among the Armenians, Tigranes; among the Hyrcanians, the son of the commander of their horse. And among the Sacians, a private man, with his horse, left the other behind by almost half the course.

And on this occasion Cyrus is said to have asked the young man if he would accept of a kingdom in exchange for his horse; and the young man is said to have replied thus: "A kingdom I would not accept for him, but I would consent to oblige a worthy man with him." Then Cyrus said, "Come, I will show you where you may throw blindfold and not miss a worthy man." "By all means, then," said the Sacian, taking up a clod, "show me where I may throw with this clod." Then Cyrus showed him a place where a great many of his friends were; and the man, shutting his eyes, threw his clod and hit Pheraulas as he was riding by; for Pheraulas happened to be carrying some orders from Cyrus, and when he was struck he did not turn aside, but went on the business that was ordered him. The Sacian then, looking up, asked, "Whom

he had hit?" "None, by Jove," said he, "of those that are present." "But surely," said the young man, "it was none of those that are absent?" "Yes, by Jove," said Cyrus, "you hit that man that rides hastily on there by the chariots." "And how came he not to turn back?" said he. Then Cyrus said, "Why, in all probability it is some mad-man." The young man, hearing this, went to see who it was, and found Pheraulas with his chin all over dirt and blood, for the blood gushed from his nose on the stroke that he received. When he came up to him, he asked him whether he had received a blow. He answered, "Yes, as you see." "Then," said he, "I make you a present of this horse." He then asked, "For what?" and on this the Sacian gave him a relation of the things, and, in conclusion, said, "And I believe I have not missed of a worthy man." Pheraulas then said, "But if you had been wise you had given it to a richer man than I; but I now accept it, and beseech the gods, who have made me the receiver of this blow from you, to grant that I may behave so as to make you not repent your present to me." "Now," said he, "do you mount my horse, and ride off on him, and I will be with you presently." Thus they parted. . . .

When all was at an end they returned again to the city, and they that had houses given them quartered in their houses, and they that had not, in their ranks. But Pheraulas, inviting the Sacian that presented him with the horse, gave him an entertainment: he furnished him with all other things in abundance. And after they had supped he filled him the cups that he had received from Cyrus, drank to him, and made him a present of them. But the Sacian, observing a great many fine carpets and coverlets, a great deal of fine furniture, and abundance of domestics, "Tell me," said he, "Pheraulas, were you one of the rich when you were at home?" "How rich do you mean?"

said Pheraulas. "I was one of those that lived directly by the work of their own hands; for my father, maintaining himself very poorly by his own labor, bred me up under the discipline of the boys; but when I became a youth, not being able to maintain me idle, he took me into the country and ordered me to work. Here did I maintain him while he lived, digging and planting with my own hands a little piece of land, that was not ungrateful, but the justest in the world, for the seed that it received it returned me justly and handsomely again, with an overplus that indeed was not very abundant, but sometimes, out of its generosity, returned me double of what it received. Thus, then, I lived at home; but now all these things that you see Cyrus has given me."

Then the Sacian said, "Oh, happy are you in other things as well as in this, that, from being poor before, you are now become rich! For I am of opinion that you grow rich with the more pleasure as you come to be possessed of riches after having thirsted for them before." Pheraulas then said, "And do you think, Sacian, that I live with the more pleasure the more I possess? Do you not know," said he, "that I neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep with one jot more pleasure now than when I was poor? But by all this abundance thus much I gain: that I am to guard more, to distribute more to others, and to have the trouble of taking care of more; for a great many domestics now demand their food of me, their drink, and their clothes; some are in want of physicians; one comes and brings me sheep that have been torn to pieces by wolves, or oxen killed by falling from a precipice, or tells me of a distemper got among the cattle: so that I think," said Pheraulas, "by possessing abundance I have now more afflictions than I had before by having but little." "But, by Jove," said the Sacian, "when all is well, and you are able to cast

your eyes around on numerous possessions, you are certainly much better pleased than I am." Pheraulas then said, "Sacian, it is not so pleasant to possess riches as it is afflicting to lose them; and you will find what I say is true; for there are none that possess riches that are forced from the enjoyment of rest by the pleasure which they afford; but of those that lose them, you will see none that are able to sleep, because of the concern it gives them."

[The narrative ends by Pheraulas making over all his possessions to the Sacian, on the sole condition that he shall be sparingly maintained out of them.]

Having thus discoursed, they settled these affairs and put them in practice. The one thought himself made a happy man by having the command of great riches, and the other reckoned himself the most fortunate man in the world in having a steward who afforded him leisure to do what was agreeable to him. . . . Pheraulas was much delighted that, being freed from the care of other possessions, he should be at leisure to mind his friends. And the Sacian was delighted, because he was to have the possession of abundance, and was to spend abundance. The Sacian loved Pheraulas, because he was always bringing him something; and Pheraulas loved the Sacian, because he was willing to take all; and though he charged himself with the care of still more and more, yet he gave him no more trouble. Thus did these men live.

THE MEETING OF ULYSSES AND PENELOPE.

HOMER.

[To the selection already given from Homer's "Iliad" we add the following from the "Odyssey," in one of the earliest of English trans-

lations, that of the Elizabethan writer Chapman, whose version, while by no means free from faults, has a merit and quaintness of its own, which have retained for it an established position among the many later English versions of Homer. The Trojan hero Ulysses, after long wandering and many adventures by sea and land, finally reaches his home on the island of Ithaca. Here he finds his castle invaded and his wife besieged by a crowd of wooers, whom he, roused to wrath by their insolent behavior, attacks and slays. The nurse of Penelope describes to her this terrible affray, and announces that the champion is her long-absent husband.]

SHE sprang for joy from blames into embraces
Of her grave nurse, wiped every tear away
From her fair cheeks, and then began to say
What nurse said over thus: "O nurse, can this
Be true thou say'st? How could that hand of his
Alone destroy so many? They would still
Troop all together. How could he then kill
Such numbers so united?" "How," said she,
"I have not seen nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. We sat within in fear,
The doors shut on us, and from thence might hear
The sighs and groans of every man he slew,
But heard nor saw more, till at length there flew
Your son's voice to mine ear, that called to me,
And bade me then come forth, and then I see
Ulysses standing in the midst of all
Your slaughtered wooers, heaped up like a wall,
One on another round about his side.
It would have done you good to have descried
Your conquering lord all smeared with blood and gore
So like a lion. Straight then off they bore
The slaughtered carcasses, that now before
The fore-court gates lie, one on another piled.
And now your victor all the hall, defiled

With stench of hot death, is perfuming round,
And with a mighty fire the hearth hath crowned.

Thus all the death removed, and every room
Made sweet and sightly, that yourself should come
His pleasure sent me. Come, then, take you now
Your mutual fills of comfort. Grief on you
Hath long and many sufferings laid; which length,
Which many sufferings, now your virtuous strength
Of uncorrupted chasteness hath conferred
A happy end to. He that long hath erred*
Is safe arrived at home; his wife, his son,
Found safe and good; all ill that hath been done
On all the doers' heads, though long prolonged,
His right hath wreaked, and in the place they wronged."

She answered: "Do not you now laugh and boast
As you had done some great act, seeing most
Into his being; for you know he won—
Even through his poor and vile condition—
A kind of prompted thought that there was placed
Some virtue in him fit to be embraced
By all the house, but most of all by me,
And by my son, that was the progeny
Of both our loves. And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofs ye plead to me:
Some god hath slain the wooers in disdain
Of the abhorred pride he saw so reign
In these base works they did. No man alive,
Or good or bad, whoever did arrive
At their abodes once, ever could obtain
Regard of them; and therefore their so vain
And vile deserts have found as vile an end.
But for Ulysses, never will extend
His wished return to Greece, nor he yet lives."

* Wandered.

[The nurse replies that she knows it to be Ulysses by a remembered scar which she had seen on him. But Penelope still remains doubtful, and proposes to seek the hall.]

This said, down they went ;
When, on the queen's part, divers thoughts were spent,
If, all this given no faith, she still should stand
Aloof, and question more, or his hugged hand
And loved head she should at first assay
With free-given kisses. When her doubtful way
Had passed the stony pavement, she took seat
Against her husband, in the opposite heat
The fire then cast upon the other wall.
Himself set by the column of the hall,
His looks cast downward, and expected* still
When her incredulous and curious will
To shun ridiculous error, and the shame
To kiss a husband that was not the same,
Would down, and win enough faith from his sight.
She silent sat, and her perplexed plight
Amaze encountered. Sometimes she stood clear
He was her husband ; sometimes the ill wear
His person had put on transformed him so
That yet his stamp would hardly current go.

Her son, her strangeness seeing, blamed her thus :
"Mother, ungentle mother ! Tyrannous
Is this too curious modesty you show.
Why sit you from my father, nor bestow
A word on me t' inquire and clear such doubt
As may perplex you ? Found man ever out
One other such a wife that could forbear
Her loved lord's welcome home, when twenty year

* Awaited.

In infinite suff'rance he had spent apart.
No flint so hard as is a woman's heart."

"Son," said she, "amaze contains my mind,
 Nor can I speak and use the common kind
 Of those inquiries, nor sustain to see
 With opposite looks his countenance. If this be
 My true Ulysses now returned, there are
 Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far
 To give me argument he is my lord;
 And my assurance of him may afford
 My proofs of joy for him from all those eyes
 With more decorum than object their guise
 To public notice." The much sufferer broke
 In laughter out, and to his son said, "Take
 Your mother from the prease, that she may make
 Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may give
 More cause to the acknowledgments that drive
 Their show thus off. But now, because I go
 So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know
 So loathed a creature for her loved lord."

[Ulysses now advises his son to take measures against assault by the friends of the slain wooers, and bids all to bathe, dress, and make music and merriment as for a nuptial occasion.]

This all obeyed; bathed, put on fresh attire,
 Both men and women did. Then took his lyre
 The holy singer, and set thirst on fire
 With songs and faultless dances; all the court
 Rang with the footings that the numerous sport
 From jocund men drew and fair-girdled dames;
 Which heard abroad, thus flew the common fames:

"This sure the day is when the much-wooed queen
 Is richly wed. O wretch! that hath not been

So constant as to keep her ample house
Till th' utmost hour had brought her foremost spouse."

Thus some conceived, but little knew the thing.
And now Eurymone had bathed the king,
Smoothed him with oils, and he himself attired
In vestures royal. Her part then inspired
The goddess Pallas, decked his head and face
With infinite beauties, gave a goodly grace
Of stature to him, a much plumper plight
Through all his body breathed, curls soft and bright
Adorned his head withal, and made it show
As if the flowery hyacinth did grow
In all his pride there, in the general trim
Of every lock and every curious limb.
Look how a skilful artisan, well seen
In all arts metalline, as having been
Taught by Minerva and the god of fire,
Doth gold with silver mix so that entire
They keep their self-distinction, and yet so
That to the silver from the gold doth flow
A much more artificial lustre than his own,
And thereby to the gold itself is grown
A greater glory than if wrought alone,
Both being stuck off by either's mixtion;
So did Minerva hers and his combine,
He more in her, she more in him, did shine.
Like an immortal from the bath he rose,
And to his wife did all his grace dispose,
Encount'ring thus her strangeness: "Cruel dame
Of all that breathe, the gods past steel and flame
Have made thee ruthless. Life retains not one
Of all dames else that bears so overgrown
A mind with abstinence, as twenty years
To miss her husband drowned in woes and tears,

And at his coming keep aloof, and fare
 As of his so long absence and his care
 No sense had seized her. Go, nurse, make a bed,
 That I alone may sleep; her heart is dead
 To all reflection!" To him thus replied
 The wise Penelope: "Man half deified,
 'Tis not my fashion to be taken straight
 With bravest men, nor poorest use to sleight.
 Your mean appearance made me not retire,
 Nor this your rich show makes me now admire,
 Nor moves at all; for what is all to me
 If not my husband? All his certainty
 I knew at parting; but, so long apart,
 The outward likeness holds no full desert
 For me to trust to. Go, nurse, see addressed
 A soft bed for him, and the single rest
 Himself affects so. Let it be the bed
 That stands within our bridal chamber-sted,
 Which he himself made. Bring it forth from thence,
 And see it furnished with magnificence."

This said she to assay him, and did stir
 Even his established patience; and to her
 Whom thus he answered: "Woman! your words prove
 My patience strangely. Who is it can move
 My bed out of its place? It shall oppress
 Earth's greatest understander; and, unless
 Even God himself should come, that can easily grace
 Men in their most skills, it shall hold its place;
 For man he lives not that (as not most skilled,
 So not most young) shall easily make it yield,
 If, building on the strength in which he flows,
 He adds both levers too and iron crows:
 For in the fixture of the bed is shown
 A masterpiece, a wonder; and 'twas done

By me, and none but me, and thus was wrought;
There was an olive-tree that had his growth*
Amidst a hedge, and was of shadow proud,†
Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure showed,
His leaves and arms so thick that to the eye
It showed a column for solidity.
To this had I a comprehension
To build my bridal bower; which all of stone,
Thick as the tree of leaves, I raised, and cast
A roof about it nothing meanly graced,
Put glued doors to it, that oped art enough.
Then from the olive every broad-leaved bough
I lopped away, then felled the tree, and then
Went over it both with my axe and plane,
Both governed by my line. And then I hewed
My curious bedstead out; in which I showed
Work of no common hand. All this begun
I could not leave till to perfection
My pains had brought it; took my wimble, bored
The holes, as fitted, and did last afford
The varied ornament, that showed no want
Of silver, gold, and polished elephant.
An ox-hide dyed in purple then I threw
Above the cords. And thus to curious view
I hope I have objected honest sign
To prove I author nought that is not mine.
But if my bed stand unremoved or no,
O woman, passeth human wit to know.”
This sunk her knees and heart, to hear so true
The signs she urged; and first did tears ensue
Her rapt assurance; then she ran and spread
Her arms about his neck, kissed oft his head,

* Growth.

† Luxuriant.

And thus the curious stay she made excused :
 " Ulysses, be not angry that I used
 Such strange delays to this, since heretofore
 Your suffering wisdom hath the garland wore
 From all that breathe ; and 'tis the gods that, thus
 With mutual miss so long afflicting us,
 Have caused my coyness. . . .

Yet now, since these signs of our certain bed
 You have discovered, and distinguished
 From all earth's others, no one man but you
 Yet ever getting of it th' only show,
 Nor one of all dames but myself and she
 My father gave, old Actor's progeny,
 Who ever guarded to ourselves the door
 Of that thick-shaded chamber, I no more
 Will cross your clear persuasion, though till now
 I stood too doubtful and austere to you."

These words of hers, so justifying her stay,
 Did more desire of joyful moan convey
 To his glad mind than if at instant sight
 She had allowed him all his wishes' right.
 He wept for joy, t' enjoy a wife so fit
 For his grave mind, that knew his depth of wit
 And held chaste virtue at a price so high.
 And as sad men at sea when shore is nigh,
 Which long their hearts have wished, their ship quite lost
 By Neptune's vigor, and they vexed and tossed
 'Twixt winds and black waves, swimming for their lives,
 A few escaped, and that few that survives
 All drenched in foam and brine, crawl up to land
 With joy as much as they did worlds command,
 So dear to this wife was her husband's sight.

THEMISTOCLES AT SALAMIS.

PLUTARCH.

[To the selection we have already made from Langhorne's translation of Plutarch's "Lives" we add the following from the life of Themistocles. In it is detailed the most eminent action of one of the most eminent of those great men who gave to the small state of Attica the post of honor and glory in the ancient world. The victory at Salamis, which is here described, was one of the great turning-points in the history of civilization. Had the Persians conquered, the history of Greece would have ended ere it fairly began. The victory of the Greeks gave the impetus to that remarkable development of Athenian thought which we cannot but look upon with as much wonder as admiration.]

THE Medes now preparing to invade Greece again, the Athenians considered who should be their general; and many (we are told), thinking the commission dangerous, declined it. But Epicydes, the son of Euphemides, a man of more eloquence than courage, and capable withal of being bribed, solicited it, and was likely to be chosen. Themistocles, fearing the consequence would be fatal to the public if the choice fell upon Epicydes, prevailed upon him by pecuniary considerations to drop his pretensions.

His behavior is also commended with respect to the interpreter who came with the king of Persia's ambassadors that were sent to demand earth and water. By a decree of the people, he put him to death for presuming to make use of the Greek language to express the demands of the barbarians. To this we may add his proceedings in the affair of Arthmius the Zelite, who at his motion was declared infamous, with his children and all his posterity,

for bringing Persian gold into Greece. But that which redounded most of all to his honor was his putting an end to the Grecian wars, reconciling the several states to each other, and persuading them to lay aside their animosities during the war with Persia. In this he is said to have been much assisted by Chileus the Arcadian.

As soon as he had taken the command upon him, he endeavored to persuade the people to quit the city, to embark on board their ships, and to meet the barbarians at as great a distance from Greece as possible. But, many opposing it, he marched at the head of a great army, together with the Lacedæmonians, to Tempe, intending to cover Thessaly, which had not yet declared for the Persians. When he returned without effecting anything, the Thessalians having embraced the king's party, and all the country, as far as Bœotia, following their example, the Athenians were more willing to hearken to his proposal to fight the enemy at sea, and sent him with a fleet to guard the straits of Artemisium.

When the fleets of the several states were joined, and the majority were of opinion that Eurybiades should have the chief command, and with his Lacedæmonians begin the engagement, the Athenians, who had a greater number of ships than all the rest united, thought it an indignity to part with the place of honor. But Themistocles, perceiving the danger of any disagreement at that time, gave up the command to Eurybiades, and satisfied the Athenians, by representing to them that if they behaved like men in that war the Grecians would voluntarily yield them the superiority for the future. To him, therefore, Greece seems to owe her preservation, and the Athenians in particular the distinguished glory of surpassing their enemies in valor and their allies in moderation.

The Persian fleet coming up to Aphetæ, Eurybiades was

astonished at such an appearance of ships, particularly when he was informed that there were two hundred more sailing round Sciathus. He therefore was desirous without loss of time to draw nearer to Greece, and to keep close to the Peloponnesian coast, where he might have an army occasionally to assist the fleet; for he considered the naval force of the Persians as invincible. Upon this, the Eubœans, apprehensive that the Greeks would forsake them, sent Pelagon to negotiate privately with Themistocles and to offer him a large sum of money. He took the money and gave it (as Herodotus writes) to Eurybiades. Finding himself most opposed in his designs by Architeles, captain of the sacred galley, who had not money to pay his men, and therefore intended immediately to withdraw, he so incensed his countrymen against him that they went in a tumultuous manner on board his ship and took from him what he had provided for his supper. Architeles being much provoked at this insult, Themistocles sent him in a chest a quantity of provisions, and at the bottom of it a talent of silver, and desired him to refresh himself that evening, and to satisfy his crew in the morning, otherwise he would accuse him to the Athenians of having received a bribe from the enemy. This particular is mentioned by Phantias the Lesbian.

Though the several engagements with the Persian fleet in the straits of Eubœa were not decisive, yet they were of great advantage to the Greeks, who learned by experience that neither the number of ships, nor the beauty and splendor of their ornaments, nor the vaunting shouts and songs of the barbarians, have anything dreadful in them to men that know how to fight hand to hand and are determined to behave gallantly. These things they were taught to despise when they came to close action and grappled with the foe. In this case Pindar's senti-

ments appear just, when he says of the fight at Artemisium,—

“ ’Twas then that Athens the foundation laid
Of Liberty’s fair structure.”

Indeed, intrepid courage is the commencement of victory.

Artemisium is a maritime place of Eubœa, to the north of Hestîæa. Over against it lies Olizon, in the territory that formerly was subject to Philocletes; where there is a small temple of Diana of the East, in the midst of a grove. The temple is encircled with pillars of white stone, which when rubbed with the hand has both the color and smell of saffron. On one of the pillars are inscribed the following verses:

“ When on these seas the sons of Athens conquered
The various powers of Asia, grateful here
They reared this temple to Diana.”

There is a place still to be seen upon this shore where there is a large heap of sand, which if dug into shows towards the bottom a black dust like ashes, as if some fire had been there; and this is supposed to have been that in which the wrecks of the ships and the bodies of the dead were burned.

The news of what had happened at Thermopylæ being brought to Artemisium, when the confederates were informed that Leonidas was slain there, and Xerxes master of the passages by land, they sailed back to Greece; and the Athenians, elated with their late distinguished valor, brought up the rear. As Themistocles sailed along the coasts, wherever he saw any harbors or places appointed for the enemy’s ships to put in at, he took such stones as he happened to find, or caused to be brought thither for that purpose, and set them in the ports and watering-places,

and had the following inscription engraved in large characters and addressed to the Ionians: "Let the Ionians, if it be possible, come over to the Greeks, from whom they are descended, and who now risk their lives for their liberty. If this be impracticable, let them at least perplex the barbarians, and put them in disorder in time of action." By this he hoped either to bring the Ionians over to his side, or to sow discord among them by causing them to be suspected by the Persians.

Though Xerxes had passed through Doris down to Phocis, and was burning and destroying the Phocian cities, yet the Greeks sent them no succors. And notwithstanding all the entreaties the Athenians could use to prevail with the confederates to repair with them into Bœotia and cover the frontiers of Attica, as they had sent a fleet to Artemisium to serve the common cause, no one gave ear to their request. All eyes were turned upon Peloponnesus, and all were determined to collect their forces within the Isthmus, and to build a wall across it from sea to sea. The Athenians were greatly incensed to see themselves thus betrayed, and at the same time dejected and discouraged at so general a defection. They alone could not think of giving battle to so prodigious an army. To quit the city, and embark on board their ships, was the only expedient at present; and this the generality were very unwilling to hearken to, as they could neither have any great ambition for victory, nor idea of safety, when they had left the temples of their gods and the monuments of their ancestors.

Themistocles, perceiving that he could not by the force of human reason prevail with the multitude, set his machinery to work, as a poet would do in a tragedy, and had recourse to prodigies and oracles. The prodigy he availed himself of was the disappearing of the dragon of Minerva,

which at that time quitted the holy place ; and the priests, finding the daily offerings set before it untouched, gave it out among the people, at the suggestion of Themistocles, that the goddess had forsaken the city, and that she offered to conduct them to sea. Moreover, by way of explaining to the people an oracle then received, he told them that by wooden walls there could not possibly be anything meant but ships, and that Apollo now calling Salamis divine, not wretched and unfortunate, as formerly, signified by such an epithet that it would be productive of some great advantage to Greece. His counsels prevailed, and he proposed a decree that the city should be left to the protection of Minerva, the tutelary goddess of the Athenians, that the young men should go on board the ships, and that every one should provide as well as he possibly could for the safety of the children, the women, and the slaves.

When this decree was made, most of the Athenians removed their parents and wives to Trœzene, where they were received with a generous hospitality. The Trœzenians came to a resolution to maintain them at the public expense, for which purpose they allowed each of them two oboli a day ; they permitted the children to gather fruit wherever they pleased, and provided for their education by paying their tutors. This order was procured by Nicagoras.

As the treasury of Athens was then but low, Aristotle informs us that the court of Areopagus distributed to every man who took part in the expedition eight drachmas ; which was the principal means of manning the fleet. But Clidemus ascribes this also to a stratagem of Themistocles ; for he tells us that when the Athenians went down to the harbor of Piræus the Ægis was lost from the statue of Minerva ; and Themistocles, as he ransacked everything under pretence of searching for it, found large sums of

money hidden among the baggage, which he applied to the public use; and out of it all necessities were provided for the fleet.

The embarkation of the people of Athens was a very affecting scene. What pity! what admiration of the firmness of those men who, sending their parents and families to a distant place, unmoved with their cries, their tears, or embraces, had the fortitude to leave the city and embark for Salamis! What greatly heightened the distress was the number of citizens whom they were forced to leave behind because of their extreme old age. And some emotions of tenderness were due even to the tame domestic animals, which, running to the shore with lamentable howlings, expressed their affection and regret for the persons that had fed them. One of these, a dog that belonged to Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, unwilling to be left behind, is said to have leaped into the sea, and to have swum by the side of the ship till it reached Salamis, where, quite spent with toil, it died immediately. And they show us to this day a place called Synos Sema, where they tell us that dog was buried.

To these great actions of Themistocles may be added the following:

He perceived that Aristides was much regretted by the people, who were apprehensive that out of revenge he might join the Persians, and do great prejudice to the cause of Greece; he therefore caused a decree to be made that all who had been banished only for a time should have leave to return, and by their counsel and valor assist their fellow-citizens in the preservation of their country.

Eurybiades, by reason of the dignity of Sparta, had the command of the fleet; but, as he was apprehensive of the danger, he proposed to set sail for the Isthmus and fix his station near the Peloponnesian army. Themistocles, how-

ever, opposed it; and the account we have of the conference on that occasion deserves to be mentioned. When Eurybiades said, "Do not you know, Themistocles, that in the public games such as rise up before their turn are chastised for it?" "Yes," answered Themistocles; "yet such as are left behind never gain the crown." Eurybiades, upon this, lifting up his staff as if he intended to strike him, Themistocles said, "Strike, if you please, but hear me:" the Lacedæmonians, admiring his command of temper, bade him speak what he had to say; and Themistocles was leading him back to the subject, when one of the officers thus interrupted him: "It ill becomes you, who have no city, to advise us to quit our habitations and abandon our country." Themistocles retorted upon him thus: "Wretch that thou art, we have indeed left our walls and houses, not choosing, for the sake of those inanimate things, to become slaves; yet we have still the most respectable city of Greece, in these two hundred ships, which are here ready to defend you, if you will give them leave. But if you forsake and betray us a second time, Greece shall soon find the Athenians possessed of as free a city and as valuable a country as that they have quitted." These words struck Eurybiades with the apprehension that the Athenians might fall off from him. We are told also that as a certain Eretrian was attempting to speak, Themistocles said, "What! have you, too, something to say about war, who are like the fish that has a sword, but no heart?"

While Themistocles was thus maintaining his arguments upon deck, some tell us that an owl was seen flying to the right of the fleet, which came and perched upon the shrouds. This omen determined the confederates to accede to his opinion, and to prepare for a sea-fight; but no sooner did the enemy's fleet appear advancing towards the harbor of Phalerus in Attica, and covering all the neighboring

coasts, while Xerxes himself was seen marching his land-forces to the shore, than the Greeks, struck with the sight of such prodigious armaments, began to forget the counsels of Themistocles, and the Peloponnesians once more looked towards the Isthmus. Nay, they resolved to set sail that very night, and such orders were given to all the pilots. Themistocles, greatly concerned that the Greeks were going to give up the advantage of their station in the straits, and to retire to their respective countries, contrived that stratagem which was put in execution by Sicinus. This Sicinus was of Persian extraction, and a captive, but much attached to Themistocles, and the tutor of his children. On this occasion Themistocles sent him privately to the king of Persia, with orders to tell him that the commander of the Athenians, having espoused his interest, was the first to inform him of the intended flight of the Greeks; and that he exhorted him not to suffer them to escape, but while they were in this confusion, and at a distance from their land-forces, to attack and destroy their whole army.

Xerxes took this information kindly, supposing it to proceed from friendship, and immediately gave orders to his officers, with two hundred ships, to surround all the passages, and to enclose the islands, that none of the Greeks might escape, and then to follow with the rest of the ships at their leisure. Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, was the first that perceived this motion of the enemy; and though he was not in friendship with Themistocles, but had been banished by his means (as has been related), he went to him, and told him they were surrounded by the enemy. Themistocles, knowing his probity, and charmed with his coming to give this intelligence, acquainted him with the affair of Sicinus, and entreated him to lend his assistance to keep the Greeks in their station, and, as they

had a confidence in his honor, to persuade them to come to an engagement in the straits. Aristides approved the proceedings of Themistocles, and, going to the other admirals and captains, encouraged them to engage. While they hardly gave credit to his report, a Tenian galley, commanded by Parætius, came over from the enemy to bring the same account; so that indignation, added to necessity, excited the Greeks to their combat.

As soon as it was day, Xerxes sat down on an eminence to view the fleet and its order of battle. He placed himself, as Phanodemus writes, above the temple of Hercules, where the isle of Salamis is separated from Attica by a narrow frith; but, according to Accestodorus, on the confines of Megara, upon a spot called Kerata, "the Horns." He was seated on a throne of gold, and had many secretaries about him, whose business it was to write down the particulars of the action.

In the mean time, as Themistocles was sacrificing on the deck of the admiral-galley, three captives were brought to him of uncommon beauty, elegantly attired, and set off with golden ornaments. They were said to be the sons of Autaretus and Sandace, sister to Xerxes. Euphrantide, the soothsayer, casting his eyes upon them, and at the same time observing that a bright flame blazed out from the victims, while a sneezing was heard from the right, took Themistocles by the hand, and ordered that the three youths should be consecrated and sacrificed to Bacchus Omestes; for by this means the Greeks might be assured not only of safety, but victory.

Themistocles was astonished at the strangeness and cruelty of the order; but the multitude, who in great and pressing difficulties trust rather to absurd than rational methods, invoked the god with one voice, and, leading the captives to the altar, insisted upon their being offered up,

as the soothsayer had directed. This particular we have from Phantias the Lesbian, a man not unversed in letters and philosophy.

As to the number of the Persian ships, the poet Æschylus speaks of it, in his tragedy entitled "*Persæ*," as a matter he was well assured of:

"A thousand ships (for well I know the number)
The Persian flag obeyed: two hundred more
And seven, o'erspread the seas."

The Athenians had only one hundred and eighty galleys: each carried eighteen men that fought upon deck, four of whom were archers, and the rest heavy-armed.

If Themistocles was happy in choosing a place for action, he was no less so in taking advantage of a proper time for it; for he would not engage the enemy till that time of day when a brisk wind usually arises from the sea, which occasions a high surf in the channel. This was no inconvenience to the Grecian vessels, which are low built and well compacted, but a very great one to the Persian ships, which had high sterns and lofty decks, and were heavy and unwieldy, for it caused them to veer in such a manner that their sides were exposed to the Greeks, who attacked them furiously. During the whole dispute, great attention was given to the motions of Themistocles, as it was believed he knew best how to proceed. Ariamenes, the Persian admiral, a man of distinguished honor, and by far the bravest of the king's brothers, directed his manœuvres chiefly against him. His ship was very tall, and from thence he threw darts and shot forth arrows as from the walls of a castle. But Aminias the Decelean, and Sosticles the Pedian, who sailed in one bottom, bore down upon him with their prow, and both ships meeting, they were fastened together by means of their brazen beaks; when

Ariamenes boarding their galley, they received him with their pikes, and pushed him into the sea. Artemisia knew the body amongst others that were floating with the wreck, and carried it to Xerxes.

While the fight was thus raging, we are told, a great light appeared as from Eleusis; and loud sounds and voices were heard through all the plain of Thriasia to the sea, as of a great number of people carrying the mystic symbols of Bacchus in procession. A cloud, too, seemed to rise from among the crowd that made this noise, and to ascend by degrees, till it fell upon the galleys. Other phantoms also, and apparitions of armed men, they thought they saw, stretching out their hands from Ægina before the Grecian fleet. These they conjectured to be the Æacidæ, to whom, before the battle, they had addressed their prayers for succor.

The first man that took a ship was an Athenian named Lycomedes, captain of a galley, who cut down the ensigns from the enemy's ship and consecrated them to the laurelled Apollo. As the Persians could come up in the straits but a few at a time, and often put each other in confusion, the Greeks, equalling them in the line, fought them till the evening, when they broke them entirely, and gained that signal and complete victory, than which (as Simonides says) no other naval achievement, either of the Greeks or barbarians, ever was more glorious. This success was owing to the valor, indeed, of all the confederates, but chiefly to the sagacity and conduct of Themistocles.

After the battle, Xerxes, full of indignation at his disappointment, attempted to join Salamis to the continent by a mole so well secured that his land-forces might pass over it into the island, and that he might shut up the pass entirely against the Greeks. At the same time, Themistocles, to sound Aristides, pretended it was his own

opinion that they should sail to the Hellespont and break down the bridge of ships; "for so," says he, "we may take Asia without stirring out of Europe." Aristides did not in the least relish his proposal, but answered him to this purpose: "Till now we have had to do with an enemy immersed in luxury; but if we shut him up in Greece, and drive him to necessity, he who is master of such prodigious forces will no longer sit under a golden canopy and be a quiet spectator of the proceedings of the war, but awaked by danger, attempting everything, and present everywhere, he will correct his past errors, and follow counsels better calculated for success. Instead, therefore, of breaking that bridge, we should, if possible, provide another, that he may retire the sooner out of Europe." "If that is the case," said Themistocles, "we must all consider and contrive how to put him upon the most speedy retreat out of Greece."

This being resolved upon, he sent one of the king's eunuchs, whom he found among the prisoners, Arnaces by name, to acquaint him "that the Greeks, since their victory at sea, were determined to sail to the Hellespont and destroy the bridge; but that Themistocles, in care for the king's safety, advised him to hasten towards his own seas, and pass over into Asia, while his friend endeavored to find out pretences of delay, to prevent the confederates from pursuing him." Xerxes, terrified at the news, retired with the greatest precipitation. How prudent the management of Themistocles and Aristides was, Mardonius afforded a proof, when, with a small part of the king's forces, he put the Greeks in extreme danger of losing all, in the battle of Plataea.

Herodotus tells us that, among the cities, Ægina bore away the palm; but, among the commanders, Themistocles, in spite of envy, was universally allowed to have

distinguished himself most. For, when they came to the Isthmus, and every officer took a billet from the altar, to inscribe upon it the names of those that had done the best service, every one put himself in the first place, and Themistocles in the second. The Lacedæmonians, having conducted him to Sparta, adjudged Eurybiades the prize of valor, and Themistocles that of wisdom, honoring each with a crown of olive. They likewise presented the latter with the handsomest chariot in the city, and ordered three hundred of their youth to attend him to the borders. At the next Olympic games, too, we are told that, as soon as Themistocles appeared in the ring, the champions were overlooked by the spectators, who kept their eyes upon him all the day, and pointed him out to strangers with the utmost admiration and applause. This incense was extremely grateful to him; and he acknowledged to his friends that he then reaped the fruit of his labors for Greece.

FROM THE "ORATIONS AGAINST VERRES."

CICERO.

[To the selections already made from the celebrated orators of Greece, it is important to add an example from the greatest of Roman orators, Marcus Tullius Cicero, whose orations have been a school for statesmen and public speakers from that day to this. Among the most earnest and effective of these great efforts are those against Verres, who, while governor of Sicily, had acted with the utmost rapacity and cruelty, and whom Cicero assailed with such vigor and severity as to force him to flee in terror from the city at the conclusion of the first oration, without waiting for the others. Our extract is from the sixth oration, which was devoted to exposing the cruelty of Verres, and particularly the directed against Roman citizens. After giving several

instances of the latter, Cicero concludes with an indignant statement of the most flagrant case of all. We give it in Yonge's literal translation.]

FOR why should I speak of Publius Gavius, a citizen of the municipality of Cosa, O judges? or with what vigor of language, with what gravity of expression, with what grief of mind shall I mention him? But, indeed, that indignation fails me. I must take more care than usual that what I am going to say be worthy of my subject,—worthy of the indignation which I feel. For the charge is of such a nature that when I was first informed of it I thought I should not avail myself of it. For although I knew that it was entirely true, still I thought that it would not appear credible. Being compelled by the tears of all the Roman citizens who are living as traders in Sicily, being influenced by the testimony of the men of Valentia, most honorable men, and by those of all the Rhegians, and of many Roman knights who happened at that time to be at Messana, I produced at the previous pleading only just that amount of evidence which might prevent the matter from appearing doubtful to any one. What shall I do now? When I have been speaking for so many hours of one class of offences, and of that man's nefarious cruelty,—when I have now expended nearly all my treasures of words of such a sort as are worthy of that man's wickedness on other matters, and have omitted to take precautions to keep your attention on the stretch by diversifying my accusations, how am I to deal with an affair of the importance that this is? There is, I think, but one method, but one line open to me. I will place the matter plainly before you, which is of itself of such importance that there is no need of my eloquence; and eloquence, indeed, I have none, but there is no need of any one's eloquence to excite your feelings. This Gavius whom I

am speaking of, a citizen of Cosa, when he (among that vast number of Roman citizens who had been treated in the same way) had been thrown by Verres into prison, and somehow or other had escaped secretly out of the stone-quarries, and had come to Messana, being now almost within sight of Italy and of the walls of Rhegium, and being revived, after that fear of death and that darkness, by the light, as it were, of liberty and of the fragrance of the law, began to talk at Messana, and to complain that he, a Roman citizen, had been thrown into prison. He said that he was now going straight to Rome, and that he would meet Verres on his arrival there.

The miserable man was not aware that it made no difference whether he said this at Messana, or before the man's face in his own pretorian palace. For, as I have shown you before, the man had selected this city as the assistant in his crimes, the receiver of his thefts, the partner in all his wickedness. Accordingly, Gavius is at once brought before the Mamertine magistrates; and, as it happened, Verres came on that very day to Messana. The matter is brought before him. He is told that the man was a Roman citizen, who was complaining that at Syracuse he had been confined in the stone-quarries, and who, when he was actually embarking on board ship, and uttering violent threats against Verres, had been brought back by them, and reserved in order that he himself might decide what should be done with him. He thanks the men, and praises their good-will and diligence in his behalf. He himself, inflamed with wickedness and frenzy, comes into the forum. His eyes glared; cruelty was visible in his whole countenance. All men waited to see what steps he was going to take,—what he was going to do; when all of a sudden he orders the man to be seized, and to be stripped and bound in the middle of the forum, and the

rods to be got ready. The miserable man cried out that he was a Roman citizen, a citizen, also, of the municipal town of Cosa,—that he had served with Lucius Pretius, a most illustrious Roman knight, who was living as a trader at Panormus, and from whom Verres might know that he was speaking the truth. Then Verres says that he has ascertained that he had been sent into Sicily by the leaders of the runaway slaves, in order to act as a spy; a matter as to which there was no witness, no trace, nor even the slightest suspicion in the mind of any one. Then he orders the man to be most violently scourged on all sides. In the middle of the forum of Messana a Roman citizen, O judges, was beaten with rods; while in the mean time no groan was heard, no other expression was heard from that wretched man, amid all his pain, and between the sound of the blows, except these words, “I am a citizen of Rome.” He fancied that by this one statement of his citizenship he could ward off all blows, and remove all torture from his person. He not only did not succeed in averting by his entreaties the violence of the rods, but as he kept on repeating his entreaties and the assertion of his citizenship, a cross—a cross, I say—was got ready for that miserable man, who had never witnessed such a stretch of power.

O the sweet name of liberty! O the admirable privileges of our citizenship! O Porcian law! O Sempronian laws! O power of the tribunes, bitterly regretted by, and at last restored to, the Roman people! Have all our rights fallen so far, that in a province of the Roman people, in a town of our confederate allies, a Roman citizen should be bound in the forum and beaten with rods by a man who only had the fasces and the axes through the kindness of the Roman people? What shall I say? When fire, and red-hot plates, and other instruments of torture

were employed? If the bitter entreaties and the miserable cries of that man had no power to restrain you, were you not moved even by the weeping and loud groans of the Roman citizens who were present at that time? Did you dare to drag any one to the cross who said he was a Roman citizen? . . .

He said he was a Roman citizen. If you, O Verres, being taken among the Persians or in the remotest parts of India, were being led to execution, what else would you cry out but that you were a Roman citizen? And if that name of your city, honored and renowned as it is among all men, would have availed you, a stranger among strangers, among barbarians, among men placed in the most remote and distant corners of the earth, ought not he, whoever he was, whom you were hurrying to the cross, who was a stranger to you, to have been able, when he said that he was a Roman citizen, to obtain from you, the prætor, if not an escape, at least a respite from death by his mention of and claims to citizenship? . . .

But why need I say more about Gavius? as if you were hostile to Gavius, and not rather an enemy to the name and class of citizens, and to all their rights. You were not, I say, an enemy to the individual, but to the common cause of liberty. For what was your object in ordering the Mamertines, when, according to their regular custom and usage, they had erected the cross behind the city in the Pompeian road, to place it where it looked towards the strait; and in adding, what you can by no means deny, that you chose that place in order that the man who said that he was a Roman citizen might be able from his cross to behold Italy and to look towards his own home? And accordingly, O judges, that cross, for the first time since the foundation of Messana, was erected in that place. A spot commanding a view of Italy was picked out by that

man, for the express purpose that the wretched man who was dying in agony and torture might see that the rights of liberty and slavery were only separated by a very narrow strait, and that Italy might behold her son murdered by the most miserable and most painful punishment appropriate to slaves alone.

It is a crime to bind a Roman citizen; to scourge him is a wickedness; to put him to death is almost parricide. What shall I say to crucifying him? So guilty an action cannot by any possibility be adequately expressed by any name bad enough for it. Yet with all this that man was not content. "Let him behold his country," said he; "let him die within sight of laws and liberty." It was not Gavius, it was not one individual, I know not whom,—it was not one Roman citizen,—it was the common cause of freedom and citizenship that you exposed to that torture and nailed on that cross. But now consider the audacity of the man. Do not you think that he was indignant that he could not erect that cross for Roman citizens in the forum, in the comitium, in the very rostra? For the place in his province which was most like those places in celebrity, and the nearest to them in point of distance, he did select. He chose that monument of his wickedness and audacity to be in the sight of Italy, in the very vestibule of Sicily, within sight of all passers-by as they sailed to and fro.

If I were to choose to make these complaints and to utter these lamentations, not to Roman citizens, not to any friends of our city, not to men who had heard the name of the Roman people,—if I uttered them not to men, but to beasts,—or even, to go further, if I uttered them in some most desolate wilderness to the stones and rocks, still all things, mute and inanimate as they might be, would be moved by such excessive, by such scandalous atrocity of conduct. But now, when I am speaking before

senators of the Roman people, the authors of the laws, of the courts of justice, and of all right, I ought not to fear that that man will not be judged to be the only Roman citizen deserving of that cross of his, and that all others will not be judged most undeserving of such a danger. A little while ago, O judges, we did not restrain our tears at the miserable and most unworthy death of our naval captains; and it was right for us to be moved at the misery of our innocent allies; what now ought we to do when the lives of our relations are concerned? For the blood of all Roman citizens ought to be accounted kindred blood, since the consideration of the common safety, and truth, require it. All the Roman citizens in this place, both those who are present, and those who are absent in distant lands, require your severity, implore the aid of your good faith, look anxiously for your assistance. They think that all their privileges, all their advantages, all their defences, in short their whole liberty, depend on your sentence. From me, although they have already had aid enough, still, if the affair should turn out ill, they will perhaps have more than they venture to ask for. For even though any violence should snatch that man from your severity, which I do not fear, O judges, nor do I think it by any means possible; still, if my expectations should in this deceive me, the Sicilians will complain that their cause is lost, and they will be as indignant as I shall myself; yet the Roman people, in a short time, since it has given me the power of pleading before them, shall through my exertions recover its rights by its own votes before the beginning of February. And if you have any anxiety, O judges, for my honor and for my renown, it is not unfavorable for my interests that that man, having been saved from me at this trial, should be reserved for that decision of the Roman people. The cause is a splendid one, one easily to

be proved by me, very acceptable and agreeable to the Roman people. Lastly, if I seem here to have wished to rise at the expense of that one man, which I have not wished,—if he should be acquitted (a thing which cannot happen without the wickedness of many men), I shall be enabled to rise at the expense of many.

But in truth, for your sake, O judges, and for the sake of the republic, I should grieve that such a crime was committed by this select bench of judges. I should grieve that those judges, whom I have myself approved of and joined in selecting, should walk about in this city branded with such disgrace, by that man being acquitted, as to seem smeared not with wax* but with mud.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENUS.

LIVY.

[To the selection already made from Livy's "History of Rome" may be added the following, descriptive of the early movements and the first victory of Hannibal after his celebrated passage of the Alps. It is of interest as showing the superstition of the Romans. The prodigies which Livy recounts in every chapter are superlatively abundant in this. The translation is that of Spillan and Edmonds.]

SPRING was now at hand, when Hannibal quitted his winter quarters, having both attempted in vain to cross the Apennines, from the intolerable cold, and having remained with great danger and alarm. The Gauls, whom the hope of plunder had collected, when, instead of being

*This refers to the tablets on which the judges signified their decision, which were covered with wax.

themselves engaged in collecting and driving away booty from the fields of others, they saw their own lands made the seat of war, and burdened by the wintering of the armies of both parties, turned their hatred back again from the Romans upon Hannibal; and though plots were frequently concerted against him by their chieftains, he was preserved by the treachery they manifested towards each other,—disclosing their conspiracy with the same inconsistency with which they had conspired; and by changing sometimes his dress, at other times the fashion of his hair, he protected himself from treachery by deception. However, this fear was the cause of his more speedily quitting his winter quarters. Meanwhile Cneius Servilius, the consul, entered upon his office at Rome, on the ides of March. There, when he had consulted the senate on the state of the republic in general, the indignation against Flaminius was rekindled. . . .

Prodigies announced from many places at the same time augmented the terror: in Sicily, that several darts belonging to the soldiers had taken fire; and in Sardinia, that the staff of a horseman, who was going his rounds upon a wall, took fire as he held it in his hand; that the shores had blazed with frequent fires; that two shields had sweated blood at Præneste; that red-hot stones had fallen from the heavens at Arpi; that shields were seen in the heavens, and the sun fighting with the moon, at Capena; that two moons rose in the daytime; that the waters of Cære had flowed mixed with blood; and that even the fountain of Hercules had flowed sprinkled with spots of blood. In the territory of Antium, that bloody ears of corn had fallen into the basket as they were reaping. At Falerii, that the heavens appeared cleft as if with a great chasm, and that where it had opened, a vast light had shone forth; that the prophetic tablets had spontaneously

become less ; and that one had fallen out thus inscribed, "Mars shakes his spear." During the same time, that the statue of Mars at Rome, on the Appian Way, had sweated at the sight of images of wolves. At Capua, that there had been the appearance of the heavens being on fire, and of the moon as falling amidst rain. After these, credit was given to prodigies of less magnitude : that the goats of certain persons had borne wool ; that a hen had changed herself into a cock ; and a cock into a hen. These things having been laid before the senate as reported, the consul took the sense of the fathers on religious affairs.

It was agreed that these prodigies should be expiated, partly with full-grown, partly with sucking victims, and that a supplication should be made at every shrine for the space of three days ; that the other things should be done accordingly as the gods should declare in their oracles to be agreeable to their will when the decemviri had examined the books. By the advice of the decemviri it was decreed, first, that a golden thunderbolt of fifty pounds weight should be made as an offering to Jupiter ; that offerings of silver should be presented to Juno and Minerva ; that sacrifices of full-grown victims should be offered to Juno Regina on the Aventine, and to Juno Sospita at Lanuvium ; that the matrons, contributing as much money as might be convenient to each, should carry it to the Aventine, as a present to Juno Regina ; and that a lectisternium should be celebrated ; moreover, that the very freed-women should, according to their means, contribute money from which a present might be made to Feronia. When these things were done, the decemviri sacrificed with the larger victims in the forum at Ardea. Lastly, it being now the month of December, a sacrifice was made at the temple of Saturn at Rome, and a lectisternium ordered, in which senators prepared the couch and a

public banquet. Proclamation was made through the city, that the Saturnalia should be kept for a day and a night, and the people were commanded to account that day a holiday, and observe it forever.

While the consul employs himself at Rome in appeasing the gods and holding the levy, Hannibal, setting out from his winter quarters, because it was reported that the consul Flaminius had now arrived at Arretium, although a longer but more commodious route was pointed out to him, takes the nearer road through a marsh where the Arno had more than usual overflowed its banks. He ordered the Spaniards and Africans (in these lay the strength of his veteran army) to lead, their own baggage being intermixed with them, lest, being compelled to halt anywhere, they should want what might be necessary for their use: the Gauls he ordered to go next, that they might form the middle of the marching body; the cavalry to march in the rear; next Mago, with the light-armed Numidians to keep the army together, particularly coercing the Gauls, if, fatigued with exertion and the length of the march, as that nation is wanting in vigor for such exertions, they should fall away or halt.

The van still followed the standards wherever the guides did but lead them, through the exceedingly deep and almost fathomless eddies of the river, nearly swallowed up in mud, and plunging themselves in. The Gauls could neither support themselves when fallen, nor raise themselves from the eddies. Nor did they sustain their bodies with spirit, nor their minds with hope; some scarce dragging on their wearied limbs; others dying where they had once fallen, their spirits being subdued with fatigue, among the beasts, which themselves also lay prostrate in every place. But chiefly watching wore them out, endured now for four nights and three days. When, the water covering every

place, not a dry spot could be found where they might stretch their weary bodies, they laid themselves down upon their baggage, thrown in heaps into the waters. Piles of beasts, which lay everywhere throughout the whole route, afforded a necessary bed for temporary repose to those seeking any place which was not under water. Hannibal himself, riding on the only remaining elephant, to be the higher from the water, contracted a disorder in his eyes, at first from the unwholesomeness of the vernal air, which is attended with transitions from heat to cold ; and at length, from watching, nocturnal damps, the marshy atmosphere disordering his head, and because he had neither opportunity nor leisure for remedies, loses one of them.

Many men and animals having been lost thus wretchedly, when at length he had emerged from the marshes he pitched his camp as soon as he could on dry ground. And here he received information, through the scouts sent in advance, that the Roman army was round the walls of Arretium. Next the plans and temper of the consul, the situation of the country, the roads, the sources from which provisions might be obtained, and whatever else it was useful to know ; all these things he ascertained by the most diligent inquiry. The country was among the most fertile of Italy, the plains of Etruria, between Fæsulæ and Arretium, abundant in its supply of corn, cattle, and every other requisite.

The consul was haughty from his former consulships, and felt no proper degree of reverence not only for the laws and the majesty of the fathers, but even for the gods. This temerity, innocent in its nature, fortune had fostered by a career of prosperity and success in civil and military affairs. Thus it was sufficiently evident that, heedless of gods and men, he would act in all cases with presumption and precipitation ; and, that he might fall the more readily

into the errors natural to him, the Carthaginian begins to fret and irritate him; and, leaving the enemy on the left, he takes the road to Fæsulæ, and, marching through the centre of Etruria, with intent to plunder, he exhibits to the consul, in the distance, the greatest devastation he could with fires and slaughters.

Flaminius, who would not have rested even if the enemy had remained quiet, then indeed, when he saw the property of the allies driven and carried away almost before his eyes, considering that it reflected disgrace upon him that the Carthaginians were now roaming at large through the heart of Italy, and marching without resistance to storm the very walls of Rome, though every other person in the council advised safe rather than showy measures, urging that he should wait for his colleague, in order that, joining their armies, they might carry on the war with united courage and counsels, and that, meanwhile, the enemy should be prevented from his unrestrained freedom in plundering by the cavalry and the light-armed auxiliaries, in a fury hurried out of the council, and at once gave the signal for marching and for battle.

“Nay, rather,” says he, “let us lie before the walls of Arretium, for here is our country, here our household gods. Let Hannibal, slipping through our fingers, waste Italy through and through; and, ravaging and burning everything, let him arrive at the walls of Rome; nor let us move hence till the fathers shall have summoned Flaminius from Arretium, as they did Camillus of old from Veii.”

While reproaching them thus, and in the act of ordering the standards to be speedily pulled up, when he had sprung upon his horse the animal fell suddenly, and threw the unseated consul over his head. All the by-standers being alarmed at this as an unhappy omen in the commencement of the affair, in addition word is brought that the standard

could not be pulled up, though the standard-bearer strove with all his force. Flaminius, turning to the messenger, says, "Do you bring, too, letters from the senate, forbidding me to act? Go, tell them to dig up the standard, if, through fear, their hands are so benumbed that they cannot pluck it up." Then the army began to march; the chief officers, besides they that dissented from the plan, being terrified by the twofold prodigy, while the soldiery in general were elated with the confidence of their leader, since they regarded merely the hope he entertained, and not the reasons of the hope.

Hannibal lays waste the country between the city Cortona and the lake Trasimenus with all the devastation of war, the more to exasperate the enemy to revenge the injuries inflicted on his allies. They had now reached a place formed by nature for an ambuscade, where the Trasimenus comes nearest to the mountains of Cortona. A very narrow passage only intervenes, as though room enough just for that purpose had been left designedly; after that a somewhat wider plain opens itself, and then some hills rise up. On these he pitches his camp, in full view, where he himself with his Spaniards and Africans only might be posted. The Baliaries and his other light troops he leads round the mountains; his cavalry he posts at the very entrance of the defile, some eminences conveniently concealing them; in order that when the Romans had entered, the cavalry advancing, every place might be enclosed by the lake and the mountains. Flaminius, passing the defiles before it was quite daylight, without reconnoitring, though he had arrived at the lake the preceding day at sunset, when the troops began to be spread into the wider plain, saw that part only of the enemy which was opposed to him; the ambuscade in his rear and overhead escaping his notice. And when the

Carthaginian had his enemy enclosed by the lake and mountains, and surrounded by his troops, he gives the signal to all to make a simultaneous charge; and each running down the nearest way, the suddenness and unexpectedness of the event was increased to the Romans by a mist rising from the lake, which had settled thicker on the lake than on the mountains; and thus the troops of the enemy ran down from the various eminences, sufficiently well discerning each other, and therefore with the greater regularity. A shout being raised on all sides, the Roman found himself surrounded before he could well see the enemy; and the attack on the front and flank had commenced ere his line could be well formed, his arms prepared for action, or his swords unsheathed.

The consul, while all were panic-struck, himself sufficiently undaunted though in so perilous a case, marshals, as well as the time and place permitted, the lines which were thrown into confusion by each man's turning himself towards the various shouts; and wherever he could approach or be heard, exhorts them, and bids them stand and fight; for that they could not escape thence by vows and prayers to the gods, but by exertion and valor; that a way was sometimes opened by the sword through the midst of marshalled armies, and that generally the less the fear the less the danger. However, from the noise and tumult, neither his advice nor command could be caught; and so far were the soldiers from knowing their own standards, and ranks, and position, that they had scarce sufficient courage to take up arms and make them ready for battle; and certain of them were surprised before they could prepare them, being burdened rather than protected by them; while in so great a darkness there was more use of ears than of eyes. They turned their faces and eyes in every direction towards the groans of

the wounded, the sound of blows upon the body or arms, and the mingled clamors of the menacing and the affrighted. Some, as they were making their escape, were stopped, having encountered a body of men engaged in fight; and bands of fugitives returning to the battle diverted others. After charges had been attempted unsuccessfully in every direction, and on their flanks the mountains and the lakes, on the front and rear the lines of the enemy enclosed them, when it was evident that there was no hope of safety but in the right hand and the sword, then each man became to himself a leader, and encourager to action; and an entirely new contest arose, not a regular line, with principes, hastati, and triarii; nor of such a sort as that the vanguard should fight before the standards, and the rest of the troops behind them; nor such that each soldier should be in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance collects them into bands; and each man's own will assigned to him his post, whether to fight in front or rear; and so great was the ardor of the conflict, so intent were their minds upon the battle, that not one of the combatants felt an earthquake which threw down large portions of many of the cities of Italy, turned rivers from their rapid courses, carried the sea up into rivers, and levelled mountains with a tremendous crash.

The battle was continued near three hours, and in every quarter with fierceness; around the consul, however, it was still hotter and more determined. Both the strongest of the troops, and himself too, promptly brought assistance wherever he perceived his men hard pressed or distressed. But, distinguished by his armor, the enemy attacked him with the utmost vigor, while his countrymen defended him; until an Insubrian horseman, named Ducarius, knowing him also by his face, said to his countrymen, "Lo, this is the consul who slew our legions and laid

waste our fields and city. Now will I offer this victim to the shades of my countrymen, miserably slain ;” and, putting spurs to his horse, he rushes through a very dense body of the enemy ; and first slaying his armor-bearer, who had opposed himself to his attack as he approached, ran the consul through with his lance ; the triarii, opposing their shields, kept him off when seeking to despoil him. Then first the flight of a great number began ; and now neither the lake nor the mountains obstructed their hurried retreat ; they run through all places, confined and precipitous, as though they were blind ; and arms and men are tumbled one upon another. A great many, when there remained no more space to run, advancing into the water through the first shallows of the lake, plunge in as far as they could stand above it with their heads and shoulders. Some there were whom inconsiderate fear induced to try to escape even by swimming ; but as that attempt was inordinate and hopeless, they were either overwhelmed in the deep water, their courage failing, or, wearied to no purpose, made their way back, with extreme difficulty, to the shallows, and there were cut up on all hands by the cavalry of the enemy, which had entered the water. Near upon six thousand of the foremost body having gallantly forced their way through the opposing enemy, entirely unacquainted with what was occurring in their rear, escaped from the defile ; and having halted upon a certain rising ground, and hearing only the shouting and clashing of arms, they could not know nor discern, by reason of the mist, what was the fortune of the battle. At length, the affair being decided, when the mist, dispelled by the increasing heat of the sun, had cleared the atmosphere, then, in the clear light, the mountains and plains showed their ruin, and the Roman army miserably destroyed ; and thus, lest, being descried at a distance, the cavalry should

be sent against them, hastily snatching up their standards, they hurried away with all possible expedition. On the following day, when, in addition to their extreme sufferings in other respects, famine was also at hand, Maharbal, who had followed them during the night with the whole body of cavalry, pledging his honor that he would let them depart with single garments, if they would deliver up their arms, they surrendered themselves; which promise was kept by Hannibal with Punic fidelity, and he threw them all into chains.

This is the celebrated battle at the Trasimenus, and recorded among the few disasters of the Roman people. Fifteen thousand Romans were slain in the battle. Ten thousand, who had been scattered in the flight through all Etruria, returned to the city by different roads. One thousand five hundred of the enemy perished in the battle; many on both sides died afterwards of their wounds. The carnage on both sides is related by some authors to have been many times greater. Such of the captains as belonged to the Latin confederacy being dismissed without ransom, and the Romans thrown into chains, Hannibal ordered the bodies of his own men to be gathered from the heaps of the enemy and buried; the body of Flaminius, too, which was searched for with great diligence for burial, he could not find.

THE BURNING OF THE TEMPLE.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

[Flavius Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, born at Jerusalem 37 A.D., was well versed alike in Greek and in Hebrew literature, and his first work, "The History of the Jewish War," was written both

in Greek and Hebrew, though only the Greek version is extant. He wrote also "*Jewish Antiquities*," and several other works. His style is easy and eloquent, and displays the influence of the Greek authors. Josephus, when but twenty-six years old, was sent as delegate to Nero at Rome, and afterwards vainly endeavored to dissuade his countrymen from their fatal insurrection. During the war with Rome he bravely defended the city of Jotopata. After the capture of this city he remained in the Roman army as a prisoner, but gained the favor of Vespasian, the Roman general, and accompanied Titus to the siege of Jerusalem, at the fall of which city, in 70 A.D., he was present. The story of this siege he gives with much accuracy and animation. We extract from Whiston's translation the vivid description of the assault on and burning of the temple, one of the greatest disasters in Jewish history. According to Josephus, this was presaged by prodigies yet more surprising than those related by Livy in the last article. The belief in such marvels no doubt had a prominent share in their appearance.]

So Titus retired into the tower of Antonio, and resolved to storm the temple the next morning with his whole army, and to encamp round about the holy house. But as for that house, God had, for certain, long ago doomed it to fire. And now that fatal day was come according to the revolution of ages; it was the tenth day of the month Lous, or Ab; upon which it was formerly burnt by the king of Babylon: although these flames took their rise from the Jews themselves and were occasioned by them. For upon Titus's retiring, the seditious lay still for a little while, and then attacked the Romans again; when those that guarded the holy house fought with those that quenched the fire that was burning the inner court of the temple. But these Romans put the Jews to flight, and proceeded as far as the holy house itself. At which time one of the soldiers, without waiting for any orders, and without any concern or dread upon him at so great an undertaking, and being hurried on by a certain divine fury, snatched

something out of the materials that were on fire, and, being lifted up by another soldier, he set fire to a golden window, through which there was a passage to the rooms that were round about the holy house on the north side of it. As the flames went upward, the Jews made a great clamor, such as so mighty an affliction required, and ran together to prevent it. And now they spared not their lives any longer, nor suffered anything to restrain their force, since that holy house was perishing for whose sake it was that they kept such a guard about it.

Now a certain person came running to Titus and told him of this fire, as he was reposing in his tent after the last battle; upon which he arose in great haste, and ran to the holy house, in order to have a stop put to the fire. After him went all his commanders, and after them followed the several legions, in great astonishment. So there was a great clamor and tumult raised, as was natural upon the disorderly motion of so great an army. Then did Cæsar, both by calling to the soldiers that were fighting, with a loud voice, and by giving a signal to them with his right hand, order them to quench the fire. But they did not hear what he said, though he spake so loud; having their ears already dinned by a greater noise another way. Nor did they attend to the signal he made with his hand; some of them being distracted with fighting, and others with passion.

But as for the legions that came running thither, neither any persuasion nor threatening could restrain their violence; but each one's own passion was his commander at this time. And as they were crowding into the temple together many of them were trampled on by one another; while a great number fell among the ruins of the cloisters, which were still hot and smoking, and were destroyed in the same miserable way with those whom they had conquered. And

when they were come near the holy house, they made as if they did not so much as hear Cæsar's orders to the contrary, but they encouraged those that were before them to set it on fire. As for the seditious, they were in too great distress already to afford their assistance towards quenching the fire. They were everywhere slain, and everywhere beaten. And as for a great part of the people, they were weak and without arms, and had their throats cut wherever they were caught. Now round about the altar lay dead bodies, heaped one upon another; as at the steps going up to it ran a great quantity of their blood, whither also the dead bodies that were slain above on the altar fell down.

Now, since Cæsar was noway able to restrain the enthusiastical fury of the soldiers, and the fire proceeded more and more, he went into the holy place of the temple, with his commanders, and saw it, with what was in it; which he found to be far superior to what had been related by foreigners, and not inferior to what we ourselves boasted of and believed about it.

But as the flame had not as yet reached to its inward parts, but was still consuming the rooms that were about the holy house only, and Titus, supposing that the house itself might yet be saved, he came up in haste, and endeavored to persuade the soldiers to quench the fire, and gave order to Liberalius the centurion, and one of those spearsmen that were about him, to beat the soldiers that were refractory with their staves, and to restrain them. Yet were their passions too strong for the regards they had for Cæsar, and the dread they had of him who forbade them; as was their hatred of the Jews and a certain vehement inclination to fight them too hard for them also. Moreover, the hope of plunder induced many to go on; as supposing that all the places within were full of money,

and as seeing that all around it was made of gold. And, besides, one of those that went into the place prevented Cæsar, when he ran so hastily out to restrain the soldiers; and threw the fire upon the hinges of the gate, in the dark. The flame now burst out from within the holy house itself; when the commanders retired, and Cæsar with them, and when nobody any longer forbade those that were without to set fire to it. And thus was the holy house burnt down, without Cæsar's approbation.

Now, although any one would justly lament the destruction of such an edifice as this was, since it was the most admirable of all the buildings we have seen or heard, both for its curious structure and its magnitude, and also for the vast wealth bestowed upon it, as well as for the glorious reputation it had for its holiness; yet might such a one comfort himself with this thought, that it was fate that so decreed it to be; which is inevitable, both as to living creatures, and as to works and places also. However, one cannot but wonder at the accuracy of this period thereto relating. For the same month and day were now observed, as I said before, wherein the holy house was burnt formerly by the Babylonians. Now, the number of years that elapsed from its first foundation by King Solomon till this destruction, which happened in the second year of the reign of Vespasian, are computed to be one thousand one hundred and thirty, besides seven months and fifteen days. And from the second building of it, which was performed by Haggai, in the second year of Cyrus the king, till its destruction under Vespasian, there were six hundred and thirty-nine years and forty-five days.

While the holy house was on fire everything was plundered that came to hand, and ten thousand of those that were caught were slain. Nor was there a commiseration of any age, or any reverence of gravity; but children and

old men, priests and profane persons, were all slain in the same manner. So that this war affected all sorts of men, and brought them to destruction, as well those that made supplication for their lives as those that defended themselves by fighting. The flame was also carried a long way, and made an echo, together with the groans of those that were slain. And because this hill was high, and the works at the temple were very great, one would have thought the whole city had been on fire. No one can imagine anything either greater or more terrible than this noise. For there was at once a shout of the Roman legions, who were marching all together, and a sad clamor of the seditious, who were now surrounded with fire and sword. The people also that were left above were beaten back upon the enemy, and under a great consternation, and made sad moans at the calamity they were under. The multitude that was in the city joined in this outcry with those that were upon the hill. And besides, many of those that were worn away by the famine, and their mouths almost closed, when they saw the fire of the holy house, exerted their utmost strength, and broke out into groans and outcries again. Perea also did return the echo, as well as the mountains round about the city, and augmented the force of the general noise.

Yet was the misery itself more terrible than this disorder. For one would have thought that the very hill on which the temple stood was red-hot, as full of fire on every part of it, that the blood was larger in quantity than the fire, and those that were slain more in numbers than those that slew them. For the ground did nowhere appear visible for the dead bodies that lay on it, but the soldiers went over heaps of those bodies as they ran upon such as fled from them. And now it was that the multitude of the robbers were thrust out of the inner court of

the temple by the Romans, and had much ado to get into the outer court, and from thence into the city; while the remainder of the populace fled into the cloister of that outer court. As for the priests, some of them plucked up from the holy houses the spikes that were upon it, with their bases, which were made of lead, and shot them at the Romans instead of darts. But then, as they gained nothing by so doing, and as the fire burst out upon them, they retired to the wall, that was eight cubits broad, and there they tarried. Yet did two of those of eminence among them, who might have saved themselves by going over to the Romans, or have borne up with courage and taken their fortune with the others, throw themselves into the fire, and were burnt together with the holy house. Their names were Meirus, the son of Belgas, and Joseph, the son of Daleus.

Now the Romans, judging that it was in vain to spare what was round about the holy house, burnt all those places, as also the remains of the cloisters and the gates, two excepted, the one on the east side and the other on the south:—both of which, however, they burnt afterward. They also burnt down the treasury chambers, in which was an immense quantity of money, and a great number of garments and other precious goods. And, in a word, there it was that the entire riches of the Jews were heaped up together, while the rich people had there built themselves chambers to contain such furniture. The soldiers also came to the rest of the cloisters that were in the outer court of the temple, whither the women and children and a mixed multitude of the people fled, in number about six thousand. But before Cæsar had determined anything about these people, or given the commanders any orders relating to them, the soldiers were in such a rage that they set that cloister on fire. By which means

some of these were destroyed by throwing themselves down headlong, and some were burnt in the cloisters themselves. Nor did any of them escape with their lives.

A false prophet was the occasion of this people's destruction, who had made a public proclamation in the city, that very day, that "God commanded them to get upon the temple, and that they should there receive miraculous signs of their deliverance." . . . Thus were the miserable people persuaded by these deceivers, and such as belied God himself; while they did not attend nor give credit to signs that were so evident, and which plainly foretold their future desolation. But, like men infatuated, without either eyes to see or minds to consider, they did not regard the denunciations that God made to them. Thus there was a star resembling a sword, which stood over the city, and a comet that continued a whole year. Thus also before the Jews' rebellion, and before those commotions that preceded the war, when the people were come in great crowds to the feast of unleavened bread, on the eighth day of the month Xanthicus, or Nisan, and the ninth hour of the night, so great a light shone round the altar and the holy house that it appeared to be bright day for the space of half an hour. This light seemed to be a good sign to the unskilful, but was so interpreted by the sacred scribes as to portend those events that followed immediately upon it. At the same festival also a heifer, as she was led by the high priest to be sacrificed, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the temple. Moreover, the eastern gate of the inner court of the temple, which was of brass, and vastly heavy, and had been with difficulty shut by twenty men, and rested upon a basis armed with iron, and had bolts fastened very deep into the firm floor, which was there made of one entire stone, was seen to open of its own accord, about the sixth hour of the night. Now, those

that kept watch within the temple came hereupon running to the captain of the temple and told him of it, who then came up thither, and not without great difficulty was able to shut the gate again. This also appeared to the vulgar to be a very happy prodigy, as if God did thereby open them the gate of happiness. But the men of learning understood it, that the security of their holy house was dissolved of its own accord, and that the gate was opened for the advantage of their enemies. So these publicly declared that the signal foreshadowed the desolation that was coming upon them.

Besides these, a few days after that feast, on the one-and-twentieth day of the month Artemisius, or Jyar, a certain prodigious and incredible phenomenon appeared: I suppose the account of it would seem incredible, were it not related by those that saw it, and were not the events that followed of so considerable a nature as to deserve such signals. For before sunsetting, chariots, and troops of soldiers in their armor, were seen running about among the clouds, and surrounding of cities. Moreover, at the feast which we call Pentecost, as the priests were going by night into the inner court of the temple, as their custom was, to perform their sacred ministrations, they said that in the first place they felt a quaking and heard a great noise, and after that they heard a sound, as of a multitude, saying, "Let us remove hence."

But, what is still more terrible, there was one Jesus, the son of Ananus, a plebeian, and a husbandman, who, four years before the war began, and at a time when the city was in very great peace and prosperity, came to that feast whereon it is our custom for every one to make tabernacles to God in the temple, and began on a sudden to cry aloud, "A voice from the east; a voice from the west; a voice from the four winds; a voice against Jerusalem and the

holy house ; a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides ; and a voice against this whole people." This was his cry, as he went about by day and by night in all the lanes of the city. However, certain of the most eminent of the populace had great indignation at this cry of his, and took up the man, and gave him a great number of severe stripes. Yet did not he either say anything for himself, or anything peculiar to those that chastised him, but still went on with the same words he had uttered before. Hereupon our rulers, supposing this was a sort of divine fury in the man, brought him to the Roman procurator, where he was whipped till his bones were laid bare. Yet did not he make any supplication for himself, nor shed any tears, but, turning his voice to the most lamentable tone possible, at every stroke of the whip his answer was, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem !" And when Albinus (for he was then our procurator) asked him who he was, whence he came, and why he uttered such words, he made no manner of reply to what he said, but still continued his exclamations, till Albinus took him to be a madman, and dismissed him.

Now, during all the time that passed before the war began the man did not go near any of the citizens, nor was seen by them while he said so. But he every day uttered these lamentable words, as if it were his premeditated vow, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem !" Nor did he give ill words to any of those that beat him every day, nor good words to those that gave him food ; but this was his reply to all men, and, indeed, no other than a melancholy presage of what was to come. This cry of his was the loudest at the festivals, and he continued this practice for seven years and five months, without growing hoarse or being tired, until the very time that he saw his presage in earnest fulfilled in our siege, when it ceased. For, as he was going round upon the wall, he cried out with his utmost force,

"Woe, woe to the city again, and to the people, and to the holy house!" And just as he added at the last, "Woe, woe to myself also!" there came a stone out of one of the engines, and smote him, and killed him instantly. And as he was uttering the very same presages he expired.

Now, if any one consider these things, he will find that God takes care of mankind, and by all ways possible fore-shows to our race what is for their preservation, but that men perish by those miseries which they madly and voluntarily bring upon themselves. For the Jews, by demolishing the tower of Antonia, had made their temple four-square; while at the same time they had it written in their sacred oracles that then should their city be taken, as well as their holy house, when once their temple should become four-square. But now what did the most elevate them in undertaking this war was an ambiguous oracle, that was also found in their sacred writings, importing that about this time one from their country should become governor of the habitable earth. The Jews took this prediction to belong to themselves in particular, and many of the wise men were thereby deceived in their determination. Now, this oracle certainly denoted the government of Vespasian, who was appointed emperor in Judea. However, it is not possible for men to avoid fate, although they see it beforehand. But these men interpreted some of these signals according to their own pleasure, and some of them they utterly despised, until their madness was demonstrated, both by the taking of their city and their own destruction.

FROM THE "IDYLS."

THEOCRITUS.

[To the dramatic extract given from the writings of the Sicilian poet Theocritus, we add from the first Idyl an example of his pastoral manner, a delicious fragment of bucolic poetry, in which, as Edwin Arnold, its translator, says, "the pine music and the bubble of the fountain whisper and tinkle through the lines."]

THYRSIS.

Softly the sway of the pine branches murmurs a melody,
shepherd,
Down by the rim of the fountain, and softly dost thou, on
the Pan-pipes,
Pipe to the pines: next to Pan thou bearest the bell for
rare music.
Say that he wins a great-horned goat, then thine is a she-
goat;
Say that the she-goat is his, but thine is the kid, then; and
tender
Savors the meat of a kid, till she comes to the bearing
and milking.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter I call thy strain than the tinkle of water that
trickles,
Tinkling and trickling and rippling adown the green
shelves of the mountain.
If we must grant the high Muses their prize from the pick
of the wethers,
Certainly thine is a ewe; or if a ewe pleases their fancy,
Then at the least a lamb comes to thee to drive to thy
sheep-folds.

THYRSIS.

Sit thee adown, good friend,—sit down, and pipe to us,
shepherd!
Here where the side of the hill slopes fair, and the myrtles
are thickest,
Blow the fine music out: the yearlings can pasture around
us.

GOATHERD.

Nay, 'twere a sin, 'twere a sin: the sun's at his highest,
my Thyrsis;
Pan would be angered to hear me—just now he breaks off
from hunting,
Stretches his hairy limbs in the shade, and puffs his great
nostrils,
Panting, and surly for lack of breath, and longing for
slumber.
You now, Thyrsis, might sing! you know the ballad of
Daphnis:
None of our woodside singers have half such a trick at the
measure.
Crouch we here under these elms, on the grass at the foot
of the stone god,
Facing the fountain, and looking right on to the mountains
and meadows,
Over the tops of the oaks; and if you sing but as deftly
As you did once on the day when Chromis the African
dared you,
Look, I'll give you yon she-goat, the dam of a couple of
weanlings;
Udder she carries for both, and then to fill two of thy
milk-bowls.
Her, and a cup cut in beech, two-handled and polished
with beeswax,

Clean and new, with the smell of the chisel and fresh
wood about it ;
All round its rim, on the top, there creeps a string of
ground-ivy,
Twisted and tangled with woodbine, while here and there,
in the circle,
Tendrils curl and clasp, with bunches of berries among
them.
Outside a damsel is carved, so fair the gods might have
wrought her,
Neat and trim, with her mantle and net, and—this hand
and that hand—
Two youths, both long-haired, both comely, contend for
her favors
Angrily. Never a jot cares my pretty jade for their
anger!
Sometimes she flings a smile to one, and frowns to his
fellow,
Sometimes she softens to t'other ; and there they stand in
the beech wood,
Laughed at, but mad with love,—half teased, half pleased
at the wanton.
Next a fisherman comes, cut out on a rock, and its ledges
Jut up rough and stark : the old boy, done to a marvel,
Staggers and sweats at his work, just like a fisherman
hauling ;
Looking upon it you'd swear the work was alive, and no
picture,
So do the veins knot up and swell in his neck and his
shoulders,
For, though he's wrinkled and gray, there's stuff left yet
in the ancient.
Next to this old sea-dog you see a vine, with its branches
Heavy with globing grapes : a little lad sits by a thicket

Guarding the grapes, but close at hand two foxes come
creeping;

One in the vineyard munches the clusters, one's after the
wallet:

Gods! you can see his scheme: he'll keep his eye on the
youngster

Till he finds a chance and leaves him dinnerless. Blind
one,

Why do you sit there weaving with grasses a cage for your
crickets,

Plaiting the grasses, and wholly forgetting your wallet and
dinner,

Wholly forgetting your grapes, wrapped up in those
grasshopper-engines?

All the work in this cup's filled in with leaves of acanthus;
'Tis an Æolic thing, and, sooth, of a wonderful fancy.

Sirs, it cost me, to buy of the Calydon sailor, a big cheese

Made of snow-white curds, and a she-goat into the bargain;

Yet it has touched no lip, but lies this while in my cottage.

See now, I mean it for you! 'tis yours, if you sing us that
ditty

Half so well as you sang it before to the Himera shepherds.

No thanks! do but sing!—there's no more sunshine nor
singing

Under the grass, in the realm of the dead, where all is
forgotten!

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